THE

BRITISH TOURISTS;

OR

TRAVELLER'S

POCKET COMPANION,

THROUGH

ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Comprehending the moſt

CELEBRATED TOURS

IN THE

British Islands.

———————My genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where *Britain* courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend, that ſcorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd *Hydaſpis* glide.

Goldſmith's Traveller.

By WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TOUR

THROUGH

DIFFERENT PARTS

OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,

AND

WALES,

BY RICHARD JOSEPH SULIVAN, Esq.

Performed in 1778.

THERE is ſuch an air of eaſy gaiety and benevolence, ſo much mildneſs and philoſophy, run through Mr. Sulivan's Tour *, that to alter the ſtructure of the compoſition would be to injure the fame of the author, and to leſſen the intereſt in his remarks. We have therefore been induced to give a fair, connected abridgement of his letters, as far as poſſible in the ſpirit and manner of this truly amiable writer, warmly recommending the original to thoſe who wiſh for farther gratification.

* Originally publiſhed under the title of Obſervations made during a Tour through parts of England, Scotland, &c. In a ſeries of Letters.

After deſcanting on the benefit of travel, and the propenſity of the human mind to change, our author gives a catalogue of travellers, either through choice or neceſſity, arranging them in the following ludicrous manner.

Chemiſts and muſicians, naturaliſts and tooth-drawers, aſtronomers and quacks, philoſophers and taylors, poets and frizieurs, travellers of ton, heirs apparent of diſeaſes, titles, and diſtinction, ſpendthrifts laughing at their creditors, and dillitanti ſkimming the ſhores of knowledge for a gaping world; and, laſt of all, travellers by compulſion, who are in ſearch of health, and thoſe of ſentiment, among whom Mr. Sulivan may juſtly be claſſed, who ſeek for happineſs, and enjoy the bleſſing wherever they find it.

He next makes ſome judicious remarks on the fatal effects of an overgrown capital, which never fails to encourage diſſipation. On the miſery of ſeduction, both to the deluder and the deluded, he ſpeaks with feeling and truth; and having ſlightly reviewed the antiquity, conſequence, and amuſements of London, he ſets out on his tour, in which we accompany him with pleaſure and improvement.

Leaving London, June 1778, by way of retrograde motion, in our route to Bath, we ſtopped at Richmond, in Surry, between nine and ten miles from London, a place ſo delightfully ſituated, that it is impoſſible to ſee it without pleaſure and admiration. The town itſelf, it is true, is low, and void of proſpect; but, take it altogether, the vicinity of the park, the extenſive views from the hill, the beautiful windings of the Thames, and the innumerable villas, which are laviſhly ſcattered on its banks, and there is not,

not, perhaps, a more beautiful ſpot in any corner of the globe.

The park, which is certainly the moſt elegant of any belonging to the crown, was made in the reign of Charles I. and incloſed with a wall, ſaid to be eleven miles in circumference.

On the aſcent of Richmond Hill are wells of purging mineral-water; and on the top of it is an alms-houſe, for the ſupport of ten widows. There is another alms-houſe, endowed with above 100l. a year, beſides two charity-ſchools; one for fifty boys, the other for fifty girls.

From Richmond, croſſing the Thames, we proceeded to Runnemede, celebrated for the conference held there between King John and his barons; and where, after a debate of a few days, the king ſigned and ſealed the Magna Charta of our liberties.

Our next ſtage was Windſor, diſtant twenty-two miles from London.

William the Conqueror, charmed with the convenient ſituation of this place for hunting, built a caſtle here, which has ever ſince been the favourite retreat of ſome one of our princes; but the caſtle, which now is in being, was built by Edward III.; and his method of conducting the work is recorded as a ſpecimen of the ſlavery of the people in that age; for he aſſeſſed every county in England with a certain number of maſons, tilers, and carpenters, as if he had been levying an army.

This building, however, has undergone ſeveral alterations and improvements, particularly with reſpect to the platform, which ſurrounds it, called the Terrace, added by Queen Elizabeth.

beth. It was remarkable for containing the kings of France and Scotland at one time, as priſoners of Edward III. St. George's Chapel, in which the knights of the moſt noble order of the garter are inſtalled, is one of the moſt beautiful and ſtately Gothic buildings in the world. In the choir are the ſtalls of the twenty-ſix knights of the order, and the banners over them, with a throne for the ſovereign. As the knights die, their banners are taken down, and their titles and coats of arms are engraved on little copper-plates, and permanently nailed to the ſtalls. This order, from its inſtitution, has been reputed the moſt honourable of any in the world.

Not long before this inſtitution, Edward III. founded a college for twenty-ſix alms-knights, to the honour of St. George and Edward the Confeſſor, and ſtyled them the Poor Knights of Windſor, all of whom were to be gentlemen, wounded in the wars, or impaired by indigence or age. They are now reduced to eighteen, with an allowance of 40l. per annum each.

From the terrace you enter into a beautiful park, which ſurrounds the caſtle, and is called the Little or Home Park, to diſtinguiſh it from another adjoining, of much larger extent. Windſor Great Park, as it is called, lies on the ſouth ſide of the town, and is fourteen miles in circumference. It is well ſtocked with deer, and a variety of game. The foreſt is of great extent, computed thirty miles, and was appropriated to hunting, and the keeping of the king's deer, by William I. In this track of land are ſeveral agreeable towns and villages, of which Wokingham is one of the principal.

Here

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to meet again.
Not chaos like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly conſus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves, a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
There interſpers'd in lawns, and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe, that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light, the ruſſet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds, the blueiſh hills extend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert, fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees, and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles, the ſable waſte adorn.

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

In the apartments of the caſtle, which are commodious, and, in the old ſtyle, elegantly furniſhed, are many capital paintings of the firſt maſters*. In a cloſet is the banner of France, annually delivered, on the ſecond of Auguſt, by the Duke of Marlborough; by which tenure he holds Blenheim Palace, built in the reign of Queen Anne, as a national reward to the great Churchill, for his many glorious victories over the French.

At this place alſo, it is recorded, Cromwell ſecretly called a council of his chief officers, in order to deliberate concerning the ſettlement of the nation, and the future diſpoſal of the king's perſon. In the conferences held on this ſubject, and which always commenced with devout prayers, poured forth by Cromwell himſelf, and

* The various princely improvements at Windſor, under the auſpices of his preſent majeſty, do equal honour to his taſte and munificence. This palace, with its accompaniments, is now worthy of being the reſidence of the firſt monarch on earth.

other inſpired perſons (for the officers of his army received inſpiration with their commiſſions) was firſt opened the daring and unheard of counſel of bringing Charles I. to juſtice, and of puniſhing, by a judicial ſentence, their unhappy ſovereign for his mal-adminiſtration.

At the diſtance of about two miles from Windſor Caſtle, ſtands the College of Eton, in Buckinghamſhire, ſeparated from Windſor by the Thames, over which there is an old bridge. It was founded by Henry VI. for the maintenance of a provoſt and ſeven fellows, one of whom is vice-provoſt; and for the inſtruction of ſeventy king's ſcholars; who, when qualified, are elected, on the firſt Tueſday in Auguſt, to King's College, Cambridge; but they are not removed till vacancies fall in the college, and then they are called according to ſeniority. The ſchool is divided into upper and lower, and each into three claſſes. There is a maſter to each ſchool, and four aſſiſtants to each maſter; there being ſeldom leſs than three hundred children, beſides thoſe on the foundation, who board at the maſters' houſes, or elſewhere, within the college bounds.

The vaſt number of great men which not only Eton, but the other public ſeminaries of learning in this country have produced, has often led me to the long-diſputed point, whether a public or a private education is preferable. To many men the advantages of a public ſchool are demonſtratively evident; but much, as in moſt caſes, may be advanced on both ſides. Public ſchools, as ſociety now is regulated, are certainly poſſeſſed of many recommendatory eſſentials in the point of education. The maſters are generally men of

the

the firſt abilities: the diet of the pupils is carefully attended to, and their learning is leſs neglected, than the number of boys, and the variety of their talents, would at firſt give one reaſon to apprehend. A private tutor, on the other hand, undoubtedly, has it in his power to give more attention to his ſcholar's education than the maſter of a large academy. He can watch over the progreſs of the underſtanding, and, by conſtant care, can take advantage of every effort of the mind, and turn it by culture to its proper end. The morals too he has rigidly under his inſpection. The man, therefore, cannot but ſpring up in theoretic perfection; but the paſſions will have hitherto been ſilent, becauſe they will not have had ſufficient objects to ſtimulate them to action; and the paſſions may properly be called the very elements of life, as they influence our every action; and no one can be conſidered as good or bad, virtuous or vicious, till they have had ſcope to diſplay themſelves in, and ſhew their native bias.

On the contrary, the man who has been early ſent to ſchool, enters at once into a world in miniature, ſimilar to the one in which he is afterwards doomed to move. The whole circle of the paſſions is there to combat and be combated with. Love, hatred, jealouſy, revenge, ambition, courage, cowardice, in ſhort, all the moſt oppoſite ſentiments of the human heart, are there to be found in their different degrees. The diſpoſitions of his fellow creatures thus come experimentally to be made known to him. He ſoon perceives the delights of goodneſs, as well as the turpitude of baſeneſs. Pride makes him emulate his ſuperiors. He feels an exultation in riſing to be

foremoſt of his claſs. His incitements to morality become equally ſtrong. Applauſe attends him in every ſtep of his career. Self feels its native dignity, and is pleaſed in the exertion: he riſes to be a man with a knowledge of books, and, what is of much more conſequence, with a knowledge of his ſpecies.

In another light, likewiſe, the advantages of public are apparently infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of private education. The mingling together draws forth the exertion of children's bodily as well as mental faculties; their nerves in this manner become ſtrong:—by feats of ſtrength they gradually acquire degrees of courage: their little ſpirits become imperceptibly inured to reſent an injury, and to protect the oppreſſed. Exerciſe gives an invigorating principle to their ſyſtem; and they break into the world with health, with ſpirit, and with underſtanding, fit to encounter the innumerable viciſſitudes which are incident to their exiſtence *.

From Windſor, where we dined, we ſtruck into the high Bath road, and halted at Maidenhead Bridge; ſo called, according to Leland, from a head kept there of one of the eleven thouſand virgins who accompanied St. Urſula to Germany,

* It is evident Mr. Sulivan gives the preference to public ſchools, and, in general, with good reaſon. For boys intended for the profeſſions of a public life, there can be no compariſon of advantages; but in the humbler walks of life, private education is certainly beſt adapted for youth. It tends to check ambition and extravagance, and to give ideas conſonant to that moderate ſphere in which by far the greater part of mankind are doomed to move. Take a boy from a public ſchool, and place him behind a counter, he will feel himſelf degraded. At the univerſity, or in a public office, he knows himſelf to be in his element.

where

where they all ſuffered martyrdom. The diſtance of this place from Taplow, a ſmall village to the northward of it, is about one mile. Here is a houſe belonging to the Earl of Inchiquin, which, from its appearance, has more the air of a monaſtery, than the habitation of a nobleman. From his lordſhip's garden at Taplow, you enter immediately upon the grounds belonging to his ſeat at Cliefden. This place is remarkable, both on account of its beautiful ſituation, and becauſe it was the ordinary reſidence of the late Prince of Wales, father to the preſent king. The houſe was built by John Sheffield, duke of Bucks, and in much the ſame ſtyle as her majeſty's palace in St. James's Park *. The houſe and gardens, though they may have been praiſed, are certainly far from elegant. The former conſiſts of two ſtories, neither magnificent nor convenient; and the latter of parterres, and circumſcribed avenues of cloſe-ſet trees, which impreſs one with an idea of a place allotted for the dead, more than of an improvement deſtined for the recreation of the living. The ſituation, indeed, is fine, particularly the back front, which, on one ſide, looks upon a highly-cultivated, champaign country, and on the other upon an extenſive wood, running along a hill, which is waſhed by a beautiful winding of the Thames.

The capabilities of this place, to adopt the language of a celebrated gardener, are certainly great; and the preſent Earl of Inchiquin, it is ſaid, has appropriated a large ſum towards im-

* It was lately conſumed by an accidental fire, together with the furniture and many valuable pictures, and has not ſince been rebuilt.

proving it. The two houſes are diſtant from each other about two miles and a half, with ſylvan walks of communication.

After viewing Cliefden, we returned to our inn, whence we proſecuted our journey to Bath. In our way, indeed, we halted a few hours to pay our reſpects to the mitred and parliamentary Abbey of Reading, and one of the moſt conſiderable in England. King Henry I. laid the foundation, anno 1121, and his body was buried in it *; though, according to Dr. Ducarrel, in his Anglo-Norman antiquities, his heart, eyes, tongue, brains, and bowels, were depoſited under a handſome monument, before the high altar, in the ancient priory church of the Bonnes Nouvelles, at Roüen. The laſt abbot of Reading was Hugh Farringdon, who, refuſing to deliver up his abbey to the viſiters, was attainted of high treaſon; and, in the month of November, 1539, with two of his monks, named Rugg and Onion, was hanged, drawn, and quartered. This happened on the ſame day on which the Abbot of Glaſtonbury ſuffered the like ſentence, for the ſame provocation.

The following anecdote of one of the abbots, as related by Fuller, is worth preſerving. "King Henry VIII. as he was hunting in Windſor Foreſt, either caſually loſt, or (more probably) wilfully loſing himſelf, ſtruck down, about dinner-time, to the Abbey of Reading, where, diſguiſing

* Of the Abbey of Reading there are now very few remains, but ſtill enough to ſhew its amazing ſolidity and extent. A few years ago, when the county-priſon was built on the ſite, ſeveral coffins were dug up, one of which was ſuppoſed to contain the duſt of Henry I. but of this there was no certainty.

himſelf,

himſelf, (much for delight, and more for diſcovery, to ſee unſeen) he was invited to the abbot's table, and paſſed for one of the king's guards; a place to which the proportion of his perſon might properly entitle him. A ſirloin of beef was ſet before him, (ſo knighted, ſaith this tradition, by this King Henry) on which the king laid on luſtily, not diſgracing one of that place, for whom he was miſtaken. 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the abbot; 'and here, in a cup of ſack. I remember the health of his grace, your maſter. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed ſo heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and ſqueazie ſtomach will hardly digeſt the wing of a ſmall rabbit or chicken.' The king pleaſantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner departed, as undiſcovered as he came thither. Some weeks after, the abbot was ſent for by a purſuivant, brought up to London, clapt into the Tower, kept cloſe priſoner, fed for a ſhort time with bread and water; yet not ſo empty his body of food, as his mind was filled with fears, creating many ſuſpicions to himſelf, when and how he he had incurred the king's diſpleaſure. At laſt a ſirloin of beef was ſet before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, 'That two hungry meals make the third a glutton.' In ſprings King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himſelf, the inviſible ſpectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'preſently depoſit your hundred pounds in gold, or elſe no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your phyſician to cure you of your ſqueazie ſtomach; and

and here, as I deſerve, I demand my fee for the ſame.' The Abbot down with his duſt, and glad he had eſcaped; ſo returned to Reading, as ſomewhat lighter in purſe, ſo much more merrier in heart, than when he came thence.'

Bath is one hundred and ſeven miles from London. This city took its name from its natural hot-baths; for the medicinal virtues of which it has long been celebrated, and much frequented. Even in the time of the Romans, it was famous for its ſalubrious waters. Upon the ſpot where the cathedral now ſtands, a temple is ſaid to have formerly been dedicated to Minerva, who was the tutelar deity of thoſe ſprings, and from thence the ancient Britons called this city Caer Palladur, i. e. The City of the Water of Pallas. It was afterwards called by the Saxons, Accmanneſceaſter, which ſignifies the City of Valetudinarians; and upon Lanſdown Hill, near this city, there are ſtill to be ſeen the remains of a fortification, thought to have been thrown up by the Saxons in the year 520, when they defended themſelves againſt the victorious King Arthur. Bath ſtands in a valley, upon the north bank of the river Avon, and is encircled by hills forming an amphitheatre. It is ſurrounded by walls, which, thought ſlight and almoſt entire, are ſuppoſed to be the work of the Romans. It contains five hot-baths, called the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Croſs Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Leper's Bath. There is alſo a cold bath.

The King's Bath is ſixty feet ſquare, ſupplied by many hot ſprings that riſe in the middle of it. In this bath there is the figure of an ancient Britiſh king, called Bleyden the Soothſayer, with an

an inſcription, importing, that he diſcovered the uſe of theſe ſprings three hundred years before the Chriſtian era.

The Queen's Bath is ſeparated from the King's Bath only by a wall. It has no ſpring of it's own; but receives its water from the King's Bath.

The Croſs Bath received its appellation from a croſs that formerly ſtood in the middle of it. Its heat is alſo leſs than that of the King's Bath, becauſe it has fewer ſprings.

The Hot Bath was ſo called from having been formerly hotter than the reſt; but was not then ſo large as it is now.

The Leper's Bath is formed from the overflowings of the Croſs Bath, and is appropriated for the uſe of the poor.

The Cold Bath is ſupplied by a fine cold ſpring. The hot ſprings were fenced in by the Romans with a wall, to ſeparate them from the common cold ſprings, with which this place abounds. As this city lies in a valley, ſurrounded with hills, the heat of theſe waters, and their milky detergent quality, are aſcribed to the admixture and fermentation of two different waters filtrating through two of thoſe hills, one called Claverton Down, and the other Lanſdown. The water from Claverton Down is ſuppoſed to be ſulphurous or bituminous, with a portion of nitre; and the water from Lanſdown is thought to be tinctured with iron ore. Theſe waters, ſo juſtly celebrated, are recommended in various diſorders, particularly thoſe denominated chronic.

The town itſelf is remarkably elegant and clean, eſpecially thoſe buildings called the Creſcent and the Circus, and which are inhabited by people of conſequence. The former is probably

bably one of the moſt beautiful ſtructures in the world*. The rides about Bath are agreeable; but the hills up to them are ſo ſteep and wearifome, that it requires no ſmall degree of reſolution to take that exerciſe which the phyſicians invariably recommend. No place in England, in the proper ſeaſon, affords ſo brilliant a circle of good company as Bath. The aged, the young, the infirm, and the hale, all reſort to this vortex of amuſement. Ceremony, beyond the eſſential rules of politeneſs, is totally exploded: every one mixes upon an equality; and the entertainments are ſo wiſely regulated, that although there is never a ceſſation of them, there is never a laſſitude from bad hours, or from an exceſs of diſſipation. In the morning, the rendezvous is at the Pump-room; from that time, till noon, in walking on the parades, or in the different quarters of the town; thence to the Pump-room again: from the Pump-room to a freſh ſtroll, and then to dinner; and from dinner to the rooms, where dancing or the card-table concludes the evening.

Every thing being regulated at Bath, with reſpect to the accommodation of ſtrangers, there is no danger of impoſition, if a perſon will but take the trouble to purchaſe a ſmall pamphlet †, which clearly points out the different cuſtoms and uſages of that town.

* Since the period of our author's tour, Bath has been ſo much enlarged and embelliſhed, as to become one of the fineſt cities in the world.

† To every traveller we would earneſtly recommend local printed guides. The expenditure of a ſhilling or two frequently ſaves twenty, and beſides gives information that cannot ſo readily be procured by a ſtranger.

On

On one ſide of the road to Claverton Down, is Prior Park, a ſeat of the late Mr. Allen, ſituated almoſt on the ſummit of Charlton Hill. This place has been much admired, but will ever derive its principal celebrity from its being the reſidence of the benevolent and generous Allen, the friend of Pope, and of mankind.

Having ſatisfied our curioſity at Bath, we determined on the route we ſhould take into the more diſtant parts of Somerſet and Wiltſhire, and proceeded as far as Pensford, a ſmall, inconſiderable town, ſituated on the river Thew. From Pensford we continued our journey to Catterworth; near which is Bow Ditch, where there are ſtill the remains of a Roman camp, almoſt in a circular form *, and, being on the ſummit of a hill, commands a fine proſpect. Within a ſmall diſtance are ſome conſiderable coal-pits, together with the remains of a place of druidical worſhip. From Catterworth we proceeded on our way to Chutenham, a ſmall, indifferent looking village; and thence to the Mendip Hills, diſtant about three or four miles.

Never did travellers begin a jaunt with more unpropitious omens than we did; the morning was darkened with heavy, lowering clouds; the places we had planned for obſervation were, in general expoſed to every inclemency that poſſibly affect us; and, to mend the matter, the major part of our preſent little ſociety conſiſted of ladies. Fortune, however, befriended us when we leaſt expected it; for ſcarce had we come in view of the delightful Mendip Hills, covered to a vaſt extent with heath and fern, and charm-

* This figure is very unſual for a Roman caſtrametation.

ingly

ingly dotted with ſheep, and a variety of cattle, than the clouds began to wear way. A threatening fog at firſt began to gather round us; but this ſoon diſperſed, and by the time we reached the ſummit, the ſun had taken poſſeſſion of the day, and every thing aſſumed a face of re-animated beauty. The landſcape was moſt delightful. On the one ſide were towering hills, whoſe ſides we were traverſing, and whoſe loftieſt brows ſlowly declined; while, on the other, the highly cultivated lands of Somerſet, ſmiling in all the luxuriancy of art and nature, burſt upon our view. I do not exaggerate when I ſay, we were loſt in admiration. Proceeding ſlowly on, and cautious of not loſing a ſingle object which might preſent itſelf, we deſcended the hills. On the right, and in the front, with hills, woods, and dales, delightfully intermixed; and on the left, with the town of Wells, and a bold romantic proſpect of the tower of Glaſtonbury at a diſtance. To Wells we next bent our courſe.

This city is ſixteen miles from Bath, and one hundred and twenty-ſeven from London: it is ſituated at the foot of the Mendip Hills; and is a clean, pretty town. John de Villula, the ſixteenth biſhop of this ſee, removed his reſidence and ſpiritual authority to Bath; but the conteſt between this church and that of Bath being afterwards compromiſed, it was determined that the biſhops ſhould thereafter be ſtyled biſhops of Bath and Wells, and that the canons of each ſhould, on the vacancy of the ſee, appoint deputies to elect the biſhop, who was to be inſtalled in both churches. Its church, at firſt a monaſtery, was built by Ina, king of the Weſt

Saxons; and in the year 905, was erected into an epiſcopal ſee. The weſt front of the cathedral ſeems to have been magnificent, being an entire pile of ſtatues; but the taſte being wildly Gothic, or Saracenic, it does not ſtrike a common obſerver with either elegance or ſimplicity. The cloiſters adjoining to it are ſpacious and fair. The chapter houſe is a rotund, ſupported by a pillar in the middle; and the vicars' dwellings, in the cloſe, are commodious. The biſhop's palace, with its walls and mote, has the air of a caſtle; but, altogether, it preſents a moſt unfavourable aſpect to a traveller. The deanry is a fine houſe; and there are likewiſe good habitations for the prebendaries: but the cathedral is by much, as of courſe it ſhould be, the fineſt building. The exterior carries a venerable and awful appearance, and the inſide is carefully attended to, both with reſpect to neatneſs and conveniency. On one ſide of the altar ſtands a monument of Biſhop Still in his epiſcopal robes, and on the other an emblematical repreſentation of Miſs Kidder, who, in the year 1703, fell a martyr to filial affection. This young lady was daughter of a biſhop of that name, who, with his wife, were both cruſhed to death, in the town of Wells, by the falling of a chimney. The cataſtrophe ſo afflicted the daughter, then no more than ſixteen years of age, that it diſordered her ſenſes, and ſhe died diſtracted a few months afterwards. She is repreſented in the attitude of looking at two urns, ſuppoſed to contain the aſhes of her parents.

In one of the aiſles is ſhewn, the tomb and repreſentation of Biſhop Beckington, who, in an

impolitic fit of religious phrenſy, attempted to faſt during lent. It is ſaid to be well authenticated, that, for an extraordinary number of days, ſome ſay thirty-nine, he abſolutely did refrain from food. His puniſhment was what his preſumption was entitled to. He fell a victim to it: nor did commiſeration attend his fall. Scattered up and down the church are alſo many ancient monumental figures, dug out of the ruins of Glaſtonbury Abbey; but tranſplanted to Wells. The windows, too, of this cathedral are curious, although the principal one of the chapel is rather too much crowded with ſtained and whimſically-ornamented glaſs.

Thus having obſerved the body of the cathedral, we next aſcended to the library by a flight of ſtairs. Like moſt of thoſe of orthodox ſocieties, it is filled with folios of law and polemical divinity. but the fathers apparently ſleep in quietneſs on the ſhelves. Turning over the pages of theſe ſubtle, but abſurd remnants of human impoſition, I was ſuddenly called by one of the ladies, who, with much exultation, told me of a book which had been put into her hands by the perſon who was our guide, and who informed her, it was the wonder of all wonders; nothing leſs than a book compoſed, printed, and bound, before the invention of paper, of which Europeans ſo much boaſt. How ſuch a matter as this could poſſibly exiſt, or, if it did exiſt, how it could have found its way into the library of Wells, was a point not eaſy to determine; but judge my ſurpriſe, when I found it neither more nor leſs, than a Chineſe octavo. Never did people laugh more heartily than we did, at the extravance of this literary impoſition.

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But our guide was ſtill tenacious, and would not believe us, when we told him what it was; neither could we reconcile him to the doctrine, until we offered to procure him a hundred ſimilar productions, and to ſubmit them all, if he pleaſed, to the learned of the dioceſe for their deciſion. This gained us at length ſome credit; and he then, with confuſion and diſappointment in his countenance, vowed he would throw it aſide, and never more be the inſtrument of impoſition on the credulity of the public. It appeared to have been preſented by a waggiſh doctor, who perhaps meant to play on the ignorance of his brethren.

Concluding our obſervations at Wells, we proceeded to a famous cavern in the Mendip Hills, called Okey-hole, one of the moſt celebrated natural curioſities in that part of England. The diſtance of this cavern from Wells is about two miles. Arrived at the bottom of the hill, we enquired for a guide; and having procured one, whoſe age and viſage moſt inevitably would have condemned her to the flames a century ago, we followed her up a narrow path of a cliff, the perpendicular height of which could not be leſs than two hundred feet; the old woman herſelf bearing a lanthorn in one hand, and a bundle of lights in the other. The aſcent was wonderfully fine and romantic. Being arrived at the diſtance of about fifty yards from the place where we left our carriage, we found ourſelves cloſe to the entrance of this dreary cavern. The firſt order we received from our regenerated hecate, was to leave our hats behind us. Handkerchiefs were of courſe tied round our heads, and a lighted taper was then

preſented to each of the party. Thus prepared to encounter the gloomy horrors of the ſcene, we formed ourſelves in the order in which we were to enter, following our tottering conductreſs. On entering the cave, we perceived a vaſt number of large ſtones, confuſedly ſcattered about, over ſome of which, we were told, lay the path-way of our journey. As you advance, the cavern widens, and continues to increaſe, until you come to about thirteen ſteps, which you deſcend into a narrow paſſage, in which is ſhewn the tomb, as they call it, of the Old Witch of Okey, who reſided at this place. This tomb is a miſhapen piece of rock, incruſted. From the paſſage you enter into the kitchen, and from the kitchen into an immenſe cavern called the Church, many parts of which are upwards of forty feet high. Here the footing is indifferent; for the rocks being irregularly ſcattered on one ſide, and the river Axe winding itſelf along on the other, you ſcarcely can find room to make your way either with firmneſs or ſafety. Nothing can be conceived more awful than the appearance of this chaſm. The ſpar too, which is as it were brilliantly placed along the confines of the river, with cryſtal drops, like diamonds, pendant around it, are beauties with which it is impoſſible not to be highly delighted; particularly when contraſted with the ſurrounding ſcenery.

The next objects of admiration are, the arm-chair and the cooler, both of them fine incruſtations; the former ſhaped in the rural garden ſtyle, with ribs, and the latter ſurrounding a ſmall baſon of delicious water. From the paſſage which immediately leads from this, you deſcend

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eight ſteps, and continue till you come to another figure of ſpar, denominated the Lyon's Head, and ſituated in the corner of a prodigious cupola, called the Servant's Hall. This hall has the appearance of being the loftieſt of all the chaſms. Hence we proceeded to what is ſtyled the Great Hall, paſſing in our way the hall chimney, a narrow cavern of conſiderable height. This hall has infinitely the largeſt area in the cave, being in the figure of a rotunda, and meaſuring in its centre about the height of five and twenty feet. The ceiling is exquiſitely even; and the echo, as may be ſuppoſed, prodigiouſly diſtinct and awful. Here indeed we might ſay, we experienced ſomething of the effect of the ſublime and beautiful. As we advanced, we had gradually met with new and ſurpriſing objects; here we had them as it were gathered together in one point of view.

Exploring with ſilent admiration, and reflecting on the wonderful operation of thoſe parts of matter, which, in a convulſion, muſt certainly have formed this cavern, we determined on aſcertaining the truth of what we had heard advanced, relative to the body of water, winding at our feet, and which was once conſidered as the ſource of the river Axe. Our guide, however, ſoon ſatisfied us on this head, by ſaying, that when the Axe was low, many people had traced it from the place where we then ſtood, to a conſiderable diſtance beyondus; that it did not riſe even in the hill in the body of which we were, but that it had its ſource in a neighbouring one, whence it proceeded through other caverns into that of Okey.

Satisfied in this point, and pleaſed with every thing we had met with in the cave, we returned in the manner we had entered; nor did we do this ſooner than was neceſſary, for the humidity and coldneſs of the place, together with the unwholeſomeneſs of the air, rendered a change of climate neceſſary. Take it all in all, however, no man of curioſity ſhould viſit Somerſetſhire without ſeeing Okey-hole.

Returning from the cave by the path-way we had aſcended, at the bottom of the hill, we ſtopped at a manufactory of paper, worked by the waters of the Axe; which we examined under the direction of the proprietor

Wearied not a little with what we had already ſeen, and reflecting on that which was yet to be obſerved, we thankfully quitted our new acquaintance, and getting into our carriages, proceeded to the village of Glaſtonbury, diſtant from Wells about ſix miles.

Glaſtonbury, for riches and grandeur almoſt without a rival in England, was early in repute among the Weſt Saxons, as appears from Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, who both tell us that our great Arthur was buried there; and Giraldus Cambrenſis, who lived in the time of Henry II, ſays, he ſaw his coffin dug up. King Ina, the Weſt Saxon, founded the abbey, and it continued to receive ſo many donations, that, in the time of Canute the Great, they obtained a charter, whereby every perſon, even the king himſelf, was excluded from coming within any part of its bounds without leave of the abbot. Some idea may be formed of the ancient grandeur of this monaſtery, from what yet remains of the different buildings. There were conſtantly

ly one hundred monks reſident in the cloiſters, and the abbot had ſeldom leſs than three hundred domeſtics, many of whom were ſons of the principal nobility. Its revenues exceeded thoſe of Canterbury or Durham. It ſtands in a peninſula near the river Bry, called the Iſle of Avalon; and, ever ſince the diſſolution of religious houſes, the chief ſupport of the town has conſiſted in the great numbers of people who have reſorted thither to viſit the ruins; but the inhabitants having removed many of the ſtones to repair their houſes, the number of travellers has of late years decreaſed. The church was a prodigious pile of building, and great part of the walls of the choir is ſtill ſtanding. Two of the great pillars that ſupported the middle tower are yet remaining, but moſtly overgrown with ivy; and part of the high altar in the choir, where the Weſt-Saxon kings were buried, is ſtill to be ſeen; but in the ſame ruinous condition as the church. Indeed, ſuch are the devaſtations made by the devouring hand of time, and the depredations committed by avarice, that the chapel of St. Mary, on the north ſide of the church, has been converted into a ſtable, the manger being placed on the altar. Near this chapel of St. Mary, was a ſmaller chapel, built by King Edgar; but the walls are almoſt totally deſtroyed. The floor was of ſtone, and many of the Saxon nobility were buried under it, in coffins of lead, which have ſince indeed been taken away, and melted into ciſterns.

The only thing that remains entire of this magnificent ſtructure, which was erected to bid defiance to the ravages of time, is the Abbot's Kitchen, built wholly of ſtone; but converted

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to a uſe for which it was never intended, and probably in a few years it will experience the ſame fate with the reſt of the apartments. As many pilgrims viſited Glaſtonbury, the abbots found it neceſſary to build an inn for their reception, where they were furniſhed with all the neceſſaries of life, in a truly royal ſtyle. It is ſtill ſtanding in the town, and known by the ſign of the George, having the arms of the Saxon kings over the gate.

On a hill, called the Torr, adjoining to the town, was formerly a church dedicated to St. Michael, where Richard Whiting, the laſt and moſt celebrated abbot, and whoſe hoſpitality was ſo great, that he often entertained five hundred horſemen at a time, was hanged by order of King Henry VIII. together with two of his monks, for having dared to let fall ſome haſty expreſſions, when the king's commiſſioners arrived to ſeize upon his revenues. The hiſtory of his condemnation and execution reflects eternal diſgrace on the memory of that tyrannical monarch.

The ſhepherd being ſlain, the ſheep were eaſily diſperſed; nor were there many religious men found afterwards to oppoſe the king's tyranny. Henry, like a conqueror, invaded, threw down, plundered, and demoliſhed all; but, the poſſeſſions and revenues of the monaſteries he, for the moſt part, diſtributed amongſt the nobility, that they might never after be reclaimed or reſtored to the church by any of the princes his ſucceſſors, exchanging ſome for other lands and revenues, and diſpoſing of others for ready money; and he compelled the Catholics, againſt their wiſhes, to buy thoſe ſpoils of the church, to the end he might, by that means, oblige them

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to defend his unjuſt act. Such was the end of the monaſteries and monks in England, almoſt a thouſand years after they had brought the Chriſtian faith into that iſland; increaſing with it, and being advanced by the generoſity of all the kings.

It would be reckoned unpardonable in this place to omit the mention of the Glaſtonbury Thorn, which, in the dark and ignorant ages of popery, was denominated Holy. The monks tell us, that when Joſeph of Aramathea arrived at this place, and preached the Goſpel to the natives, he took up his reſidence on the hill called Torr, where many people flocked to hear him; though, as may be reaſonably ſuppoſed, the greateſt part doubted of his miſſion. But the holy man, conſcious of his innocence, yet eager to vindicate himſelf from the imputation of impoſture, ſtruck his ſtick into the the ground, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven. prayed that God would remove their unbelief by ſome ſignal act of his power. The prayer was no ſooner heard than complied with; for, behold a miracle! the ſtaff took root, ſpread out its bloſſoms, and the obſtinate Britons immediately embraced the faith of Chriſt. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, however, an over-zealous Proteſtant, not having the fear of God before his eyes, hewed down one of the branches of this holy thorn, and having brought his deſtroying axe to another, aimed a dreadful blow, which happily did not eſcape with impunity; for one of the chips, we are told, flew into his eye, and blinded him; while the axe itſelf, as in revenge for being put to ſuch horrid purpoſes, fell on his foot, and wounded him in a terrible manner. The laſt attack that

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was made on it, (for frequent were its ſufferings) was in the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament, when the whole tree, even to the roots, was torn up by the ſoldiers of Cromwell, who conſidered it as a relic of idolatry; but ſome ſlips having been afterwards engrafted on the other ſhrubs, there are ſtill remaining three of the trees for the obſervation of the curious. It is certainly of a remarkable ſpecies in this country; but is very common in the Levant and Aſia Minor. "It differs," ſays Mr. Miller, "from our common hawthorn, by putting out its leaves early in the ſpring, and flowering twice a year; for, in mild ſeaſons, it often flowers in November and December, and again at the uſual time of the common ſort; but the ſtories which are told of its budding, bloſſoming, and fading, on Chriſtmas-day, are ridiculous, and deſtitute of foundation*.

The whole of this place of Glaſtonbury is worth ſeeing. One cannot, however, but regret the inattention which is paid to the ruins, and the violation of the aſhes of the dead. Regard ſhould, no doubt, be had to the comforts of the living; but ſome little reſpect ſhould be ſhewn to the relics of the dead.

Leaving Glaſtonbury, we proceeded to Somerton, ſituated on a branch of the Parret, it is a poſt town, and was once much celebrated. The county took its name from it. It is a healthy place, though ſo near the moors; but, in wet winters, people have been known to come from the Parret in boats to the very doors. It is re-

* The preſent Glaſtonbury Thorn is only a variety of the Cratægus Oxyacantha of Linnæus.

markable

markable for having in its neighbourhood a moor of twenty thouſand acres of ground for grazing the cattle of ſuch as have a right to common. From Somerton we continued our journey to Ilcheſter, one hundred and twenty-nine miles from London, ſituated on the Ivel. Some ſay the caſtle was built by the Romans to curb the Britons, after Boadicea's inſurrection, and that the Roman foſs-way paſſed through the town. That Roman coins have been dug up at Ilcheſter, and that it was a populous and important place about the time of the conqueſt, is unqueſtionable. It is noted for having been the birth-place of the famous Friar Bacon.

From Ilcheſter we proceeded to Yeovil, called Evil or Ivil, a very neat and handſome little town, ſituated on a branch of the Parret, one hundred and twenty-three miles from London.—Nothing remarkable occurred to us during this little progreſs from Glaſtonbury. A fine view, indeed, preſented itſelf on leaving Somerton; but it ſoon vaniſhed, and the remainder of the road was neither fine nor picturesque. From Yeovil, our next ſtage was Milbourne Port, a ſmall, inconſiderable town on the borders of Somerſet; and thence our road lay to Shafteſbury in Dorſetſhire. This place ſtands upon a hill, in the poſt road to Exeter, fourteen miles from Saliſbury, and commands a proſpect both of Somerſetſhire and Wiltſhire. It is ſuppoſed to have been built in the eighth century, and to have been enlarged by Alfred. King Edward the Confeſſor lies buried here. However it has but a miſerable appearance; the houſes are old and dirty, and the ſtreets are narrow and ill paved. Here we continued one night, and next

morning ſet off for Wardour Caſtle, a ſeat of Lord Arundel's, in Wiltſhire. The entrance to the grounds, by the road we came from Shafteſbury, was wild and picturesque, but in a ſtate of improvement. Proceeding along this road, which has a gentle winding round a hill, the new manſion opens to the view. Its appearance, from this point, is truly magnificent; and the grounds are ſwelled and diſpoſed of to advantage. The ſite of the edifice, however, is too low. In many points of view it appears buried. The next objects, as you advance, are the ruins of the old caſtle, diſtant about a mile from the road. This pile has ſtill the appearance of Gothic magnificence. In the civil wars it was rendered conſpicuouſly remarkable by Blanch, relict of Thomas Lord Arundel, who died in the garriſon of Oxford attending King Charles I. having held out the caſtle with but five and twenty men againſt the parliamentary army of thirteen hundred, and ſurrendered it at laſt only on honourable terms: terms which were not kept, as both ſhe and her children were iniquitouſly impriſoned, and deſpoiled of a property eſtimated at 25,000l.

The new ſeat, more than a mile diſtant, is built on a heavy plan, one hundred and ſixteen feet long, and, including the two wings, three hundred and forty-ſeven, with very little ſweep; but the inſide repays the want of beauty on the out. The rooms are large and well diſpoſed, and the furniture ſimply magnificent. The ſtaircaſe is grand, and the offices on the ground floor both handſome and convenient.

The ball or grand drawing room, as it is ſtyled, is fifty-four feet long, twenty-ſeven broad, and twenty-

twenty-ſeven high; and a ſmaller one adjoining to it, is of thoſe dimenſions which are ſuitable to the connection. The views from this latter room are, however, better than thoſe from the large room, eſpecially from the ſide window. The muſic room is pretty, with an eliptic, or flat arch The common dining room has the look of elegance and neatneſs. It is well proportioned, and the furniture is happily choſen. Among other pictures in this room are the following:

A ſtorm and a moonlight, by Verney; a portrait, by Vandyke, moſt highly animated; ſome family pieces, by Sir Peter Lely; a Hugo Grotious, by Rubens; and a St. Michael leading Peter out of priſon, by Michael Angelo.

From the muſic-room you enter the ſaloon, which opens upon the grand ſtaircaſe. This room has no paintings worthy of obſervation, excepting one of the Lady Arundel, who defended the caſtle. This picture cannot but attract the kindeſt attention, as the countenance beams forth ſoftneſs and humility.

In the library, which is a handſome room, are two paintings: one of Etna and Veſuvius, in the rages of an eruption, by Volaire; and a duke of Saxony, who, when living, muſt have been moſt hideous, by Giorgione.

The corrodores leading from the common hall to the apartments in the wings, are elegant and grand. Paſſing through one of theſe, you come to a bed-chamber, in which are ſome paintings.

Lady Arundel's dreſſing room, the next in order, is handſomely fitted up. The chimney-piece

is of old Moſaic, brought from Italy; and the paintings are worthy obſervation.

A cloſet adjoining to this room is likewiſe poſſeſſed of many curious articles; particularly, a beautiful Mary and child, by Raffaelle; a holy family, well coloured and finely grouped; the deſcent from the croſs; and a repreſentation of the Graces, moſt exquiſitely finiſhed in ivory.

Between this and the next apartment is an anti-chamber, in which are the following capital performances: Our Saviour taken from the croſs, by Spagnoletto; a holy family, by Albani; a head, by Camanci; a country lad playing upon a bagpipe, by Michael Angelo Carravagio; and a Regulus quitting Rome, the artiſt unknown.

From this apartment, you enter the dreſſing-room of Lord Arundel, which is decorated with ſome capital performances, by the moſt celebrated maſters.

We now quitted the houſe, and turned our obſervations to the pleaſure grounds. On entering the ſhrubbery, a little to the right of the houſe, we opened a fine view of the old caſtle of Wardour, whoſe ſides and back were cloſely ſurrounded with groves, extending along the hill. Proceeding onward through a variety of windings, elegantly conceived, we continued down a hill, one ſide of which we found we had but juſt aſcended. We then got to the bottom of a vale, moſt rurally pictureſque, from the ſides of which a wood ariſes to the ſummit of the hill; and from this vale, through the boſom of the wood, advanced to what is called the Terrace. The beauties of this walk have met with general admiration: nor am I indeed ſurpriſed

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at it; for they are certainly ſuch as afford the moſt pleaſing imagery to minds intent upon rural gratification.

Getting into our carriages, we continued our journey to Fonthill, the ſeat of Mr. Beckford, in Wiltſhire. On entering theſe grounds, there is nothing remarkable that ſtrikes a traveller. A ſhrubbery is continued on the left, which leads into a narrow road, walled in on each ſide and ſhaded with trees, which ſeemingly terminates at a river. On coming to the end of this road, however, you ſuddenly turn to the left, which leads you to the back-front of the houſe. The appearance of this building, when you approach it, is certainly grand. The whole is of ſtone dug out of neighbouring quarries, and the plan is elegant and ſuperb. The entrance is peculiarly handſome, as are all the rooms. The ſtyle of furniture, it muſt be confeſſed, is rather gaudy; but the whole is rich, and has been faſhionable in its day. The paintings are too numerous to ſpecify; but many of them are by the very firſt maſters.

From viewing the houſe, in which, beſides the pictures, there is an original ſtatue in marble of Marcus Aurelius; a full length figure of the late Mr. Beckford, by Moore; and ſeveral chimney-pieces, finiſhed in an elegant manner, by the ſame artiſt.

We next proceeded to the ſhrubbery. Nothing worthy of obſervation is to be met with, either of nature or of art, in the improvements. The ſhrubbery continues round the park, for nearly three miles, in the ſame regular zig-zag. The grounds, however, though not variegated, are pretty. The river is not inelegantly ſhaped;

nor does any part convey the idea of a want of care or cultivation*.

From Fonthill, our next ſtage was Hindon, where we dined; and thence, in the evening, to Stourton, where we ſlept; reſolved to devote the next morning to Mr. Hoare's celebrated grounds at Stourton Park. The early morn, however, was uſhered in with deluges of rain. The wind was high, and a dreary gloom ſcudded along the fields: in ſhort, every thing promiſed as unfavourably as the moſt adverſe ſtars could poſſibly denounce; but this momentary diſappointment was only to enliven us the more to joy. About ten o'clock the atmoſphere began to clear; and the whole country, in an hour, bore the vivid colourings of nature. Properly prepared, off then we ſet, opening to our view, almoſt immediately from the inn, a beautiful croſs, an elegantly-winding river, with an airy bridge thrown acroſs it; an obeliſk erecting its head above the trees, and the pantheon, all charmingly diſpoſed of to the right; while the left preſented the Temple of Apollo and an inſpiring grove gently aſcending to the ſummit of the hill. From this, paſſing along, we came to the venerable remains of a mouldering arch, thrown over the road, and then proceeded along the borders of an arm of the rivulet to the banks of a beautiful caſcade, happily formed in the boſom of a wood. Still continuing our progreſs along a winding road, through flowery meads, ſwelled in a happy taſte, we next opened a proſpect of woods and water, ſummer-houſes and pavilions, all moſt charming-

* The recent improvements at Fonthill are of the firſt order, and of neceſſity leave every former deſcription imperfect.

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ly diverſified and pictureſque. Thence paſſing through a grove, and along the borders of ſome delightful fields, we came to an extenſive wood, where ſome cottages are interſperſed, and where Alfred's Tower is ſeen to rear its lofty head on the very ſummit of the hill. Proceeding onward, we got into the wood, crowned with the profuſeſt charms of luxuriant nature; while, to the left, a little monaſtery diſcovered its ſlender ſpires through the verdant foliage of the trees. Hence we deſcended almoſt imperceptibly into a vale, whoſe ſides on either hand were covered with fearn, heath, and a variety of ſhrubs; and thence we entered the boſom of a deep-ſequeſtered wood, the road through which led us, by a gentle aſcent, to a ruſtic pile, called the Convent.

From the convent we deſcended the oppoſite ſide of the hill, and then entered into an extenſive wilderneſs, which led us to the ſummit of the brow, on which the tower of Alfred is placed, commanding an almoſt boundleſs view. This tower is of a triangular form, of modern date, and built of brick. The perpendicular height is one hundred and fifty-five feet; and the number of ſteps, to the top, two hundred and twenty-one. Nothing can be conceived more ſtriking than the proſpects from every ſide of this ſtructure, round one turret of which, for the benefit of the view, a gallery has been railed in. Over the portal, on the outſide, is this inſcription:

"Alfred the Great, A. D. 879, on this ſummit erected his ſtandard againſt Daniſh invaders; to him we owe the origin of juries, and the creation of a naval force. Alfred, the light of a benighted age, was a philoſopher and a Chriſtian, the father of his people, and the founder of the Engliſh monarchy and liberty."

Leaving the tower, we tranſverſed a meadow, till we came to the head of the river Stour, which has a little building around it, called Peter's Pump. From its ſource it winds in a gentle ſtream. Still proceeding on our way, we entered on a lawn, exquiſitely green, and on either ſide bounded by a grove, which leads to an avenue on the brow of the hill; the left formed by a regular range of trees, and the right by clumps of evergreens and holly. From the end of this avenue are ſome delightful views. In the vale, the natural windings of the river are carefully embanked, and terminated by the Temple of Apollo; and, along the oppoſite hills, the groves are gracefully planted and diverſified. From the avenue, we again entered on the lawn, at the end of which is an obeliſk, encircled by a range of elms; and thence through another avenue to the houſe, which, though a good one, has no appearance of correſpondent magnificence. The lawn, however, before it, together with the proſpects which it commands, are moſt enchantingly fine and picturesque.

Among other productions of art, in the hall, are an animated painting of Carlo Moratti, repreſented in the act of drawing the portrait of the Marquis Palvoginio; an Auguſtus and Cleopatra, by Minx; a Henry the Fourth of France, and Madame d'Etrés, done in the ſchool of Paul Veroneſe; alſo ſeveral good buſtos.

In the drawing-room are, a highly-finiſhed landſcape, by Mr. Bampfield; a view of the middle of St. Peter's, by Paul Vanneni; two fine paintings, by Wotton.

In the cabinet room, a Grecian lady, by Angelica Kauffman; the departure from Egypt, by Carlo

Carlo Moratti; the meeting of Jacob and Eſau, by Roza de Tivoli; a morning and evening, by Luccotelli; a holy family, from the ſchool of Raffaelle; the marriage of St. Catharine, a moſt beautiful and highly-coloured painting, by Barocci of Urbin.

In the ſtate bedchamber, Noah ſacrificing, on his deſcent from the ark, by Imprioli; Rachel and Laban, by the ſame maſter.

In the dreſſing room to that chamber, a ſetting ſun and a moonlight, by Verney; a landſcape, by Dominicini; a landſcape, by Gaſper Pouſſin; our Saviour reſtoring the blind to ſight, by Sebaſtian Ricci; and ſeventy-nine miniature pictures, many of them of Engliſh monarchs, found in the cabinet of Pope Sixtus V.

In the library, a fine marble buſt, by Ryſbrack; and an admired painting of Venus, Mars, and Cupid, from Corregio.

In the palm-tree room, an exquiſitely-finiſhed piece of Elitha reſtoring the widow's ſon to life, by Rembrandt; Penelope, by Angelica Kauffman; David with Goliah's head, by Mola; the triumphs of Bacchus and Ariadne, by Dominicini; a Bacchanalian ſubject, by Titian; a virgin and child, by Leonardo de Vinci; St. John's head in a charger, by Carlo Dolci; the rape of the Sabines, by Nicholas Pouſſin; and a celebrated painting of our Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John, from Raffaelle.

In the ſaloon, the judgment of Midas between Pan and Apollo, by Sebaſtian Bourdon; the departure of Helen with Paris, from Guido; and Hercules and Minerva, from Paul Veroneſe.

Pleaſed with the paintings, and ſatisfied altogether with the ſtyle and furniture of the houſe, we

we finiſhed the tour of the pleaſure-grounds, viſiting the pantheon, the grotto, and the temples of Flora and Apollo, and ſoon after ſet out to Longleat, a ſeat of Lord Weymouth.

Here we have a different ſcene. The approach to the houſe through the park, with the ſhrubbery to the left, is grand, and the appearance of the ſtructure itſelf both venerable and ſuperb.

The paintings are in general good, eſpecially a head of the unfortunate Jane Shore; in which the artiſt has transfuſed into the looks every mingled paſſion that ought to characterize this unhappy woman.

In paſſing through the grounds of Lord Weymouth, one is ſtruck with the capabilities they poſſeſs. Very little of art is required; nature has done her ſhare; not indeed in the wildeſt, or in the grandeſt ſtyle, but in ſuch a mode as muſt make Longleat beautiful, whenever it becomes a peculiar object of its owner's attention.

From Longleat we took our departure for Warminſter, in Wilts, ſix miles from Frome. This town ſtands on the Deveril, near the ſource of the Willy-bourne, and had formerly certain privileges, which exempted it from tax or tribute. From Warminſter we continued our route to a ſmall village, called Deptford, and thence to Stonehenge.

Stonehenge, about ſix miles from Saliſbury, is juſtly reckoned one of the wonders of this iſland; and it certainly fills the mind with aſtoniſhment. Antiquaries have been greatly divided in their opinions with regard to it: at preſent, they ſeem to acquieſce in the opinion of Dr. Stukely, that it was one of the grand temples of the Britiſh Druids.

It

It is ſituated near the ſummit of a hill, and conſiſts of the remains of two circular and two oval ranges of rough ſtones, having one common centre. The outer circle is one hundred and eight feet in diameter, and, when perfect, conſiſted of thirty upright ſtones, of which there are ſeventeen ſtill ſtanding, and ſeven more lying upon the ground, either whole or in fragments. The upright ſtones are from eighteen to twenty feet high, from ſix to ſeven feet broad, and about three feet thick; and, being placed at the diſtance of three feet and a half from each other, are joined at top by impoſts, or ſtones laid acroſs, with tenons fitted to mortiſes in the uprights for keeping them in their due poſition. Of the impoſts, or croſs ſtones, there are ſix ſtill ſtanding, each of which is ſeven feet long, and about three feet and a half thick. The upright ſtones are ſomething tapered towards the top; but the impoſts are quite plain: all the uprights are fixed in a kind of ſockets, dug in a chalky ſoil, with ſmall flints rammed in between the ſtone and the ſocket. The inner circle, which never had impoſts, is ſomewhat more than eight feet from the inſide of the exterior one, and conſiſted originally of forty ſtones, about half the dimenſions of the uprights of the outer circle. Of the forty original ſtones which compoſed this circle, there are about nineteen left, and of theſe only eleven ſtanding. The walk between theſe circles is three hundred feet in circumference; and from this walk the ſtructure has a ſurpriſing and awful appearance. At the diſtance of about nine feet from the inner circle is the outward oval range, which is ſuppoſed to be the principal part of the work, and by moſt writers ſtyled the Cell, or Adytum. The

ſtones

ſtones that compoſe it are ſtupendous, ſome of them meaſuring thirty feet in height. This range conſiſts of five compages, being formed of two uprights, with an impoſt at top like the outer circle; and of theſe compages three are entire, but ſomewhat decayed. The inner oval is compoſed of twenty ſtones, each about ſix feet high; and near its eaſtern extremity is a ſtone of coarſe blue marble, about ſixteen feet long and four feet broad, which lies flat upon the ground, and is ſuppoſed to have been an altar. This work is incloſed by a ditch about thirty feet broad, and upwards of one hundred feet from the outer circle. Over this trench are three entrances, the moſt conſiderable of which faces the north-eaſt. At each entrance, on the outſide of the trench, there appear to have been two huge ſtones, ſet up in manner of a gate, and parallel to thoſe, on the inſide, two other ſtones of a ſmaller ſize. The whole number of ſtones of which this ſtructure conſiſted is computed to be juſt one hundred and forty.

A tin tablet, on which were ſome unknown characters, ſuppoſed to be Punic, was dug up near this place in the reign of Henry VIII. but is unfortunately loſt; for probably it might have conveyed ſome uſeful information to the learned. The common name, Stonehenge, is Saxon, and ſignifies a ſtone gallows, to which thoſe ſtones, having tranſverſe impoſts, bear ſome reſemblance. In Welch, it is called Choir Gour, or the Giants' Dance.

About half a mile north of Stonehenge, Dr. Stukely diſcovered a hippodrome, or horſe courſe, croſſing a valley. It is incloſed by two ditches, running parallel eaſt and weſt, three hundred and

and fifty feet aſunder; it is one hundred thouſand feet long. The barrows round this monument are numerous and remarkable, being generally bell faſhion. Theſe were ſepulchral monuments, as appear from many that have been opened. About Stonehenge, likewiſe, there are a vaſt number of barrows. The heads of oxen, deer, and other beaſts, have been dug up in and about the ruins, together with arches, wood, and other undoubted relics of ſacrifices.

From Stonehenge we continued our journey to Saliſbury, a city which has riſen out of the ruins of Old Sarum, diſtant eighty-three miles from London. It is a large, clean, well-built town, ſituated in a valley, and watered by the Upper Avon on the weſt and ſouth, and by the Bourne on the eaſt. The ſtreets are generally ſpacious, and built at right angles. The cathedral, which was erected in 1258, is one of the moſt elegant and regular Gothic buildings in the kingdom *. It is in the form of a lantern, with a beautiful ſpire of freeſtone in the middle, which is four hundred feet high, being the talleſt in England. The length of the church is four hundred and eighty feet, the breadth ſeventy-ſix feet, and the height of the vaulting eighty-four feet.

This magnificent pile was begun early in the reign of Henry III. when the circular began to give place to the pointed arch, and the maſſive column to yield to the ſlender pillar. The vault-

* This cathedral has lately been beautified and improved, under the auſpices of Dr. Barrington, then biſhop of that ſee, and by the taſte and ſkill of Mr. Wyatt.

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ing is highly pitched between arches and croſs ſpringers only, without any farther decorations.

Saliſbury, beſides the cathedral, has many other public buildings. It is, however, ſituated too low. The ſoil is exceedingly moiſt; and the Avon runs through its ſtreets in canals lined with brick, which muſt infallibly add to its humidity.

From Saliſbury we proceeded to viſit the remains of Old Sarum. This place ſtands at the diſtance of one mile north of the city of Saliſbury, and was formerly the ſee of a biſhop, who had a caſtle and a cathedral here; but King Stephen, having a diſpute with the dioceſan, ſeized the caſtle, and put a garriſon into it, which was the firſt occaſion of the ruin of this ancient city; for, not long after, Biſhop Poor tranſlated the epiſcopal ſeat to the valley below it, where the city of Saliſbury now ſtands. Old Sarum is now reduced to the ſingle remnant of a wall, and yet it ſends two members to parliament, who are elected by the proprietors of certain adjacent lands. This town is as ancient as the old Britons.

From Old Sarum we continued to Wilton, the celebrated ſeat of the Earl of Pembroke; three miles diſtant from Saliſbury. An indifferent road brought us to the edifice, ſubſtantial in appearance, but rather calculated for conveniency than ſhow. We had ſuperior objects, however, to mere architecture, to attract our attention; wherefore, after the purchaſe of a catalogue, and the entrance of our names in the porter's book, we proceeded to the inveſtigation of a moſt valuable collection of antiquities: a collection, indeed, not to be equalled by any perſon's in England, or, perhaps, by any ſubject's in Europe.

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In the court, before the grand front of the houſe, ſtands a column of white Egyptian marble, from the Arundel collection; the ſhaft weighs between ſixty and ſeventy hundred weight, of one piece; the height is thirteen feet and a half, and the diameter twenty-two inches. Julius Cæſar ſet it up before the Temple of Venus Genitrix. The ſtatue of Venus ſtanding on its top is highly eſteemed.

In the front of the houſe, on each ſide of the entrance, are two ſtatues of black marble, out of the ruins of the palace of Egypt, in which the viceroys of Perſia lived many years after Cambyſes had conquered Egypt, and returned to Perſia.

In the porch, (built by Hans Holbein) leading into the veſtibule, is the buſto of Hannibal.

In the veſtibule are, the buſtos of Theophraſtus and Caligula; Aſſinius Pollio, with an elegant turn of the neck, and ſtrong expreſſion of the muſcles; Julia, third wife of Auguſtus, of incomparable fine Greek ſculpture; and Cælius Caldus.

Here are likewiſe two columns of the Pavonazzo, or peacock marble, both of them with holes in the capitals, which ſerved for urns.

The different apartments, and the ſtaircaſes, are replete with the fineſt pieces of ſculpture, or the choiceſt productions of the pencil; but in a place ſo well known as Wilton Houſe, to enumerate them would be uſeleſs. It could only be a copy from the local guide. The apartments generally ſhewn at Wilton are the great hall, the old billiard-room, the white marble table-room, the new dining-room, the hunting-room, the

cube-room, the great room, the colonnade-room, the ſtone-hall, and the bugle-room.

Wearied not a little with the ſurvey of the curioſities, many of which are exquiſitely beautiful, we at length dragged ourſelves into the garden, in the hope that more rural ſubjects would diſpel the heavineſs, which a cloſe inveſtigation of every buſt and picture had unavoidably impreſſed us with; and there, having refreſhed ourſelves, we proceeded to Longford, the ſeat of Lord Radnor. Here we were much delighted. The park and grounds, on entrance, carry the comfortable appearance of neatneſs and attention. All is order; nor is the houſe behind hand in perfection. Never was furniture more happily diſpoſed, or elegance and ſimplicity more perfectly combined. Unfortunately, however, the houſe ſtands too low, and the ground is too flat, to admit of a variety of improvement; but, altogether, it is a charming place. Some of the paintings well deſerve the notice of connoiſſeurs. In ſhort, take Longford as a nobleman's reſidence, and it cannot but be admired by every perſon who has the good fortune to viſit it, either for curioſity or amuſement. Rumſey, the next place we proceeded to, is ſituated on the river Teſe, which pours itſelf into Southampton Bay, and is ſeventy-eight miles from London.

Adjoining to this place is Broadland, a ſeat of Lord Palmerſton. The entrance into Broadland Grounds is immediately from the high road. The park is flat and extenſive, planted at irregular and proper diſtances with clumps of trees, which, in a few years, will give it a much more cultivated appearance. The houſe, as well as the improve-

provements, are from deſigns of the ingenious Mr. Browne.

The apartments are decorated by ſome excellent paintings; but there is an elegant ſimplicity in the furniture of the houſe, which does not afford a leſs degree of ſatisfaction to men who are not profeſſed amateurs of the fine arts. All is neatneſs and unpreſuming modeſty; nor are little matters leſs attended to, than thoſe which may be ſuppoſed to fall more immediately under obſervation. Of theſe is the dairy, rurally but taſtefully fitted up, placed at the end of a ſhady walk, on the banks of a little rivulet, whoſe ſides are covered with the drooping willow, and whoſe waters, artleſsly diverted, murmur as they glide to the whiſpering breeze.

From Broadland we continued our route to Southampton, lying between the rivers Teſe and Itching, at the diſtance of ſeventy-eight miles from London. Southampton is ſurrounded by a wall built of hard ſtone, of a honey-comb appearance. The principal ſtreet is one of the broadeſt in England, and near three quarters of a mile long, well paved on each ſide, and ending in a commodious quay. Upon the whole, Southampton ſeems a pleaſant, healthy town; and the country around it is well cultivated. It has ſeveral gentlemen's ſeats immediately in its vicinity. It is, likewiſe, much reſorted to in ſummer for the benefit of ſea-bathing.

This town ſtands near the ſite of the Roman ſtation of Clauſentum. It was conſumed by the French; or, as ſome ſay, Genoeſe pirates, anno 1338, being the twelfth of Edward III. during the conteſt for the crown of France between that monarch and Philip de Valois.

Stowe, in his annals, gives the following deſcription of the deſtruction of this place: "The fourth of October, fiftie gallies, well manned and furniſhed, came to Southampton, about nine of the clocke, and ſacked the towne, the townſmen running away for feare. By the breake of the next day, they which fled, by help of the country thereabout, came againſt the pyrates, and fought with them; in the which ſkirmiſh were ſlaine to the number of three hundred pyrates, together with their captaine, a young ſoldiour, the King of Sicilis ſonne. To this younge man, the French king had given whatſoever he got in the kingdome of England; but he being beaten downe by a certaine man of the countrey, cryed Rancon; notwithſtanding the huſbandman laid him on with his clubbe till he had ſlaine him, ſpeaking theſe words: 'Yea, (quoth he) I know well enough thou art a Francon, and therefore ſhalt thou dye;' for he underſtood not his ſpeech, neither had he any ſkile to take gentlemen priſoners, and to keep them for their ranſome; wherefore the reſidue of theſe Genoways, after they had ſet the towne a fire, and burned it up quite, fledde to their galleys: and in their flying, certain of them were drowned; and after this the inhabitants of the towne compaſſed it about with a ſtrong and great wall."

From Southampton we made an incurſion into the New Foreſt, to viſit the villa of Mr. Stanley, which much diſappointed us. The houſe is poor, and the furniture not of a very modern complexion; the grounds are fine, and ſeemingly well adapted to a much more elegant manſion. New Foreſt contains many ſweet ſituations, and many grand and romantic views. It was formed

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by the Conqueror, at the expence of every private and ſacred right, to favour his taſte for hunting; and in it his ſon, William Rufus, while purſuing the ſame paſtime, accidentally loſt his life.

The next place we came to was the ancient city of Wincheſter, the capital of the Belgian Britons, and, after the decline of the Roman empire, the chief reſidence of the weſt Saxon kings, as well as that of the Engliſh monarchs, after the diſſolution of the Heptarchy. During the wars between Charles I. and his parliament, this city ſuffered conſiderably; but it recovered again at the reſtoration, the king and his courtiers ſpending great part of their time there. The biſhopric of Wincheſter is one of the richeſt in England. The cathedral is old and large, though not beautiful; and is famous for being the burying-place of the Weſt Saxon kings, and for having the remains of William Rufus interred near the high altar. On the ſouth ſide of the city, William of Wickham founded and endowed one of the nobleſt colleges for claſſical learning that was ever eſtabliſhed by any ſubject in Europe. Wincheſter is pleaſantly ſituated in a vale on the banks of the river Itching; and the plains and downs, in the vicinity under it, both pleaſant and healthful.

At this place, however, like other vagrants, we found the ſtern inconvenience of juſtice. The aſſizes were at hand, and the judges expected; ſo that it was morally impoſſible to obtain decent accommodation for a night. Driven by neceſſity, therefore, we purſued our journey with more than half-foundered horſes to Abresford, ſituated on the river Itching, and near one of the Roman highways, part of which remains.

Here, as at Winchester, ill fortune attended us; no beds were to be had; lawyers snored in every apartment of the house; so that we were again obliged, at a most uncomfortable hour of the night, to continue our route to Alton, a neat market town on the road from London to Winchester, where, at last we met with admittance, and tolerable accommodation.

Leaving Alton the next day, we paid a visit to the Duke of Bolton's seat at Hackwood. The park is extensive, and filled with groves of fine old oak, through which are many pleasant walks. The house itself is indifferent, although the back-front is not destitute of elegance in its design.

From Hackwood we proceeded to Basingstoke, a town pleasantly situated in a rich, fertile soil, and formerly surrounded with woods. Thence our journey continued to Overton, a small town, distant eight miles. Adjoining to Overton, we stopped to observe a silk manufactory carrying on at that place by Mr. Stratwell. Nothing in the whole progress of our little journey afforded us more satisfaction. The first process was carried on by children of six and eight years of age, and consisted simply in winding from the skain upon the bobbin; the second was putting the threads together to be twisted, by other children of a somewhat more advanced age, and by women; the third in twisting four threads together by a tram-mill; and the fourth and fifth in sorting and making it ready for the weaver. Though the process in itself is curious, the little creatures, who so innocently, and yet so advantageously, were employed for themselves and their families, were the objects which chiefly rivetted

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our attention. They amounted, in all, to about one hundred and forty; independent of which, Mr. Stratwell, who originally projected this manufactory from a principle of benevolence conſtantly maintains, in an adjoining building, another little group of about fifty children, whom he likewiſe protects from their infant ſtate. Women he appoints to take care of them; and they are fed and clothed, at his expence, until they are capable of work, when they are entered at the looms, and receive a regular ſtipend for their daily labour. Delighted at this unuſual, but highly praiſe-worthy and ſenſible exertion of charity, we begged the permiſſion of the people to let us ſee the children. We were accordingly admitted into a room, where we obſerved a party of them gathered round their old miſtreſs, decently dreſſed, and with health and cheerfulneſs ſpeaking in their countenances. The ſight was affecting, we could not refrain from expreſſing it; and we thereby gained the bleſſings of the venerable matron. "God protects them," ſaid ſhe, "and, ſure I am, he will reward their generous benefactor with peace and happineſs hereafter!" Happy man! thought we, the feelings of his own heart will afford him ample recompence in this life, and, in that to come, may bleſſings attend him and all his generation! With pleaſant emotions we proceeded till we arrived at Witchurch, an ancient borough, ſituated on the ſkirts of the foreſt of Chute.

From thence continuing our route through Andover, Luggerſhall, and Everley, we at length reached the Devizes, where we ſlept; reſolved to devote the next morning to the inſpection of the choice collection of paintings of Mr. Methuen at Corſham, which gratified us to the full.

Moſt

Here, as at Winchester, ill fortune attended us; no beds were to be had; lawyers snored in every apartment of the house; so that we were again obliged, at a most uncomfortable hour of the night, to continue our route to Alton, a neat market town on the road from London to Winchester, where, at last we met with admittance, and tolerable accommodation.

Leaving Alton the next day, we paid a visit to the Duke of Bolton's seat at Hackwood. The park is extensive, and filled with groves of fine old oak, through which are many pleasant walks. The house itself is indifferent, although the back-front is not destitute of elegance in its design.

From Hackwood we proceeded to Basingstoke, a town pleasantly situated in a rich, fertile soil, and formerly surrounded with woods. Thence our journey continued to Overton, a small town, distant eight miles. Adjoining to Overton, we stopped to observe a silk manufactory carrying on at that place by Mr. Stratwell. Nothing in the whole progress of our little journey afforded us more satisfaction. The first process was carried on by children of six and eight years of age, and consisted simply in winding from the skain upon the bobbin; the second was putting the threads together to be twisted, by other children of a somewhat more advanced age, and by women; the third in twisting four threads together by a tram-mill; and the fourth and fifth in sorting and making it ready for the weaver. Though the process in itself is curious, the little creatures, who so innocently, and yet so advantageously, were employed for themselves and their families, were the objects which chiefly rivetted

our

our attention. They amounted, in all, to about one hundred and forty; independent of which, Mr. Stratwell, who originally projected this manufactory from a principle of benevolence conſtantly maintains, in an adjoining building, another little group of about fifty children, whom he likewiſe protects from their infant ſtate. Women he appoints to take care of them; and they are fed and clothed, at his expence, until they are capable of work, when they are entered at the looms, and receive a regular ſtipend for their daily labour. Delighted at this unſual, but highly praiſe-worthy and ſenſible exertion of charity, we begged the permiſſion of the people to let us ſee the children. We were accordingly admitted into a room, where we obſerved a party of them gathered round their old miſtreſs, decently dreſſed, and with health and cheerfulneſs ſpeaking in their countenances. The ſight was affecting, we could not refrain from expreſſing it; and we thereby gained the bleſſings of the venerable matron. "God protects them," ſaid ſhe, "and, ſure I am, he will reward their generous benefactor with peace and happineſs hereafter!" Happy man! thought we, the feelings of his own heart will afford him ample recompence in this life, and, in that to come, may bleſſings attend him and all his generation! With pleaſant emotions we proceeded till we arrived at Witchurch, an ancient borough, ſituated on the ſkirts of the foreſt of Chute.

From thence continuing our route through Andover, Luggerſhall, and Everley, we at length reached the Devizes, where we ſlept; reſolved to devote the next morning to the inſpection of the choice collection of paintings of Mr. Methuen at Corſham, which gratified us to the full.

Moſt

Moſt of them are executed by the very firſt maſters.

Excluſive of the pictures, however, there is nothing to be ſeen at Corſham. The houſe is a good one, though neither grand nor elegant; and the grounds, though they may be pleaſant, are neither ſufficiently extenſive nor improved, to demand the obſervation of a traveller. Quitting Corſham, we proceeded to Bath, where we reſted a few days.

We next proceeded to Briſtol, where we reſolved upon remaining ſome time for the benefit of the waters. Briſtol, one hundred and fifteen miles from London, is the ſecond city in the Britiſh dominions for trade, wealth, and population. It properly lies in the two counties of Somerſet and Glouceſter, but in the reign of Edward III. it was erected into a county of itſelf. Briſtol does not make any great figure in hiſtory before the Norman conqueſt. The navigable river Avon runs through it, and forms the harbour.

When we conſider Briſtol as a place of commercial opulence, we are greatly ſurpriſed to find the houſes ſo meanly built, and the ſtreets ſo narrow, dirty, and ill-paved. This is in ſome meaſure owing to an ill-judged parſimony; for the houſes being moſtly built with the upper ſtories projecting in the ſtreets, are patched up and repaired from time to time: but this is a vey impolitic meaſure; for, beſides the expence attending the different repairs, and the low price of the rents, were a fire to happen in Briſtol, it would be attended with the moſt dreadful conſequences. Their method of carrying goods through the city, although in ſome degree ſuited to the inconveniencies

veniencies of the place, is the moſt awkward that can be imagined; for, inſtead of carts, which they allege would injure the pavement over the cellars, they uſe ſledges, or ſleds, which, rubbing continually againſt the pavement, renders it ſmooth, and, in froſty weather, ſlippery and dangerous. Another inſtance of their unaccountable prejudice is, with reſpect to their Exchange, in which the merchants will not tranſact their buſineſs, although an act to build it was procured with much difficulty and expence, and although, by their meeting in the open ſtreet, they are conſtantly expoſed to the inclemency of the weather. The whole expence of this building, erected at the public coſt, and, in fact, of no utility whatſoever, amounted to fifty thouſand pounds. The public nuiſance of their glaſs-houſes is likewiſe another inſtance of their inſuperable obſtinacy: the city, from the continual ſmoke ariſing from them, being conſtantly darkened, while the inhabitants are almoſt ſuffocated with noxious effluvia.

On the north of the Avon, and iſſuing from St. Vincent's Rock, is the celebrated mineral ſpring. The properties of this water are different from thoſe of Bath. They are generally ſuppoſed to poſſeſs a cooling and a healing quality, to ſtrengthen the ſtomach, promote an appetite, and aſſiſt digeſtion. They are not, however, recommended in all caſes; neither are they to be trifled with, any more than the ſtronger mineral waters that are to be met with in this kingdom. On a riſing ground on the back of the wells is the beautiful village of Clifton, where there are lodgings provided for the reception of company, and where we took up our abode. The proſpect from

from this hill is romantic and delightful; and from the purity of its air and its ſituation, it has generally been termed the Montpellier of England. Clifton is at all times preferable to any place of reſidence in or about Briſtol; for it not only is convenient for the wells, but is ſo happily ſituated with reſpect to Durdham Downs, that, without fatigue, valetudinarians are in a few minutes conveyed to them, and thereby enjoy an advantage equal, if not ſuperior in effect, to that of the waters. Indeed this the phyſicians themſelves acknowledge; and therefore the ſick drive hither for health, and the unailing for amuſement.

At the extremity of Durdham Downs is a prepoſterous building, properly denominated Cook's Folly. It ſeems to have been erected in the extravagance of caprice. Its form is that of a tower, and its uſe, I know not what. From Durdham Downs a very pleaſant road leads directly to King's Weſton Downs, which command a proſpect over the Severn, and in their environs contain Blaze Caſtle, and a ſeat of Lord Clifford. Blaze Caſtle has nothing remarkable about it, ſave a ſimilar, though in ſome reſpects rather a better, view than that from the downs. Lord Clifford's, however, has many advantages. The grounds are well ſwelled in lawn, and the trees, in general, are not inelegantly planted. The houſe itſelf is comfortable, though, heavy, in the uſual ſtyle of its architect, Vanbrugh. It is decorated with many family pictures, and other pieces by capital maſters. The proſpect down, and acroſs the Severn into Wales, is grand and pictureſque.

Having

Having viſited the moſt remarkable places in the vicinity of Clifton, we proceeded down the Avon from the Hot-wells to King's Road, at the entrance of that river from the Severn. Nothing can be conceived more highly romantic, than ſome of the views from the winding of the Avon. At one moment ſtupendous rocks ſeem towering over head, at another a wild valley opens to the view. Sometimes the eye becomes charmed with a highly-cultivated country; at others delighted with ſhipping and the appearances of traffic and induſtry. On our arrival, however, at King's Road, we found ourſelves too late to ſave the tide to Wales, and were therefore under the neceſſity of dropping with the ſtream to a ſmall neck of land in Somerſetſhire, where in the hoſpitable boſom of a cavern, we regaled ourſelves till the tide of flood told us it was time to proſecute our voyage; when we hurried into the boat with all the expedition that a rocky ſhore, over which we were obliged to clamber, would admit of, and cheerily plying the oars, in the ſpace of about four hours, reached Chepſtow, in South Wales.

Chepſtow, one hundred and thirty-three miles from London, is ſituated near the efflux of the Wye, over which it has a bridge, and was formerly a place of great note. Part of the walls and caſtle ſtill remain, the latter in tolerable repair. The name is of Saxon original, and denotes it to have been a town of trade and commerce. The Old Venta Silurum, which flouriſhed in the time of Antoninus, is only about four miles diſtant, and ſome affirm it roſe out of the ruins of that ancient city. It is the port for all the towns that ſtand on the rivers Wye and Lug; ſhips of good burden come up to it, the

tide flowing here in a remarkable manner, riſing frequently from ſix fathom to ſix fathom and a half at the bridge. A beautiful Roman pavement was diſcovered here in 1689. Chepſtow, if ever it was a populous and beautiful town, has now very few veſtiges of either; the houſes are poor and dirty, the ſtreets narrow, and the inns wretchedly bad.

In the troubles under Charles I. this town and caſtle were garriſoned for the king; and, according to Ruſhworth, in October 6, 1645, Colonel Morgan, governor of Glouceſter, at the head of three hundred horſe, four hundred foot, and aſſiſted by the Monmouthſhire men, with little difficulty made himſelf maſter of the town; and ſummoning Colonel Fitzmorris, an Iriſhman, governor of the caſtle, ſoon after carried it by capitulation.

Two miles diſtant from Chepſtow is Piercefield, the ſeat of Mr. Morris*. On the entrance of this gentleman's ground, the eye is ſomewhat offended by a long ſtraight walk, which has neither clumps of trees nor avenues to confine or variegate the ſcene. The houſe too is but indifferent, and ſo whimſically placed, as not to admit of a determination with reſpect to its front until it is examined nearly. The lawn, however, which reaches towards the river, is beautiful, and ſo carefully ſwelled and planted, as to afford a moſt delightful ſcene. On one ſide of this lawn, and to the back of the houſe, is the ſhrubbery, at the entrance of which is a fine view of the old caſtle of Chepſtow. Here you become involved in the

* Piercefield has undergone ſome important changes ſince Mr. Sulivan's tour; but under any maſter, its native, majeſtic ſcenery will ever attract the admiration of perſons of taſte.

ſerpentine windings of the wood, and continue ſo until you reach a grotto in an artificial hill, whence there is a moſt romantic view of Land-caught Cliff, the rivers Severn and the Wye. Still proceeding in the ſhrubbery, you aſcend a ſmall eminence, which opens an enchanting proſpect of the town of Land-caught. The neighbourhood of this town, or rather village, as it conſiſts but of a few cottages, is famous for producing the fine Styre cyder. Next you come to a ſpot which affords a wild and extenſive view. On the one ſide Land-caught village, on a beautiful aſcent from the river Wye, rears its little head with the cliff of the ſame name, ſerving as a back ground to the picture. On the other, Chepſtow, with its ivy-mantled towers, the lordly Severn receiving its tributary ſtreams, and the diſtant but fertile regions of Glouceſter and of Somerſet. Still continuing in the ſhrubbery, which poſſeſſes rather too much regularity and ſameneſs to be pleaſing, you come to a cave excavated in a rock, from the mouth of which the report of a gun, or any other violent concuſſion of the air, is heard to reverberate among the neighbouring hills and cliffs, thereby forming a continued echo, until it gradually loſes itſelf in the diſtant woods. How far this ſhrubbery may anſwer the expectations of other viſitants I will not determine; for my part, I muſt confeſs, I was diſappointed. If extent alone, with a number of trees, can render a place worthy of admiration, it certainly poſſeſſes thoſe advantages, with the additional ones of good proſpects here and there. Nature has indiſputably thrown together all thoſe points, which, taken either ſeparate or together, form pleaſing views; and yet the

whole has ſuch a ſameneſs, that the imagination wearied, as well as the ſight, pants for a ſcene more variegated and enlivened. Moſt people are pleaſed with the effect of wood and water properly diverſified, and they are certainly warranted by the true criterion of taſte; a plain meadow, however, has to me beauties, ſurpaſſing many even of the moſt celebrated artificial improvements. And never did this unfaſhionable predilection ſo feelingly impreſs itſelf as on our quitting the ſhrubbery and entering an extenſive field ready for the ſcythe, and wildly interſperſed with trees. This meadow, adjoining to the ſhrubbery, extends itſelf to the high road, and from the top of it, where a turret has happily been erected, yields one of the fineſt proſpects within the precincts of Piercefield. From the meadow you enter into a ſmall ſhrubbery, which leads to an incloſed ſpot, called, from its frightful eminence, the Lover's Leap; the perpendicular height of which is computed three hundred feet. At the bottom is a beautiful wood, ſpreading itſelf along the ſides of the adjacent hills, while the Wye ſerpentizes between in the moſt elegant and ſtriking form.

After viewing Piercefield, we returned to Chepſtow, where we were obliged to take up our abode for the night; but early the next morning, mounting our carriages, we ſet out for the abbey of Tintern, a moſt beautiful ruin, ſituate in the bottom of a vale, about ſix miles diſtant. Never did the eye behold a more venerable object than this abbey. The ruthleſs hand of time has effectually deſpoiled it of its proudeſt ornaments. Nothing remains now but walls, ſome of the arches, and the ſtone caſements of the windows:

but

but yet ſuch is the charming ſimplicity of the whole, the ground, ſpread with a verdant turf, while feſtoons of ever-green tendrils, climbing through the interſtices of the Gothic pillars, throw an awful ſolemnity round its head, that one might eaſily conceive the fervor of enthuſiaſm which frequently pervades the mind in contemplating a ſubject of this nature.

This abbey, dedicated to God and St. Mary of Tintern, was founded by Walter Fitz Richard de Clare, lord of Cærwent and Monmouthſhire, in the year 1131. William, earl of Pembroke and marſhall of England, who married the daughter and heir of Richard de Clare, ſurnamed Strongbow, gave divers lands and privileges to the abbot and monks, who were of the Ciſtertian order, on condition they ſhould pray for his and his wife's ſouls, and for thoſe of his wife's anceſtors. Roger Debigot, duke of Norfolk, added to theſe benefactions. It has been famous for the tombs and monuments of ſeveral great perſonages, particularly the above-named Richard de Clare Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow, and Walter Earl of Pembroke, who was taken priſoner in Banbury fight, and beheaded. The length of the abbey from eaſt to weſt is two hundred and thirty-one feet, and the breadth from north to ſouth one hundred and fifty-nine feet, the pillars are twenty-four, and the windows eighty-four.

The road from Chepſtow to Tintern, or at leaſt from the commencement of the croſs road, is very narrow, rugged, and ſteep; but it ſtill is pleaſing from the romantic hills, covered with trees, which riſe from the road to a conſiderable height on either ſide. In all events, a traveller

of curioſity would amply be repaid for a tireſome journey, by views in which ſo much ſimplicity and elegance are combined.

Returning from Tintern, we ſtruck into the high Newport road, and in the pariſh of Kerwent, about five miles from Chepſtow, were informed of an ancient relic of the Romans. We accordingly repaired to the garden where this curioſity was to be ſeen, and were conducted to the door of a ſmall building, in which we found neither tables, chairs, nor any thing elſe for even a momentary accommodation: neither could our conductreſs, who was an illiterate Welch girl, ſay to us much more in Engliſh, than to deſire us to walk in. On our entrance, however, we were ſhewn the object of our enquiry: a teſſellated Roman pavement in high preſervation, around which the room had recently been built.

Though poſſibly upwards of ſixteen hundred years have elapſed from its firſt being laid, we yet found the colours incomparably brilliant. The borders, together with the ornamental compartments of the centre and the ſides, were perfect, and aſtoniſhingly clear; and an uniformity ran through the whole, except at one end, where there were a few rows of Roman plain brick. The general opinion is, that this beautiful piece of Moſaic was the entrance to a bath. However this might have been, it is aſſuredly a valuable relic, and well worthy of the care it has met with from Mr. Lewis, the proprietor of the eſtate. It is to be regretted, however, that the room was not built a little larger; with a rail round, which would have prevented idle people from breaking off little bits of the pavement, and from purloining them, as matters of curioſity.

After

After having amuſed ourſelves with this teſſelated carpet, not ſo much for its extraordinary beauty, as for its being the production of that proud people, the Romans, we proceeded through a delightful and highly-cultivated country to Newport, a ſmall town, ſituated on the river Uſk, betwixt the mouth of that river and the Cærleon. The road from Chepſtow to this place is excellent, and the proſpects on either ſide lively and pictureſque. Newport contains nothing worthy of remark, except its looſely-planked bridge, by no means very agreeable for a ſtranger to paſs. The inns too are indifferent. From Newport we continued our route through Monmouth, and thence into Glamorganſhire, where we again halted.

Cardiff, at which place we put up, is tolerably well built, on the river Taff, and is eſteemed one of the moſt conſiderable towns in South Wales. Both the aſſizes and county courts are held in it; and the river is navigable for veſſels of burden. The caſtle, however, is the only object worth a traveller's attention: it carries the appearance of having been in former times a large and ſtately edifice. It was built by Robert Fitz-Haimon, a powerful Norman baron, about the year 1100, and has been famous for the captivity of Robert Duke of Normandy, ſon of William the Conqueror, who, by order of his brother Henry I. was confined here for eight and twenty years, and for the death of Robert Earl of Glouceſter, natural ſon of Henry I. who died there 1147. The ſituation of the caſtle itſelf is ſo low, and the country around ſo devoid of proſpect, that a worſe ſpot for either health or pleaſure, could not well have been pitched upon. By what te-

nure this caſtle is held by Lord Cardiff, we could not diſcover. It muſt, indeed, be ſomewhat ſingular, elſe his Lordſhip would ſcarcely be induced to laviſh ſuch conſiderable ſums as he now does in repairs and alterations; which, by the bye, ill aſſimilate with the original deſign. The largeſt room of this caſtle ſeems to have been the magazine raiſed in the centre of the ground, on an artificial eminence: it is an exact polygon of twelve ſides, of a diameter of ſeventy-four feet. The inn at Cardiff, called the Red Houſe, was by much the beſt we met with in our tour through Wales.

From Cardiff we proceeded to Landaff, a place of great antiquity, as appears from its having been the ſeat of a biſhop about the time the Romans left the iſland. At preſent, it is but a ſmall decayed place, without any thing worthy of notice, except the cathedral.

The ruins of the caſtellated manſion of the Biſhop of Landaff are ſtill indeed to be ſeen. It is conjectured to have been built about the year 1120. Mr. Wotton ſpeaks thus of this building: "The Biſhop's Caſtle ſtood, before it was demoliſhed, ſouth-eaſt of the church. It was heretofore a very ſtately building, if we may judge by the gate-houſe, which is ſtill remaining. It was deſtroyed by Owen Glendower, who made great devaſtation in this country when he roſe in arms againſt Henry IV. He, at the ſame time that he deſtroyed the epiſcopal manſion, burned and demoliſhed the archidiaconal caſtle, which was alſo a noble edifice.

Paſſing through Landaff, we proceeded along the beautiful borders of the Taff to an old ruin on the ſide of a romantic hill, called Red Caſtle.

The

The proſpects from this caſtle, diſtant ſeven miles from Cardiff, are fine and pictureſque, eſpecially from the windows of an arched room in the centre. Much of it, however, has already tumble down, and the remainder ſeems to totter. The path-way to the caſtle is carried, in ſerpentine windings, through a ſhrubbery, charmingly wild in its preſent appearance, but probably in its younger days the effect of art and cultivation. Still continuing our journey along the verdant confines of the Taff, we next arrived at the celebrated bridge of Pontipriethe, commonly called New Bridge. This bridge, erected at a conſiderable expence, has but one arch, the ſpan of which is one hundred and forty feet, and the height thirty-ſix feet; and juſtly challenges the admiration of ſtrangers. The river too, that winds on either ſide, tranſparent as a mirror, and hung with variety of trees, together with the multiplicity of hills which ſurround it, cloathed in green, are aſſemblages of ſuch choice and variegated beauties, that we could ſcarcely tear ourſelves from a ſcene ſo charmingly romantic.

The next place of our intended obſervation, was Caerphilly. From Pontipriethe we accordingly ſet out, and after remeaſuring ſome part of the road we had already travelled, we turned into a croſs road, ſo rugged, ſteep, and difficult of aſcent, that we were under the neceſſity of diſmounting from our carriages, and of walking to the ſummit. Our deſcent, however, on the other ſide, rewarded us for our fatigue, being delightfully pleaſant the whole of the way to Caerphilly. This town is ſituated among the hills, on the banks of the river Rimney, where there are ſtill the remains of a caſtle, which, for ſtrength

ſtrength and magnificence, is only inferior to Windſor. The hall is ſeventy feet in length, thirty-four broad, and ſeventeen high. The aſcent to it is on the ſouth ſide, by a large ſtair-caſe, eight feet broad, with a vaulted roof, ſupported by twenty arches, riſing gradually, and the entrance is near the weſt end; oppoſite to which on the north is a chimney ten feet broad, with two Gothic windows on each ſide, continued in length from the floor to the roof of the building Many curious figures are carved on the ſides of theſe windows, and there are ſeven triangular pillars, placed at equal diſtances on the ſide of the walls, each of them being ſupported by three buſtos.

Some have imagined that this was a Roman work, called Bullæum Silurum; but nothing can be more extravagant, as the whole of the architecture is Gothic, and it was, no doubt, the principal reſidence of one of the kings of South Wales, although hiſtory is ſilent as to the time when it was built. The ſituation of this ſtupendous edifice, the ſtrength of the walls, and the grand proportions of the rooms, give us ſome idea of the cuſtoms of the inhabitants, and the ſumptuous manner in which thoſe princes lived, in days of yore Some coins have been found here, but none of them of remarkable antiquity, being either Saxon, or ſuch as ſeem to have been ſtruck about the time the Romans left the iſland. The circumference of ſuch parts of this caſtle as can be traced, is computed at two miles and three quarters. Many of the walls, and ſome of the roofs are ſtill remaining, eſpecially one half of a high tower, which has declined about eleven or twelve feet from its original ſituation,

and

and now goes by the name of the Hanging Tower, from its extraordinary poſition. The ſtairs in this caſtle, as well as in moſt other Gothic ſtructures, are ſpirally formed. The cement is infinitely ſtronger than any of modern compoſition; and the whole erected with ſtone, inſtead of brick. The old name of this caſtle was Sanghennith.

Camden ſpeaks of it thus: "The river Rhymny, coming down from the mountains, makes the eaſtern limit of this county, whereby it is divided from Monmouthſhire; and in the Britiſh, ſignifies to divide. In a mooriſh bottom, not far from this river, where it runs through places ſcarce paſſable, among the hills are ſeen the ruinous walls of Caerphilly Caſtle, which has been of that vaſt magnitude, and ſuch an admirable ſtructure, that moſt affirm it to have been a Roman garriſon; nor ſhall I deny it, though I cannot yet diſcover by what name they called it; however, it ſhould ſeem to be re-edified, in regard it has a chapel built after the Chriſtian manner, as I was informed by the learned and judicious Mr. J. Sandford, who took an accurate ſurvey of it. It was once the poſſeſſion of the Clares, earls of Glouceſter; but we find no mention of it in our annals, till the reign of Edward II. for at that time, the Spenſers having, by underhand practices, ſet the king and queen and the barons at variance, we read that Hugolin Spenſer was a long time beſieged in this caſtle, but without ſucceſs."

After viewing Caerphilly, we found it convenient to put an end to our excurſion into South Wales; and accordingly returned by a different road, through Glamorganſhire to Newport, where we

we embarked, and after a five-hours row acroſs the Severn, at length arrived at King Road; and thence proceeding up the Avon, landed at Briſtol Hot-Wells, highly delighted with our excurſion *.

Bidding adieu to Briſtol, in the month of Auguſt, we proceeded to Thornbury, in Glouceſterſhire, a town ſituated on the banks of a rivulet, on the eaſtern ſide of the Severn, and diſtant one hundred and twenty miles from London. This place is ſuppoſed to be of great antiquity, and was formerly endowed with many privileges. It is now, however, only worthy of regard for the remnant of an old caſtle, or rather palace, begun by the great Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VIII. but left unfiniſhed, that nobleman having fallen a victim to the enmity of Cardinal Wolſey. Great part of this elegant ſtructure is ſtill ſtanding, in high preſervation. It has moſtly been built with ſquare ſtones, and parts of it in a more elegant and airy form than is uſually ſeen even in modern buildings. The whole manifeſts taſte and judgment. The walls and windows are wonderfully ſlight, though durable; the roofs are well pitched, and the rooms are of good proportion. One part of the ruin is ſtill inhabited; and, from one wing of it, throws forth a reverberated echo, which has a ſurpriſing, and, at the ſame time, a very pleaſing effect.

* From the ſubſequent letter, it appears that a lady in Mr. Sulivan's party here paid the debt of nature. We are ſorry that the nature of our work does not allow us to inſert ſome pretty elegiac verſes, written by our author on this occaſion. To diſſipate melancholy, the tour was ſoon after reſumed.

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In a word, this caſtle is entitled to obſervation, not only for the elegance of the building itſelf, but likewiſe for the proſpect of the Severn and South Wales, which it commands in an eminent degree.

Leaving Thornbury, we proceeded to Berkeley. This is in every reſpect inferior to the former; nor is the caſtle, though kept in better repair, in any wiſe comparable. It was erected in the reign of Henry II. and is ſtill, in general, perfect. It was not, indeed, in its firſt deſign, elegant or grand; but whatever it might have been then, it is now deſtitute of even the commoneſt pretenſion to magnificence.—Neither are the grounds or the proſpects to be ſpoken of; the whole being as indifferent as they well can be. How travellers can be ſo infatuated themſelves, or how they can venture to play with the credulity of the world, in loading objects with praiſe, that, in fair deſcription, are unworthy of them, is to me aſtoniſhing. Some people may be delighted with mouldering chairs and a faded tapeſtry; and, perhaps, in ſo doing, may ſhew the exquiſite perfection of their guſto. But, in the name of common ſenſe, what is there to be admired in an old oaken, japanned bed, daubed with gold, the work of ſome needy upholſterer, in 1330, or of one of a ſimilar complexion, honoured by the royal limbs of Charles I. or of that on which Sir Francis Drake compoſed himſelf in a crazy ſhip, or Lord Berkeley ſlumbered on in his cruiſes in the Channel? Theſe are venerable relics to be ſure, and ought to be preſerved, together with the archives, in the muſeum of the family; but, truly, they are little attractive

attractive of the obſervation of common perſonages*.

Almoſt adjoining to the caſtle, is the pariſh church, a reſpectable looking building. Unfortunately, the pariſhioners found a church was ſomewhat uncouth without a ſteeple. A ſteeple was, therefore, agitated in a vestry, and it was ſolemnly reſolved it ſhould be erected. How vain are all the determinations of mortals! the church could not bear the ſteeple; and it was built at the diſtance of about twenty yards only from the edifice it was intended for.

Berkeley is farther noted for having been the place where the unfortunate Edward II. was confined, after he had been dethroned, by the machinations of his queen. He had, indeed, been depoſed by his ſubjects; and was the firſt inſtance in this kingdom of the aſſumption of that great authority. He was compelled formally to relinquiſh his crown into the hands of his ſon Edward III. on which occaſion the Archbiſhop of Canterbury preached a ſermon on theſe words:

"The voice of the people, the voice of God."

The depoſed monarch was at firſt confined in Kenelworth Caſtle, where he was obliged to lead

* We confeſs we are of a different opinion from our author in this reſpect. A bed made four hundred years ago is in itſelf a curioſity; but if it has been uſed by ſome perſon of eminence, the ſight of it is doubly intereſting. The modern ſpirit of improvement has left few remains of ancient furniture as decorative, and if Berkeley Caſtle ſtill preſents us with ſome, there are not many perſons who would wish to ſee them deſtroyed. Some of our deareſt delights are retroſpective; and we are often, with a melancholy ſatisfaction, pleaſed to combine what is left with what is for ever loſt.

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a melancholy life. He wrote from time to time to his queen, entreating her to render his impriſonment more eaſy, but nothing was capable of moving that inexorable monſter of a woman, from whoſe hands at leaſt he deſerved a milder fate. From Kenelworth he was removed to Berkeley Caſtle, and in his journey was ſubjected to a thouſand indignities; he was even crowned with hay, and never permitted to ſleep. His enemies hoped thus by vexation and fatigue to put an end to his days; but though they were ſerved with a moſt barbarous zeal by his mercileſs guard, yet the goodneſs of his conſtitution prevented them from ſucceeding.

Thomas Berkeley, lord of the caſtle, from the humanity and greatneſs of his nature, was inclined to have relieved him from the burden of his miſeries, but he was prevented; they would not even ſuffer him to have acceſs to the king's perſon. In this diſmal manner the devoted monarch languiſhed, till the bloody order at length came for his murder. The keeper then entered his room, while he was in bed; and laying a pillow on his face, to drown his cries, with a cruelty not to be paralleled, thruſt a horn pipe up his body, through which a red-hot iron was paſſed, which threw him into agonies not to be deſcribed, and ſoon put an end to his miſerable exiſtence.

From Berkeley we proceeded towards Tetbury, ſtopping within two miles of it to take a view of the ruins of Beverſton Caſtle. This caſtle is of great reputed antiquity, and poſſibly may have been ſtrong; a moat ſtill ſurrounds it. Some Roman antiquities have been dug up here, but there are not ſufficient proofs of its having been a

Roman ſtation. Tetbury is ſituated at the diſtance of ninety-nine miles from London. It is a populous town, and healthy, but, in dry ſummers, is deficient in that eſſential article, water. The Avon has its ſource in the vicinity, in a place called Magdalen Meadow; but, to our great ſurpriſe, we found that the ſtream was dried up, as it in general is in the ſummer ſeaſon. How far this, therefore, can be called the ſource of the Avon, I will not pretend to determine. The ſpring, indeed, is always at work; but then it does not overflow its own little baſon, until the rainy ſeaſon commences.

In the courſe of our progreſs hitherto, we have met with the ruins of ſome venerable caſtles; and as we go on, we ſhall probably encounter more. It may not be amiſs, therefore, to look a little into the ſubject of caſtles, and to aſcertain a few data relative to them. Caſtles, the ruins of which are now remaining, are in general ſuppoſed to be of no higher antiquity than the time of the Conqueror. Thoſe which the ancient Britons, Romans, or Saxons had erected, are not now to be traced. They were almoſt either all deſtroyed, or crumbled to duſt, before William's invaſion of England.

The eſtates conferred by William on his military followers, led to the erection of the profuſion of caſtles, with which this devoted land was crowded in the feudal ages. Daniel maintains, that about the middle of King Stephen's reign, there were one thouſand one hundred and ſeventeen caſtles. And Seldon finiſhes this picture of multiplied tyranny, by ſaying, each owner of a caſtle was a kind of petty prince, coining his own money,

money, and exerciſing ſovereign juriſdiction over his people.

Theſe neſts of devils, and dens of thieves, as Matthew Paris ſtyles them, were ordered to be demoliſhed, by an agreement between King Stephen and Duke Henry, afterwards Henry the Second, in the year 1154. But this agreement was in general evaded: nor did the barons and great men quit theſe dreary lurking places, until a change took place in the art of war, occaſioned by the invention of gunpowder; which rendered their battlements and towers of leſs avail, than when, with impunity, they were enabled to inſult both their ſovereign and his ſubjects.

In Charles the Firſt's reign, an enquiry was made into the ſtate of the caſtles; and many of them, during the civil war, ſerved as places of defence. But, ſince that unhappy epoch, they have fallen a prey to time, weather, and ruthleſs delapidation. They now ſerve for us to look at; and with an exultation of heart, to pride ourſelves in the change of manners, which guards the privileges and liberty of the peaſant, with the ſame pertinacity that it does the poſſeſſions and honours of the proudeſt peer of the realm.

Leaving Tetbury, we entered upon the high road; at the third mile-ſtone of which we turned to the left, and, after a ſhort progreſs, found ourſelves in the extenſive and beautiful woods of Lord Bathurſt, through which there are elegant lawns for ſeven or eight miles together. If, at any time, ſtraight walks can be pleaſing or agreeable, it is at the moment a man is in the midſt of an unknown place, and he thereby is preſented with a clue to extricate himſelf from the difficulties by which he is ſurrounded. This we found

to be our caſe in the wood and park, of which I am ſpeaking; for having undertaken the journey without a guide, we moſt probably ſhould have been entangled, had we not followed the directions that were thus rectangularly afforded us. According to modern ideas, however, there are too many unbroken avenues in the wood of Cirenceſter. As it is, indeed, it poſſeſſes a great degree of beauty; nor do I ever remember to have enjoyed a more pleaſant ride, in any of the countries I have traverſed. The manſion is immediately adjoining to Cirenceſter; nor is it remarkable for any thing more, than that of having been the abode of Allen, Lord Bathurſt, who was juſtly eſteemed the favourite of the Muſes.

> The ſenſe to value riches, with the art
> T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
> Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
> Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
> To balance fortune by a juſt expence;
> Join with economy, magnificence;
> With ſplendor, charity; with plenty, health.
> Oh! teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth,
> That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
> Of mad good-nature, and of mean ſelf-love.
>
> POPE.

Cirenceſter is an ancient and well-inhabited town. When the Romans were in this iſland, they ſettled a colony at this place, and fortified the town with ſtrong lofty walls and a caſtle, the remains of which are ſtill to be ſeen; and many antiquities have at intervals been dug up. On ſearching after ſome of theſe, we found that all of them, excepting a ſmall piece of Moſaic, had fallen into decay, or had been entirely loſt, from the ignorance of the people. We viſited, however,

ever, the Moſaic work; where, inſtead of any thing in perfection, we found a fragment of it moſt unaccountably doomed as a threſhold to a door leading from the hall of an indifferent houſe to the kitchen. The injury which it muſt have received in ſuch a ſituation, is evident; but that which on enquiry we found to be ſtill worſe, was the obſtinate booriſhneſs of the proprietor of the ſpot where it was diſcovered, who, diveſted of every principle of taſte or conſideration, in a fit of contradiction, demoliſhed a whole pavement of it, together with the remains of an elegant Roman bath, although earneſtly entreated by thoſe of better taſte to ſave them from deſtruction.

Cirenceſter, when the Romans left England, was garriſoned by Britons, and defended on ſeveral occaſions, and for many years, againſt the Saxons. It at length ſubmitted. In 879 it was taken by the Danes; and afterwards had a ſhare in the revolutions of the times.

From Cirenceſter we took our departure for Fairford, ſtopping in our way to take a view of the old Foſſe, or Roman highway, which, at an immenſity of trouble, was continued from Cirenceſter to Broad Campden. Fairford is ſituated on the river Coln, eighty-one miles from London, and is noted chiefly for its church, which is poſſeſſed of a remarkable fine collection of painted glaſs*. The figures and countenances of ſome of theſe paintings are admirably execut-

* The work of Albert Durer, taken, in its way to Rome, by a ſhip belonging to John Tame, Eſq. merchant of London, and by him preſented to his native place, where he built a church to receive it, and in which his aſhes repoſe.

ed, and the drapery in general is flowing and well ſoftened. The perſpective, likewiſe, is tolerably good, eſpecially in the repreſentation of an old caſtle in one of the back grounds. Hell, with its appendages, is, however, the beſt performance. The devil really cuts an awful figure; while the animated characters around him ſhew the plenitude of his power, and the different ſpecies of his puniſhments. In one quarter, ſhrews hurdled away in wheelbarrows; in another, a party driven off in a cart. Here a harlequin monkey, branched about the head, juſt emblem of a petit-maitre; and there, a Dives gnawing his own exiſtence, and panting after wealth. The whole group, in ſhort, exquiſitely ludicrous, and the colouring glowing and full of richneſs.'

Quitting this ſcene, we proceeded to a ſeat adjoining to the town, belonging to a widow lady of the name of Lamb *. Modern compilers have loaded this place with praiſe for its improvements; but we found none of them. The era of ill taſte is diſcernible throughout. On the one ſide, a row of methodiſtical yews, ſtarched and prim as Whitfieldites; and on the other, a ſluggiſh ſtream, tortured into the reſemblance of an inverted L. Much, indeed, might be done at this place; for Nature has not been deficient; and, in reality, ſhe wants but the aſſiſtance of a little art to make her appear in all the pride of lovelineſs.

From Fairford we again returned to Cirenceſter, and thence proceeded towards Glouceſter. Nothing remarkable occurred in the route, excepting a proſpect, which moſt delightfully open-

* Now the property of John Raymond Barker, Eſq.

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ed itſelf on Hampden Common, about the one hundred and firſt mile-ſtone from London. Nothing could ſurpaſs the view we here enjoyed either in richneſs or diverſified imagery. On the right, a deep vale, highly cultivated and pictureſque; and on the left, another of a more conſiderable extent, with a grand romantic winding of the Severn, and a range of lofty mountains ſerving as a back ground. The town of Stroud too, which preſents itſelf, happily ſituated on a ſmall river of the ſame name, whoſe banks, for a conſiderable extent, are covered with the ſeats of manufacturers, preſents a ſcene of comfort and opulence not often to be paralleled.

The diſtance from Stroud to Glouceſter is about eight miles, hilly moſt of the way. Not having arrived at Glouceſter till late at night, and the next day being Sunday, we reſolved on taking an excurſion to Cheltenham, diſtant about ten miles, and famous for its ſcorbutic mineral waters. The road to this inconſiderable town is as bad on the ſide of Glouceſter as it is poſſible to conceive. Rugged for the firſt ſeven or eight miles, and a complete heap of ſand for the remainder, inſomuch that it inevitably muſt be the bed of a river in the rainy ſeaſon. Cheltenham is ſituated on a flat, ſandy ſoil, ſurrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The ſprings have the reputation of being ſalubrious, and the air of being healthful. Altogether, however, it is but a poor place*. No rides, no amuſements, nor any walks,

* Such is our author's account of a town, which is now become one of the moſt faſhionable and elegant watering places in the kingdom, if we except Bath. Within the laſt twenty years, indeed, it is almoſt entirely rebuilt, and nearly doubled

walks, excepting about the Spa, where there are one or two ſtraight malls, terminated through a viſta of elms by the ſteeple of the church. It is, indeed, of great antiquity, as appears from Doomſday Book, where it is mentioned as one of the royal manors. But age, though reſpectable, is not always captivating.—Here, having met with ſome of our friends, we paſſed the day, and in the evening returned to Glouceſter.

Glouceſter is a large and populous city, eligibly ſituated on the banks of the Severn, and diſtant from London about one hundred and two miles. It was formerly remarkable for being dirty; it is now quite the contrary. The ſtreets are new paved, and the ſigns, which hung over paſſengers' heads, are entirely taken down, or placed againſt the houſes, in like manner with thoſe of London. This kind of improvement is commendable in the inhabitants: it ſhews a care likewiſe in the magiſtrates, which it is to be lamented is not more generally prevalent.

The cathedral of Glouceſter, although much celebrated, is but an inelegant, heavy pile of building. The outſide is handſomely ornamented, but the inſide is clumſy. The roof, which is generally handſome in Gothic ſtructures, is here indifferent, and the ſupporters of it are ſo far from being elegant or light, that the pillars meaſure at leaſt, one with another, eight feet in diameter.

In the time of the Romans, Glouceſter was one of their ſtations, and governed by a pro-

bled in population and the number of houſes. Its amuſements are various and elegant; its waters have gained the higheſt celebrity, and travellers will have no reaſon to complain of the badneſs of the roads which lead to it in any direction.

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conſul. And Camden ſays, that the famous Roman way, called Ermin Street, which begins at St. David's, in Pembrokeſhire, and reaches to Southampton, paſſes through this city. Formerly it had many manufactories; but Briſtol hath ſince ſupplanted it; and there is now nothing remaining worthy of obſervation, except that of pins*. In this ſmall branch it is aſtoniſhing the number of people who are employed: for, independent of the digging the ore out of the earth, the ſmelting it, and afterwards the forming it into wire, in which ſtate it comes to the pin-makers, there are at leaſt fourteen or fifteen different proceſſes, before the little article is completed.

Tewkſbury, the next town we viſited, is ſituated at the conflux of the rivers Severn and Avon, and is diſtant ten miles from Glouceſter. It is a large, clean, and well-inhabited town, and has a church, erected in the year 715, which is in high preſervation, and is the largeſt in England that is not cathedral or collegiate. The pavement of it, however, like that of many other churches that we have met with, is indifferent†.

* It has alſo a glaſs manufactory; and the new canal will, when completed, render it a port capable of receiving ſhips of conſiderable burden. In ſhort, Glouceſter bids fair for becoming a commercial city at the expence of its great rival, Briſtol.

† Tewkſbury church has, within the laſt few years, been beautified, as it is called, to a very great degree. Some of the improvements are truly elegant; but we cannot help reprobating that want of taſte which has ſuffered the ancient coats of arms, blazoned on ſome of the monuments, to be ſcraped off, and the ſhields white-waſhed!

The

The only manufactory now carried on at Tewkſbury is ſtocking-weaving.

Here a battle was fought anno 1471, in the reign of Edward IV. between Margaret and her ſon's forces, againſt that ſovereign; it was the twelfth which had happened, from the commencement of the quarrel between the two Roſes. Margaret loſt three thouſand men on that day, and was herſelf taken priſoner. The Prince of Wales was likewiſe made captive; and being brought into Edward's preſence, it is ſaid, behaved worthy of his high birth and pretenſions. The King was aſtoniſhed at his reſolution; and ſtill more, when aſking him how he came to be ſo raſh, as thus to enter his kingdom in arms, the prince replied, "He had come to recover his own inheritance, which had been unjuſtly uſurped." But Edward was unmoved by thoſe ſentiments of generoſity, which are congenial to magnanimous ſouls. On the contrary, he is ſaid to have ſtruck him on the mouth with his gauntlet, and turned from him. This was, as it were, the ſignal. The Dukes of Glouceſter and Clarence, we are told, with the Earl of Dorſet, and the Lord Haſtings, fell with mercileſs hands upon the royal youth, and ſtabbed him to the heart. He lies buried, with many noble perſonages, in this church.

With him and his mother the Houſe of Lancaſter failed, excepting a ſingle branch in the perſon of the Earl of Richmond. The elevation of this nobleman afterwards conciliated all diſcordant pretenſions, and ſtopped the farther effuſion of blood. The Field of Boſworth groaned with the wounds of civil ſtrife. It was there Richard fell.

From

From Tewkſbury, proceeding on our journey, we arrived at a ſeat of Lord Coventry, in Worceſterſhire, called Crome Court. The entrance of this place beſpeaks nothing extraordinary. It has powers, however, which might be highly improved. On getting to the park-gate, the firſt ſtriking object is a part of a ſheet of water, which at a great expence has been carried on for the diſtance of a mile and a half, but apparently at firſt with too much regularity. It afterwards, indeed, winds and ſpreads itſelf with elegance along the park, and in ſome views is charming. The houſe, which, though heavy, has the look of a modern building, is large, but ſituated too low. The rooms are handſome and convenient; eſpecially a drawing-room, hung and furniſhed with Gobelin tapeſtry, the fineſt, perhaps, in England. The grounds are elegant, and kept in the fineſt order.

On leaving the houſe, you turn through a ſhrubbery, filled with a choice aſſemblage of plants to a ſmall building on an eminence, called the Rotunda, whence is a proſpect of hill, wood, and dale, and of every beauty that can give richneſs to a ſcene. Nature has, in this view, poured out a profuſion of her bounties. Still continuing through the ſhrubbery, which affords a pleaſant variety, you arrive at a neat modern-built church, in the Gothic ſtyle. Here the ſcenery diverſifies, and opens a ſomewhat more extenſive proſpect. No ſituation could have afforded more conveniency for the manſion, nor could the eye have wiſhed for a more commanding view. His lordſhip, however, found the houſe where it now ſtands, and contented himſelf with altering a few of the rooms, and in general, with giving it a faſhionable

faſhionable exterior. Leaving the church, you enter a ſhrubbery, which is much inferior to the preceding; but at the end is adorned with green-houſes, amply ſtocked with a variety of exotics. From the green-houſes, you paſs through a nurſery of young trees of all denominations, and come at length to a machine, which, by the labour of one horſe, ſupplies the canal with water in the ſummer ſeaſon. Quitting this, you deſcend on one ſide of the church into another ſhrubbery, in the ſame degree of order, but ſuperior in beauty to that which commences at the houſe; and about the centre of it come to another green-houſe, conſiderably larger than the former, and ſerving the purpoſe of a lively apartment, upon the removal of the plants into the open air. Thence proceeding, you paſs under the high road, and enter upon a highly delightful and picturеſque walk along the borders of the river. Here, indeed, Mr. Brown has exerted his taſte and judgment with the greateſt ſucceſs; for, inſtead of a marſhy piece of ground, as he found it, it is now worked into a beautiful ſheet of water, with ſeveral little iſlands irregularly interſperſed. To one of theſe iſlands, where a ſmall pavilion is erecting, there are two bridges, over both of which we paſſed. And thence for a conſiderable way tracing the confines of the water, and encountering freſh beauties at every ſtep we advanced, we at length arrived at a ſmall boat, which, worked by the aid of pullies, carried us acroſs the water, and landed us within a few paces of our carriage. Altogether, this ſeat of Lord Coventry's is worthy of attention. Much pains have evidently been taken in the laying out of

of the grounds, and the whole is kept in the moſt proper order.

From Crome-Court, we proceeded to Upton, a ſmall town on the banks of the Severn, and thence continued our route to the Malvern Hills. Here, as at Cheltenham, we found a party of valetudinary friends. The ſpring at Malvern is perfectly tranſparent and cool. It is reckoned good in many caſes, eſpecially where a diſeaſe has made no greater lodgment than to be merely cutaneous. One houſe accommodates the whole of the company; they paſs their time agreeably enough: the terrace along the hills affords them a delightful walk; and the air is exquiſitely pure.

On the approach to the Malvern Hills, they appear much more elevated than they really are: ſtill, however, they are lofty; and, riſing in the midſt of a level country, ſtrike one with a degree of grandeur, which in any other ſituation they would be diveſted of. All matters are judged of by compariſon. Shenſtone, if I miſtake not, had a view of Malvern from the Leaſowes. Tender-hearted being! had he but approached them in the manner we did, he certainly would have realized the beauty of his own imagery, "My hills are white over with ſheep," they being to the very ſummit covered with them. The evening itſelf too was ſtill, and in ſhort every thing breathed the air of calmneſs and ſerenity.

Soon after we reached the old and venerable city of Worceſter. This town has been long famous in the annals of this country; Romans and Saxons have ſucceſſively flouriſhed here, and in more modern times, it has been ſignalized by the deciſive engagement of Oliver Cromwell with his

royal opponent, ſupported by the Scots. An engagement which afforded him what he called his *crowning mercy*. So elated was he, that he intended to have knighted in the field two of his generals, Lambert and Fleetwood; but was diſſuaded by his friends from exerting that act of regal authority. His power and ambition, however, were too great to brook ſubmiſſion to the empty name of a republic, which ſtood chiefly by his influence, and was ſupported by his victories. He now became ſolicitous to aſſume the title as well as the authority of a king, an office he had with ſo much apparent zeal contributed to aboliſh.

The population of Worceſter is conſiderable. Some of the ſtreets are ſpacious and well-built, and many of the edifices are fine; in particular the cathedral is in high preſervation, and of great antiquity. Like many others, however, of early erection, it is in the heavy ſtyle of Gothic architecture, though ſuperior in elegance to ſeveral in this country. The whole nave is paved with large ſquare ſtones; and an uncommon degree of neatneſs is obſervable through every part of it. The monuments, however, are but few in compariſon with thoſe in other cathedrals. That erected to the memory of Biſhop Hough, the work of Roubilliac, is well worthy of obſervation*. Beſides this, there is nothing worthy of attention in Worceſter, excepting the manufactures of China and of carpeting. On viſiting the firſt, we found a degree of ſuſpicion to run through the overſeers. The materials of which the ware is com-

* Our author ſeems to forget that the puſillanimous and unfortunate King John lies buried here. If his tomb is not the object of veneration, it is at leaſt of curioſity.

poſed,

poſed, is ſcrupulouſly kept a ſecret, even from the workmen, who are employed in the forming of the utenſils. We diſcovered, indeed, that ſoap-ſtone and glaſs make two of the principal ingredients; but it was impoſſible to learn preciſely the different proceſſes they undergo. The following operations we were in ſome degree made acquainted with.

The grinding the materials; the ſifting them when formed into a liquid; the drying that mixture by a furnace into a conſiſtency like dough; the trading and turning it; the rough forming it into utenſils by means of a wheel, a very curious proceſs. A man with a round piece of ebony before him, turning horizontally by means of a ſmall hand-wheel, which is kept in motion by a boy, fixes a lump of clay upon the wood, and then with his fingers moulds it into form almoſt as quick as thought: theſe lumps being firſt compreſſed and ſqueezed into proper ſizes for his uſe. The chipping, pareing, and giving theſe utenſils their firſt poliſh; the forming and putting on of handles, ſpouts, and ornaments; the baking, which is done twice; the painting, or printing, the latter of which is kept a ſecret; the dipping or gloſſing it in a whitiſh liquid; and the burning-in the colours. Every part is curious, and ſhould be looked at with attention. One hundred and ſixty men are employed in this manufactory in the city of Worceſter.

Leaving the china, we viſited the carpeting manufactory. This, though probably ſimple, was yet more complicated to our ideas than that which we had juſt ſeen. The firſt operations are familiar enough; but how the threads were formed into patterns, or how thoſe patterns were

wrought into a complete whole, was more than we could comprehend, although the people ſhewed us, and, to the beſt of their ability, endeavoured to diſſipate our ſtupidity.

Bidding adieu to Worceſter, we proceeded to Whitley, a ſeat of Lord Foley. This place diſappointed our expectations. From the elegancy of this nobleman's town reſidence, and from Whitley's having been the conſtant reſidence of his forefathers, we expected to have found ſomething ſuperb. The houſe, however, is indifferent: it is large; but far from magnificent. The apartments are low, and ſome of them ſo overcharged with gold, that they immediately indicate the taſte of other times: in one of them is a picture of John Lacy, in the characters of Parſon Souple, Sandy, and Monſieur Device; and in another, a well-executed painting of Flora; nymphs and ſhepherds; and a Father Dominic.

The church, which adjoins to the houſe, is really an elegant building; the whole is beautified at a great expence; the ſides are white and gold; the ceiling is divided into handſome compartments, with good ſcripture pieces, and the glaſs windows exquiſitely painted by Price, in 1719. Uncommonly handſome as this edifice is, its ſituation would not be agreeable to many. Being the pariſh church, the graves and tombſtones are abſolutely in the area of the houſe. This I noticed to the old lady who conducted us through the apartments; on which ſhe very ſagaciouſly obſerved, "If people are ſhocked at the ſight of mortality, it is very eaſy for them to ſhut the windows."

The

The grounds are evidently neglected, though they preſent many facilities of improvement, whenever Whitley ſhall become the favourite reſidence of its owner.

From this place we proceeded to the banks of the Severn, which we croſſed in a ferry-boat; and thence paſſing through Omberſley, and along the borders of ſome improvements at Weſtwood, we next arrived at Droitwich, a town remarkable for its ſalt-ſprings. On viſiting theſe ſprings, we found that the brine was thrown up from pits, ſome of which are one hundred and ſixty feet deep. The pay of the poor creatures engaged in this manufactory, and whoſe perſons and children bear evident marks of poverty and diſtreſs, is no more than a ſhilling a day, one with another, although for this they are conſtantly deprived of reſt.

Droitwich was famous for its ſalt-pits even in the reign of Alfred; and we find an account of them in Doomeſday Book, where the town is ſpoken of as a place of great repute, and one of the royal demeſnes.

From Droitwich we continued our route to Bromſgrove, a fair and populous town, diſtant from London about one hundred and twenty-three miles. The next day, paſſing by Hagley, we proceeded on to Enville, a ſeat of Lord Stamford's, in Staffordſhire. This manſion is unfortunately ſituated too low; and has neither proſpect nor airineſs, being, in fact, buried at the foot of a hill. Had the preſent poſſeſſor razed it entirely to the ground, and erected another on ſome more choſen ſpot, inſtead of the additions and improvements, which, at a conſiderable expence, he is making, it would, perhaps, have

been economy in the end, and certainly would have rendered his reſidence more attractive.

In the front of the houſe, in the true old ſtyle, ſpreads a large, triangular piece of water, which poſſeſſes little beauty. From a pavilion, called the Boat Houſe, on one ſide of this pond, there is a good view of a caſcade tumbling down a valley, well planted with trees. Paſſing from this, along the banks of the water, you are conducted into a ſhrubbery, which winding along the ſtream formed by the caſcade, and afterwards by the caſcade itſelf, affords a wild and romantic aſſemblage. Still continuing in the ſhrubbery, you ſoon come to another fall, but devoid of all the eſſential beauties of the firſt. Behind this, the grounds begin to ſwell in a pleaſing manner; the woods carefully to ſpread, and the whole to form an agreeable variety. But ſtill you are without proſpect; nor is the ſcene much diverſified even from the top of the hill. The next object you meet with, after leaving the caſcade, is an indifferent building in the wood, called the Chapel, whence you have a glimmering of the water through the foliage of the trees. At length you get to what is denominated the High Meadow, from every ſide of which the eye wanders over the moſt variegated and commanding proſpects. This view, indeed, is charming. Leaving the meadow, we deſcended into another part of the wood, to a rotunda, which has neither proſpect nor elegance. Here the walks begin to widen, and to bear the appearance of care, and ſtill increaſing towards the bottom, conduct to a billiard-room, built in the Gothic ſtyle, and afterwards to a lawn, interſperſed with trees, and a variety of ſhrubs. On the whole, Enville has certainly

certainly beauties; but it is capable of ſo many more, that the eye of taſte is diſſatisfied with what exiſt.

We next returned to Hagley, which is really a terreſtrial paradiſe. The manſion was newly built by the late Lord Lyttelton, whoſe memory will ever be revered. It is large and commodious, and moſt exquiſitely fitted up. Nothing tawdry, nothing expenſive, but all conceived with the happieſt taſte, and moſt admirably executed. In paſſing through theſe rooms, I could not but feel a glow of veneration at every ſtep we took.

On entering the hall, the firſt thing which ſtrikes is an artleſs ſimplicity and neatneſs. Preſumption ſeems to have been entirely baniſhed from the houſe. On two pedeſtals in the hall are the marble buſtos of Rubens and Vandyke; and on one ſide, the buſtos of Heliogabalus and Maximim.

In the ſaloon, whence there is a beautiful view of the park, is the original picture of Charles the Firſt's family, by Vandyke; and in the drawing-room, which is elegant, and furniſhed with Engliſh tapeſtry, are the portraits of his friends and co-patriots, Lord Bath, Lord Cheſterfield, Lord Cobham, Lord Hardwicke, and Mr. Henry Pelham.

This room conducts to the Long Gallery, which, of all the rooms I have ſeen in England, is the moſt to my fancy. It is completely furniſhed with chairs, tables, and brackets of carved work, done by an artiſt in the neighbourhood of Hagley. The following are ſome of the pictures with which it is adorned: Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Monmouth; a virgin and child, by Vandyke;

Vandyke; Lord Brounker, by Sir Peter Lely; Countefs of Exeter, by Vandyke; Sir Charles Lyttelton, by Sir Peter Lely.

In an adjoining parlour are Lord-keeper Lyttelton, by Wright; Judge Lyttelton, a copy, by Paine, from a picture in the Middle Temple Hall; and Sir Richard Lyttelton, by Pompeia Baptifta.

From this room we entered the library, filled with the choiceft collection of books, and ornamented with the marble buftos of Spencer, Shakefpeare, Milton, and Dryden, left to the late lord as a legacy by Pope, together with the finely-executed pictures of Pope himfelf and his dog Bounce; of Thomfon and Weft.

Paffing from this room, we fcarcely fancied any other worth looking at, although all are admirably proportioned, and ornamented with fome choice works of art.

Leaving the lower floor, we afcended to the bedchambers, which we found elegantly arranged and furnifhed; but what was our fad furprife when, in one of the humbleft apartments of the range, our old conductrefs told us that there her good Lord had died.

> The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
>
> YOUNG.

Awe and reverence immediately feized hold of us. We contemplated in filence the place in which fo good a man had winged his foul to immortality. The floor feemed hallowed as we trod.

Charmed

Charmed with the houſe, we next entered the park; but here my pen is inadequate to the taſk of deſcription. Conceive, however, a beautifully-enamelled lawn, ſwelled in all the elegancy of art and nature, for a diſtance of about four miles; while hill, dale, and grove, delightfully interſperſed, render it as perfect an elyſium as poſſibly can be conceived. The church, which is the neareſt building to the houſe, is totally concealed from it; a cloſe, embowering wood ſhades it entirely. In this are the ſimple monuments of George Lord Lyttelton himſelf, and of his beloved Lucy.

On that of the latter, are the ſubſequent beautiful lines, from the elegant pen of her huſband:

"Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentleſt female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of love;
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſſed,
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dreſſed."

Leaving the church, you aſcend a finely-ſloping hill, with trees on each ſide, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, at the top of which is a monumental pillar, inſcribed to the memory of the late Prince of Wales. From this ſpot, ſacred to gratitude, you proceed through various ways, each diſplaying ſome new beauty, till you arrive at the ſeat of Thomſon. This is a ſpot dedicated to that poet; the inſcription on it beſpeaks an approbation

approbation of the man and of his works. Hence you aſcend to a tower erected on the brow of a hill, bearing the mouldering appearance of antiquity, and commanding a moſt extenſive proſpect. The whole, indeed, of the heights in this park afford a fine aſſemblage of objects; a fertile and highly-cultivated country in every quarter, interſperſed with woods, and bounded by the Clent Hills, the Malvern Hills, the Black Mountains in Wales, the Wrekin, and the Radnor Tump. From the tower you arrive at the root-houſe, or hermitage, in which are the following lines from Il Penſeroſo of Milton:

And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry ſtar that heav'n doth ſhew,
And ev'ry herb that ſips the dew,
Till old experience doth attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain;
Theſe pleaſures melancholy give,
And I with thee will chuſe to live.

Winding along this embelliſhed path, you come to a ſeat inſcribed to Quiet and the Muſes. Here all is ſtill and ſhady. Nothing breathes, ſaving echo, to the tinkling rill. The ſpot was a favourite of Pope's. It bears his name, and immediately conducts you to an urn inſcribed to his memory. Beneath, and at the other ſide of the lawn, is a truly charming ſpot. The woods ſurround it; water, in murmurs, wanders at its ſide; and carefully-formed viſtos preſent a happy diſpoſition of pavilions. Wildneſs predominates every where; but, behind, another ſcene appears, to the full, as lovely; a ruſtic glen, in all the

the ſimplicity of nature, receives the bubbling of three lucid ſtreams. Theſe, wandering through the dale, at length loſe themſelves; but again burſting from the thicket, they form a caſcade, and foam down a precipice, immediately in front of a building dedicated to Mr. Pitt. This glen has charms beyond deſcription. All in all, Hagley has the advantage of every thing I have yet met with.

The evening being far ſpent when we quitted Hagley, we proceeded to Birmingham, where we ſlept, and early the next day ſet off for Shenſtone's Walks*, as they are there called, in a temper of mind more eaſily felt than deſcribed. We felt a degree of veneration as we approached the ſpot. The firſt entrance ſtrikes with delight. The improvement is almoſt at the bottom of a deep glen, well planted with trees, and laved by a little ſtream. The priory gate gives you admittance. This, by a narrow walk, conducts you along the ſides of a tranſlucent wave, formed by a ſmall fall of water from a rude eminence, until you come to a pool, which, it muſt be confeſſed, is leſs happy, both in figure and termination, than the other embelliſhments of the place. Proceeding from this ſpot, you paſs by another ſtream, which leads to the wood-houſe, ruſtically formed, and preſenting a proſpect of a caſcade in its back ground, which has, I think, the fineſt effect I ever ſaw. This caſcade is not forced from an eminence in one large column; it foams in a continued declenſion from a great diſtance, and is broken here and there with artleſs ſimpli-

*The Leaſowes, the original property, and the creation of Shenſtone.

city.

city. Hence you proceed to a ſtatue, erected to Faunus, with theſe lines:

Come, then, my friend, thy ſylvan taſte diſplay;
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his ruſtic lay.
Ah! rather come, and in theſe dells diſown
The care of other's ſtrains, and tune thine own.

Leaving this, proceed along the brow of a corn-field, which yields a proſpect of Brieſly Caſtle, and an extenſive, fertile country, and from the top of the hill there is a fine view of Hagley, the Wrekin, and of a highly pictureſque and variegated country. Paſſing along a meadow, in which is a reſting-place under a beech-tree, that commands a good proſpect, you enter the lover's walk, a ſimple pathway through rather an indifferent wood. This walk leads to a piece of water, and then winds to a long, ſtraight avenue, at the end of which is the Temple of Pan. Here deſcending, you come to a ſeat, inſcribed to the late Lord Lyttelton, which affords a pleaſing view. The grounds ſwell pictureſquely round it, and the murmuring of the water that falls in ſight gives it a great degree of brilliancy. And here, bidding adieu to proſpect, you deſcend into a glen, and ſoon arrive at Virgil's obeliſk, ſurrounded with trees, and ſo delightfully ſituated with reſpect to a tranſparent ſtream, which runs rapidly beneath, that you cannot but fancy yourſelf in the abodes of the ſylvan deities. Near to Virgil's is the ſeat of his brother poet, Thomſon, if poſſible, better placed than the former. The caſcade here tumbles in artleſs majeſty; the ſtream ruſhes impetuouſly along; and the obeliſk, peering through the trees, gives a ſolemnity and melancholy grandeur to the ſcene.

In

In contemplating the whole of this ſpot, the work of a favourite of the Muſes, we could not but lament that his means had been too ſmall to enable him to carry the improving bent of his genius into full execution. Two hundred and fifty pounds a year were by no means ſufficient. Few can live upon that ſum; much leſs bring a place from barrenneſs to be generally admired, and at the ſame time keep up a noble independence in ſociety.—Peace be to thy aſhes, thou gentleſt of human beings!—Thou didſt this. Heaven ne'er ſmiled upon thee; but thou didſt ſmile upon the wretched. The tear of pity was ready at their ſufferings. What thou hadſt, thou gaveſt:—Charity herſelf could not have yielded more.

———Nor, Shenſtone, thou
Shalt paſs without thy meed, thou ſon of peace!
Who knew'ſt, perchance, to harmonize thy ſhades,
Still ſofter than thy ſong; yet was that ſong
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To paſtoral plaint, or tale of ſlighted love.

MASON.

From the Leaſowes we again returned to Birmingham, and in our way ſtopped to aſcend a whimſical tower which has been erected within about two miles of that town. The proſpect from this tower is abundantly fine; but the ſtructure appears too high and too ſlight for durability.

Arrived at Birmingham, we paced it nearly from one end to the other. This place is really wonderful; for, although it ſends no members to to parliament, and is without a magiſtracy, it is one of the largeſt and moſt populous towns in the kingdom. It is ſituated in Warwickſhire, and on the borders of Staffordſhire. The houſes

are well built; the ſtreets are broad and well paved; and the ſpirit of induſtry is ſo univerſally predominant, that ſcarcely a child is unemployed.

Meſſrs. Bolton and Fothergill carry on the greateſt manufactory at this place. Their houſe and works are about two miles diſtant from the town: we went to ſee them. To attempt an account of the various articles which are made there, would be futile: a traveller has not time to viſit them with deliberation, much leſs to deſcribe them*.

From Birmingham we departed for Litchfield. In our way to this town, we obſerved an elegant manſion, ſituated on the confines of Sutton Wood. On ſending our compliments to know whether we might have permiſſion to ſee it, we received the moſt polite anſwer, in the affirmative, from Doctor B———y, the gentleman to whom it belongs. Nothing could exceed the civility with which he conducted us through every apartment of the houſe, nor the earneſtneſs with which he preſſed us to take ſome refreſhment. In this reſpectable pillar of the church, indeed, we experienced hoſpitality in its genuine form; no ſtudy, no affectation, all the pure effuſion of the heart.

Leaving this hoſpitable manſion, we proceeded to Litchfield, a large and handſome town in Staffordſhire, one hundred and nineteen miles from London, and thence to Burton, ſituate on the river Trent, and famous for its ale. Almoſt

* The Soho Manufactory is famous throughout Europe; and Mr. Bolton will long be remembered as one of the moſt ingenious and enterpriſing men that ever this country produced.

all

all theſe inland towns, we had lately viſited, have a communication with London, Briſtol, and Hull, by means of navigable canals.

Quitting Burton, we continued our route to Derby, the principal town in the county of that name, Derby is pleaſantly ſituated on the river Derwent: it is a well-built town, and boaſts of a perfection in many manufactures. The Cicerone, who conducted us to the places worthy of our curioſity, was a briſk old man of eighty-five years of age. His remarks, in general, were ſhrewd and applicable, though ſimple in the extreme. Firſt of all, he would conduct us to an old houſe of a late Lord Exeter, where the Pretender's ſon had taken up his reſidence in 1745, and where he remembered him; then he inſiſted on our ſeeing the ſpot where he had heard the proclamation of James Stuart, as king of England; and then to other places of equal celebrity. In ſhort, the garrulous old creature drove us at laſt to the neceſſity of entreating him to lead us to the ſilk, china, or ſome other manufactory. Lombe's manufactory for ſilk is erected on the banks of a rapid branch of the river. It is famous for its machinery; and no leſs ſo for the manner in which that machinery was purloined from Sardinia. From the ſilk manufactory we walked to the houſes, where marbles and petrifactions are wrought into ornamental figures, and thence would have proceeded to the china-ſhops, but that our old Cicerone, ſtopping and looking at the ſun, cried, "Come, come, gentlemen, if you have a mind to ſee Lord Scarſdale's, you muſt go directly; it is now noon, and travellers have admittance but from ten till two." Off to Lord Scarſdale's we accordingly ſet; nor were we

at all diſpleaſed with our old friend for hurrying us. The approach to this palace, for a palace it certainly is, is through an avenue of old loſty oaks, over a bridge, which brings you immediately in front of the manſion. Here you firſt pauſe. The building is ſufficiently large to admit of every idea of grandeur and of magnificence. It is ſituated on a gently-declining hill, with woods and lawns diverſified, and a winding rivulet running in front. On entering the houſe, you get into a moſt ſuperb hall, the ſides and ceilings of which are moſt beautifully ornamented, and the whole ſupported by four and twenty maſſive, fluted pillars, of variegated alabaſter. Here, indeed, the *coup-d'œil* is moſt beautiful. In a word, the whole ſtrikes as if it were deſigned for a more than mortal reſidence; nor are the other rooms of the manſion inferior, either in their proportions or decorations. Some of the paintings are very fine.

In the drawing room, which has the moſt magnificent appearance of any apartment I have ever yet ſeen, the pillars and pediments to the doors and windows are of the moſt beautiful kind of alabaſter.

In the library, a well-proportioned room, is a choice collection of books. The muſic ſaloon is a moſt elegant apartment. Altogether this houſe is really magnificent: the hand of taſte is evident in every part of it; nor can it be otherwiſe, when known to be the work of Meſſrs. Adam; neither does any coſt ſeem to have been ſpared in rendering it complete. The grounds, however, are not in uniſon with this grandeur and chaſtity of deſign; there is an attempt at prettineſs, which leſſens the effect of the whole.

Leaving

Leaving this place, which no traveller ſhould omit viſiting, we returned to Derby, and joined our little old man, who merrily conducted us to the china-ware manufactory. In our way we could not but remark the briſkneſs with which he trod, and the degree of eaſe with which he kept pace with us. This led us to enquire in what manner he contrived to keep himſelf ſo hale and firm. "Ah! my good gentlemen," ſaid he, "if you would but follow my courſe, I could almoſt promiſe you equal ſucceſs to that which I have met with. Three ſcore and ten years have I regularly drank tea, and ſcarce any thing elſe. Wine and ſpirituous liquors have had no charms for me; tea has been my conſtant beverage: nature, from uſe, has preferred it to any other liquid, and I never forced her. Some people, indeed, ſay, tea is unwholeſome: it may be ſo; and it may be, as it is called, a ſlow poiſon: but this I know, and from experience I can pronounce it, that if it be a poiſon, it is a very ſlow one, for it takes a long time in killing me*." Here we could not refrain from laughter; the thought was waggiſhly turned, and the old man ſeemed to enjoy it heartily, Here we parted. A look of cordial farewell was mutually interchanged. He wiſhed us happineſs; and we as fervently prayed that the ſweeteſt comfort might ſtill attend him in his journey.

* No argument can be drawn for or againſt the uſe of tea from a ſolitary inſtance; but if it is admitted that the conſtitutions of the people of this country, in general, have undergone a complete change for the worſe, ſince this plant was commonly introduced as a beverage, for an aliment it cannot be called, little more need be ſaid on the ſubject. To the advocates for tea, we beg leave to recommend an attention to Mr. Hanway's Journey from Portſmouth to Kingſton.

Aſhburn, our next ſtage, is ſituated on the borders of Stafford and of Derbyſhire. Here we halted for a night, and the next morning proceeded to Okeover, a ſeat belonging to a gentleman of that name, where we found nothing worth our obſervation, beſides a few pictures.

From Okeover we proceeded to Ilam, a ſeat of Mr. Porte. On entering this gentleman's grounds, which alone deſerve notice, you get into a deep glen, on either ſide well covered with trees, while the river Manifold rolls with rapidity at the bottom. Hence, continuing your progreſs, you come to a rude ſeat in a rock, famous, as being the ſpot where Congreve, then ſcarcely nineteen, wrote his Old Batchelor. Thence deſcending by a number of ſteps, you continue along the path way, at the ſide of which are many conſiderable trees growing through the interſtices of the rocks; and from this ſpot you get upon a flat, where you are encircled by a range of beautiful and lofty wood, except at one end where the Thorp Cloud, at the entrance of Dove Dale, peeps through the trees. Hence, continuing along the borders of a canal, you come to the ſpot where the rivers Hemps and Manifold iſſue from two apertures in a rock, at the diſtance of fifteen yards from each other, after loſing themſelves in different parts of the country, and at five miles diſtance from each other. Many people might be led to ſuppoſe, that by ſhewing themſelves ſo very cloſe to each other at Ilam, it was probable they joined in their ſubterranean paſſage; but this is put beyond a doubt by experiment*. The gardener

* See Mr. Bray's Tour in the former volume, where the ſame fact is ſtated.

being

being a man of a more extenſive way of thinking than generally falls to the lot of people of his claſs, threw above two groſs of corks into the Manifold, where it loſes itſelf, and watching the next two days unremittingly in his maſter's grounds, he at length found about two dozen of them iſſue from the chaſm of the Manifold; the others being ſtopped in their progreſs, or ground to pieces by the ſharpneſs of the rocks. And farther to aſcertain this, he told us, a ſimilar trial had been made with the Hemps, and that it anſwered in the ſame manner. At Ilam, they join their ſtream to that of the Dove, and there form a river.

From this place we proceeded to Dove Dale, ſo called from the river of that name. The approach to this place, along the ſide of Thorp Cloud, has been much admired. On entering the Dale, you follow the courſe of the river, which winds beautifully, and is clear and tranſparent as a brook. The rocks too, on either ſide, miſshapen and groteſque, with a profuſion of wood ſcattered up and down, give a wild and romantic variety to the ſcene. Not far within the Dale is ſhewn the frightful eminence, whence a clergyman of dignity and a young lady fell with their horſe. The divine was bruiſed in ſo horrid a degree, that he died two hours afterwards; but to the great ſurpriſe of every one, the lady and the horſe were entirely uninjured by the fall.

The Staffordſhire ſide of the Dale, the Dove dividing it from Berbyſhire, is well clothed with trees; while the oppoſite ſhore, which is totally bereft of wood, is barren and rugged, and preſents a ſtriking contraſt. A chaſm to the right

ſoon

ſoon opens itſelf. Hence you have a delightful view of the traverſings of the river, and of an aſſemblage of rocks, which, almoſt ſhrouded by the trees, gives an idea of a mouldering monaſtery. From this ſpot, the rocks ſtill continue; ſome ſtupendous, and others rent aſunder, in an aſtoniſhing manner. Proceeding on, you come to a grand arch in a rock, called Reynard's Hole, whence you have a wild diverſified ſcene before you, and paſſing through it, you next aſcend Reynard's Hall and Reynard's Kitchen. Leaving this, continue along the river for the diſtance of about two miles, and then return by the ſame path. Before I quit the Dale, I muſt not forget a cold fountain, which, iſſuing immediately into the river from a ſpring almoſt on the ſame level, renders it difficult ſometimes to be found out. The water, howevever, is tranſparent and ſweet, and reſembles, in a great meaſure, thoſe of Malvern.

From Dove Dale we returned to Aſhbourn, and thence, taking freſh horſes, we proceeded to Buxton, through a country as barren and deſolate as can well be conceived. Bounded on every ſide by ſtone fences, which at the beſt give but a wild appearance, and freed from every veſtige of cultivation. Strange that ſuch a waſte of land ſhould be found in a country remarkable for the induſtry of its inhabitants.

Buxton is a ſmall, inconſiderable town, ſurrounded by hills of a moſt ſteril aſpect. Of late years it has been rendered, however, of ſome conſequence by its mineral ſprings, one of which is cold and the other hot; and, as chemical people ſay, poſſeſſing the efficacious qualities of both the Bath and Briſtol waters. The reſort of company

to

to Buxton is conſiderable: for at three or four houſes, which are entirely fitted up for the accommodation of ſtrangers, they reckoned to us at leaſt three hundred. Here, as at Malvern, the lodgers in each houſe board together.

About a mile from Buxton is the firſt wonder of the Peak, called Poole's Hole.

This cavern at the entrance is ſmall, and promiſes but little; after advancing, however, a few paces, and creeping as cloſe to the ground as you poſſibly can, you come to a chaſm, where you are ſhewn Poole's ſaddle and his turtle, both of them good incruſtations. Paſſing hence, you come to other fine pieces of ſpar, variouſly twiſted round the rocks, called Poole's Tripe and his Woolſack, both inimitably honeycombed in the fineſt kind of white petrifaction: whilſt a ſpring of clear, tranſparent water iſſues from one ſide, and an exact reſemblance of an elephant ſtrikes you at the other. From this place, creeping upon all fours, and aſcending a moſt ſlippery path, you open a prodigious dome, ſixty or ſeventy feet high, where you perceive an extraordinary large piece of ſpar pendent from the roof, called the Flitch of Bacon; and, ſtaring in the ſide, the fanciful reſemblance of old Poole himſelf. Hence you come to the Lion and the Lady's Toilet; the former ſpreading upwards, and the latter hanging down in all the careleſſneſs of eaſe and elegance. Theſe, however, conduct you but to greater beauties; the Dark Lantern, as it is called; a vaſt quantity of incruſtation falling down in folds, and the roof ſparkling with tranſparent pieces of petrifaction of the ſhape of icicles. From this you come to an apartment, at leaſt fifty feet high, in which you have a ſmall black figure in ſpar, reſembling

reſembling a mouſe, and a range of organs, as it were, immediately above it. Leaving this, you get to the Queen of Scots Pillar, ſo called from the unfortunate Mary, when ſhe viſited this place; a column, moſt beautifully ſurrounded with curtains of fine incruſtation, airily diſplayed. Here moſt people chuſe to ſtop; but, urged by the ſpirit of curioſity, we dared to venture farther. Cotton, indeed, throws a damp upon the mind when he ſpeaks of this attempt; for, in his words,

> "Over the brook you're now obliged to ſtride,
> And on the left hand by this pillar's ſide,
> To ſeek new wonders, though beyond this ſtone,
> Unleſs you ſafe return, you'll meet with none,
> And that, indeed, will be a kind of one."

On, however, we went; the place ſo ſteep, craggy, and ſlippery, that had it not been for faſt graſps, we ſhould never have been able to have got to the top. Here we ſtopped ſome time in admiration. A candle, judiciouſly placed, without our knowledge, at the very extremity, peeped like a ſtar on a fine cloudy night, while another, as properly ſet at the bottom, whence we had aſcended, had as ſingular and as awful an effect.

Hence, ſtill adventuring upwards, you paſs by the Lady's Pillion and a curtain, both of them beautiful incruſtations; and thence paſſing through the eye of St. Andrew's Needle, and keeping his throne to the right, you paſs over a heap of irregular rocks to a paſſage, moſt emphatically and juſtly ſtiled, Break-back Paſſage. Here, crawling again, you at length come to the practicable end of this extenſive cavern, at the

the diſtance of two thouſand and ſeven feet from the entrance.

Quitting Poole's Hole, we rode to the fourth wonder of the Peak, ſome of the others not being worthy of attention, called Elden Hole. Here we indeed had matter for affright; a tremendous yawning gulph, bottomleſs, as it is ſaid, opens its wide mouth on the ſide of a hill. The noiſe of ſtones, or any other body thrown into it, gradually, and as at a diſtance, dies away. Nothing has ever been heard of, that has fallen into it; all is inſcrutable to man. Trials upon trials have been made with reſpect to its depth; but all without effect. Cotton tried a line and plummet two thouſand ſix hundred and fifty-two feet, but could not touch the botton; neither could he at that time hear the water. We, however, fancied the contrary; for two ſtones, out of a prodigious number, which we plunged into it, moſt certainly immerſed themſelves in that element.

Many ſtories are told of accidents which have happened at this place; cattle frequently tumble into it. But nothing can be more dreadful than the acknowledgment of a villain, who, when on the ſcaffold for the perpetration of ſome other horrid deed, confeſſed having thrown an unfortunate traveller into it, whom he had robbed, and who had entruſted himſelf to his guidance. Another inſtance of an untimely fate happened to a poor hind, who, eager for money, engaged, for a ſum, to go to the bottom. His errand proved fruitleſs; vapour, or fright, diſordered his ſenſes: he was drawn to the top, and expired in madneſs in a few days.

Satisfied

Satisfied with the dreadful appearance of this place, we again mounted our horſes, and, climbing over the hill, deſcended on the other ſide into the high road leading from Mancheſter to Sheffield, and paſſing by Mam-Tor, or the Shivered Mountain, we came to a moſt romantic turn at the foot of ſome ſtupendous hills. Here, proceeding along, we perceived a ſmall oval aperture in a rock, which we found tenanted only by birds. Continuing our journey to a lead mine, called the Staffordſhire Speedwell, we put ourſelves under the guidance of the manager, and very ſhortly perceived an opening on the declivity of the mountain, which, by one hundred and ſeven ſteps, almoſt perpendicular, brought us to a river, where a boat was ready, with a perſon in it, and ſome candles, that he begged we would take charge of. Taking poſſeſſion of the candles, therefore, and entruſting ourſelves to this ſecond Charon, off puſhed the boat, when, by ſticks placed on either ſide in the rocks, at the diſtance of about ſix feet from each other, he ſhoved us along for a conſiderable diſtance. Unuſual as this ſubterranean navigation was, it yet was exceedingly awful and ſublime. Coaſting along in this manner, our attention was ſuddenly called off by a melodious noiſe, which, reverberating along the concave of the roof, loſt itſelf with us in the ſweeteſt notes. At length we came to the ſpot whence it iſſued; and here indeed our wonder increaſed. A little boy of about ten or twelve years of age, placed in a niche where he had juſt room to move, was driving, with a bellows, a ſupply of freſh air to the farther extremity of the river; and in this ſituation was warbling forth his notes. Nature had bleſſed

bleſſed him with a charming voice, and, regardleſs of his deſtiny, he worked and ſung his eight long hours, the period allotted him to labour. Paſſing this inhabitant of theſe nether regions, we onward continued our way, and at length, having traverſed between ſixteen and eighteen hundred feet, came to the end, where we found three hale and cheerful men buſied at their occupations.

In the rocks of this cavern are ſeveral veins of lead: the expence, however, has been too great to work it in its natural ſtate; the idea of a water conveyance, therefore preſented itſelf. This channel was accordingly planned; and here, as in other uſeful projects, the world became indebted to the public ſpirit of the Duke of Bridgewater. The whole of this paſſage, excavated in the ſolid rock, being carried on with his aſſiſtance. The miners blow it up, and clear the ſpace by contract.

It was not until we had joined the miners, that we found the vaſt conſequence of the air conveyed to them by the bellows which I have mentioned. The atmoſphere, as they proceed along in theſe ſubterraneous works, becomes dank and thick, and without a conſtant rarefaction, it would certainly deſtroy them: nevertheleſs, theſe people are exceedingly healthy, and full of good humour. It was now time for us to return; we accordingly found our way back in the manner we had entered, and thence proceeded to Caſtleton, a town ſituated immediately under the Peak of Derby, where we took ſome refreſhment, and then walked to the principal of the wonders, called Peak's Hole.

The approach to this cavern is grand and tremendous; a river iſſuing from its mouth, and a range of rocks, rearing their heads to the ſkies, ſurround you. One of theſe is meaſured two hundred and fifty-one feet perpendicular. Being arrived at the entrance, which is forty-two feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, the attention is caught by cottages ſcattered up and down in this dark abode, and a multitude of women and children ſpinning at wheels.

The next thing to which the guide calls the attention, is the Flitch of Bacon, a large incruſtation hanging on one ſide, which you quickly paſs by, and then come to a ſmall door, which affords a moſt ſtupendous view of a concave. On, however, you go, ſtooping till you get into the Bell Houſe, and thence paſſing along, you come to the river, on which there is a boat, into which you get, and lying at full length, are thus ferried over, or rather carried up a winding ſtream, till landing, you fancy yourſelf arrived in the firſt apartment of the infernal deities. Nothing can be more ſtupendous than the appearance of this dreary vault. The length of it is two hundred and ſeventy feet; the width two hundred and ten, and the height one hundred and twenty. Stopping here to enjoy the gloomy horrors of the ſcene, a number of candles are diſperſed, which twinkling like ſtars, afford an awful aſſemblage.

Leaving this, you get to a winding of the river, which you paſs upon the ſhoulders of your guides, and thence arrive at Roger Raine's Houſe, ſo called from drops of water, which inceſſantly filtrate through every part of it. From this you continue to the Chancel, where calmly proceeding,

ing, you are ſuddenly accoſted by the voices of a choir of men chaunting in a niche above you, at the elevation of about fifty-ſeven feet. Here we ſtopped. The airs were ſlow and ſolemn; every thing conſpired to turn the mind to meditation. Nature appeared in awful, though frightful majeſty before us; in a word, we could not but fancy ourſelves tranſported to another world.

From the Chancel you continue to the Devil's Cellar. Hence you proceed by a ſandy hillock, deſcending gradually one hundred and fifty feet, and at length come to the Half-way houſe, as it is called, where you have a fine tranſparent run of water. Paſſing on, you proceed through three moſt regular, naturally-formed arches near the borders of the river, whence you fancy you hear the rumbling of a caſcade: and then croſſing the river, come to another range of equally as beautiful arches, which conducts you, with the river on your right, to the hanging rock.

From this ſpot you get to the place where the current rolls rapidly along, and paſſing through another range of arches, and Tom of Lincoln, ſo called from its reſemblance to a bell, you at length get to the extremity of this wonderful place, two thouſand two hundred and fifty feet from the entrance, and ſix hundred and twenty-one feet beneath the ſurface of the hill.

This, however, is not ſuppoſed to be the end of the cavern; and experiments are accordingly making, by blowing away the rocks, to open a communication with the cavern already mentioned, through which the ſame river is ſuppoſed to flow.

Before I quit this ſpot, I muſt not omit mentioning the ſtaggering effect of a blaſt, as they

ſtyle it, occaſioned by a ſmall quantity of powder crammed into a rock, and ſet fire to. The exploſion is wonderfully grand; heaven and earth ſeem coming together. All viſiters are treated with this ſalute. This craſh over, we returned to the door at which we had entered, and were once more bleſſed with a peep of day, burſting into the cavern, illumining the objects in a much more ſublime manner than they had hitherto preſented themſelves *.

Tired not a little, we anxiouſly deſired to return to our inn; but we were told, other objects ſtill ſolicited our attention. Accordingly we were conducted to the ſummit of the Peak, and ſhewn the old caſtle, parts of which are in good preſervation: but there ſitting down to reſt ourſelves, we were unexpectedly and moſt gallantly ſerenaded by a band of muſic from the oppoſite hill. Nothing could have been more happily timed; neither could there ever have been people more deſirous of being ſoothed than we were. The day had been a day of labour; quiet was neceſſary. So that enjoying the welcome ſounds, and admiring the ſerenity of the evening, we peacefully laid ourſelves on the graſs; and in that ſweeteſt of all careleſs indulgencies, baniſhed the languor of fatigue.

Having heard of a three-mile cavern, and being by this time pretty well familiarized with danger, we were determined next day to explore it. Summoning therefore a *poſſe-comitatus* of all the miners about Caſtleton, we in brief told them our intention. Aſtoniſhment at firſt prevented them from thinking us ſerious; none but

* For a farther account of this celebrated cavern, ſee Mr. Bray's Tour.

two

two or three had ever ventured upon a trial; and even cuſtom had not reconciled the others to ſo hazardous an enterprize. A promiſe of reward, however, prevailed upon the whole, and they agreed to attend us in the morning. Having made the preliminary preparations, and left ſome memorandums, and a card of direction to our friends on the inn table, in caſe of accidents, we ſallied out early the next morning, accompanied by a choſen ſet of our guides, and repaired to the top of the mountain, where the fiſſure opens itſelf about three feet in diameter. Provided by the miners with proper dreſſes, we then ſtripped ourſelves of our own outward apparel, and putting on each a pair of canvaſs trowſers, a flannel jacket, and over that a canvaſs frock, with a handkerchief round our heads, and a miner's cap, we proceeded one by one down this dread abyſs, for the diſtance of about four hundred and twenty feet perpendicular.

Imagination can ſcarcely form a deſcent more perilous. The only ſteps or things to hold by, are bits of oak ſtuck into the ſides, when the cavern was firſt diſcovered; fortunately all was firm, and we arrived at the bottom unhurt. Here ranging ourſelves in order, with a large bundle of candles and torches, independent of the candles which each of us carried, we proceeded with tolerable facility through two or three lofty and moſt beautifully enamelled caverns of ſpar. This we conceived an earneſt of future delight, and the tablets were accordingly ſet at work; but, alas! how great was our miſtake. Here our difficulties were to commence.

Following the guide, who beſides another who was with us, was the only one of the party who

had ever penetrated before, we forced our way with infinite ſtruggles, through a narrow ſpace between two rocks, and thence getting on our hands and knees, were, for the full diſtance of a mile, obliged to crawl without ever daring to lift up our heads; we ſtill, however, hoped for ſomething better. On we accordingly proceeded, till a dreadful noiſe, rumbling along the horrible crevices of the cave, gave us to underſtand we were near a river: to this, we hurried as faſt as we were able. But deſcription is inadequate to any thing like a repreſentation of the ſcene. A vaſt ocean ſeemed roaring in upon us; in ſome places burſting with inconceivable impetuoſity, and at others falling through dreadful chaſms, burſt into ſhaggy forms to give it vent: through this our journey was to continue. A cry of light, however, alarmed us: the confinement of the air, and the narrowneſs of our track, had extinguiſhed all our torches; the candles too, all but one ſmall end, were totally expended. We knew not what to do. In vain the miners ſhouted for the ſupply which was to have come behind; no anſwer was returned. Our fate ſeemed inevitable; but the principals of the party, fortunately, expreſſed no fear. In this extremity, a gallant fellow, who yet was ignorant of the place, ſuddenly diſappeared, and after groping for a conſiderable time in the dark and diſmal horrors of the place, at length returned to us with a ſupply of candles, having diſcovered his companions, to whom they were given in charge, almoſt petrified with fear, and unable to follow us from apprehenſion. Reprieved in this manner from a death which ſeemed to wait us, in its moſt horrid form, we onward proceeded with a freſh recruit

cruit of ſpirits; and plunging into the river above, our waiſts, cautiouſly picked our ſteps, and, at length, after a four-hours moſt unſpeakable fatigue, arrived at about three hundred yards beyond the ſpot, where the ſubterranean paſſage we had the day before explored, was expected to find an entrance into this dreadful place.

But here we were obliged to ſtop; a fall into a yawning gulph, from which I was providentially ſaved by the corner of a rock catching me by the knee, had hitherto given me an inconceivable degree of pain: it now became intolerable. Out, however, I was to crawl. The retreat accordingly began; but no anguiſh could ſurpaſs what I felt. Often did I wiſh to remain where I was; no ſuccour or aſſiſtance could be given me: every man was painfully buſied in the charge of his own ſafety. At length, having almoſt worn out the other knee, I was compelled to call out for help, as we happily came to the firſt opening where I could be raiſed. Languor and faintneſs from what I had ſuffered, had totally deprived me of my ſtrength: I was ſeated on a rock, where I breathed a little freer, and being refreſhed in a few minutes, I tottered through the reſt of the cavern, with occaſional help, and in that manner got to the bleſſed ſunſhine of the day.

Altogether, the depth we had deſcended was about one hundred and forty fathoms, or nine hundred and eighty feet, and the length about three miles, according to the miners' calculation. Neither at this diſtance were we at the end; a paſſage ſtill continued, but ſo filled with water, and ſo full of peril, that the miners themſelves were averſe to farther trial. And here, having made this dangerous experiment myſelf, I would caution

caution others from being ſo unpardonably led by curioſity, as to tempt deſtruction, where, independent of the dangers of maims, cuts, and fractures, the falling of a ſingle ſtone might bury him in eternity for ever *.

Leaving Caſtleton, and paſſing Maunſel Dale, and Haddon Caſtle, an old ſeat of the Rutland, family, we came to Chatſworth, belonging to the Duke of Devonſhire. The approach to this houſe is pleaſant, and the edifice itſelf, with the river Derwent running in front, is happily ſituated, and makes a good appearance The beds and chairs in the apartments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, when ſhe was a captive here under the care of the Earl of Shrewſbury, are melancholy memorials of fallen greatneſs. Compaſſion for the fate of this unhappy fair one made us review this part of the manſion with much veneration. The reſt was little above the common ſtandard of mediocrity; although with a little trouble, I will not ſay as to the expence, it might readily be rendered not only convenient, but ſuperb. There are but few good pictures here; but the Flight into Egypt, by Hannibal Caraccio, well deſerves notice.

The grounds are naturally well adapted to the boldeſt beauties; and attention ſeems to have been paid to them. The old duke planted a conſiderable extent of ground, and his ſon is now employed in the ſame laudable ſpecies of improvement. Nature has done a vaſt deal;

* We earneſtly join in the prudent advice of our author. It is ſometimes neceſſary and ſometimes honourable to brave danger; but nothing can be more fooliſh or even contemptible in the eye of reaſon, than to riſk life from mere wantonneſs or uſeleſs curioſity.

water

water is in plenty; and where the temple dedicated to that element is placed, a delightful diſtribution of it might eaſily be made.

Continuing our route from Chatſworth towards the village of Matlock, we traced a beautiful valley, highly romantic and pictureſque. Either ſide is bounded by hills and ſtupendous rocks, with cottages here and there interſperſed, and a profuſion of wood, ſometimes irregularly ſcattered, and at others, ſpreading in the cloſeſt foliage, with the river Derwent rolling itſelf pleaſantly in the centre of the dale. In this beautiful Spot lies Matlock Spa, celebrated for its medicinal qualities. From the lodging houſes immediately deſcending, you arrive at the margin of the river, cloſely embowered by trees, irregularly planted in a ſhrubbery, and thence proceeding through a winding path, you paſs a caſcade precipitating from the right, and then come to a conſiderable water-work, erected for the purpoſe of draining a lead mine on the oppoſite ſhore. Our late diſaſters did not prevent us from another attempt into the bowels of the earth. Our ſubterrene progreſs, indeed, was ſhort, ſo that we quickly returned; and then again, on the oppoſite ſide to Matlock, continued through ſhady walks, till we came to a flight of ſteps which led us to the top of the hill, which commands an enchanting proſpect.

From Matlock, our next ſtage was Cheſterfield, a large, well-built town, with a navigable canal. Proceeding, we viſited Sheffield in Yorkſhire; but this was ſo thoroughly dirty, and mean in appearance, that after viewing its manufactories, which, by the way, are inferior to thoſe of Birmingham, we advanced to Doncaſter; paſſing

paſſing by Coningſborough Caſtle, an ancient pile, with many parts of it in good preſervation, and admirably well ſituated. Doncaſter is a neat and populous town: the houſes in general are good, and the ſtreets are well paved. In the church, an old Gothic building, is a monument of an earl of Doncaſter, with this whimſical inſcription:

Howe, Howe, who is here?
I Robin, of Duncaſtere,
And Margaret, my feare,
That I ſpent, that I had.
That I gave, that I have.
That I left, that I loſt.
A. D. 1597.

Quoad Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign
Threeſcore yeares and ſeven, but liv'd not one.

Doncaſter is a place of great antiquity, as appears from the Itinerary of Antoninus, which ſays, the Criſpinian horſe were ſtationed here while the Romans were in Britain; and that the governor of the province generally reſided in its caſtle, that he might be near the wall to repel the incurſions of the Scots and Picts.

Leaving Doncaſter, we came to Ferrybridge, thence to Tadcaſter, and from Tadcaſter to York. The extent of this town is very conſiderable; being an archiepiſcopal ſee, and always giving a title to one of the royal family, it has ever been peculiarly attended to. The ſtreets are tolerably broad and well-built. The river Ouſe runs through the centre of it, and is covered with veſſels of conſiderable burden. Along the borders of this river, a public walk, well planted with trees, for the ſpace of about a mile, has been carried for the recreation of the inhabitants. Notwithſtanding the ſize and antiquity of York, there

there is certainly nothing in it that is worthy the obſervation of a traveller, except the cathedral or minſter, as it is called, and the caſtle. The minſter is very large; the extent five hundred and twenty-five feet; the breadth one hundred and ten feet; and the height ninety-nine feet. The nave is four feet and a half wider than that of St. Paul's, and eleven feet higher. The chapter-houſe is likewiſe a monument of good taſte and workmanſhip; it is ſixty-three feet in diameter, of an octagonal form, arched, and without a pillar in the centre to ſupport it. The aſſembly-room, though much admired, is indifferent: the architecture being exceedingly heavy.

The Romans had a temple at York dedicated to Bellona, and three of their highways croſſed the city. It was alſo the favourite reſidence of the Emperor Severus, and here he reſigned his breath, leaving his kingdoms to his two ſons. Here too William king of Scotland paid homage to Henry II. in 1174, reſigning the ancient independence of his crown.

Bending our courſe ſtill northward from York, we proceeded through a pleaſant country to Caſtle Howard, the ſeat of the Earl of Carliſle. On opening the manſion, it preſents a grand appearance: the approach, however, is too ſtraight and formally planted. At the entrance of the park, which is through an arched gateway lined and flanked with towers, you come to an eminence, and thence to an obeliſk, charged with inſcriptions.

The diſſimilarity of the two wings of the houſe ſtrikes every traveller; and ſurely it is a palpable ſoleciſm in architecture. The hall is a grand

and uncommon room; in it are full lengths in marble of Auguſtus Cæſar and Aurelius, Ceres, Commodus, Scipio Africanus, Marc Anthony, and two females, ſuppoſed to be wives of Roman emperors.

The apartments are decorated with numerous family portraits, and many other pieces by diſtinguiſhed maſters, beſides ſeveral works of virtú.

The muſeum is filled with antique buſtos, urns, bronzes, ſarcophaguſes, tables, and many other articles curious and worthy of obſervation. Beſides which, there is a gallery one hundred and ſixty feet in length, in which is a conſiderable collection of pictures, medals, ſpars, &c.

In a conſpicuous ſituation in the park, ſtands a mauſoleum, with a chapel upon its top. This repoſitory of the dead has ſomething awful and magnificent about it.

The path to it winds through the park; the building itſelf is ſurrounded with maſſive pillars, and covered by a dome of good workmanſhip. From the mauſoleum you proceed to Diana's Temple, and thence, continuing along a handſome terrace, come to the front of the houſe, which is elegant and ſuperb. In ſhort, Caſtle Howard is a ſeat ſuitable to the dignity of the family to whom it appertains.

Leaving Caſtle Howard, we proceeded to Scarborough. Filled, like all other watering-places at this ſeaſon of the year, we found at firſt ſome difficulty in procuring a lodging: but this being at length acquired, the time we ſtayed glided pleaſantly along. The waters are in many caſes reckoned ſalutary; but the bathing is the chief inducement for company to reſort thither; which,

which, together with the freſhneſs of the ſea-breezes, the regular airings on the beech, in a pure, marine atmoſphere, and the cheerful evening recreations at the rooms, are ſuch powerful helps, that few people go there valetudinary who do not experience their good effects.

From Scarborough, which has nothing worthy of attention, except the caſtle, built by the Earl of Albemarle in the reign of King Stephen, upon a high point of land to the northward of the town, and which muſt have been, in former days, of much conſideration, we made an excurſion, in an irregular route, over the woulds of Yorkſhire, to Driffield, and thence to Beverley. This town, in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire, is one hundred and ſeventy-nine miles from London, and is remarkable both for the cleanlineſs of its ſtreets and houſes, and for its minſter, which, though greatly inferior in ſize to many in the kingdom, is in point of beauty and ſymmetry, perhaps, ſuperior to moſt.

Leaving Beverley, we continued our route to Hull, a large and populous ſea-port town in the ſame county. This place, ſituated conveniently on the German Ocean, drives a conſiderable trade with the Baltic, the United Provinces, and all the northern nations: for this purpoſe a Trinity Houſe has been eſtabliſhed on the moſt laudable foundation. No town can boaſt of a greater appearance of induſtry than Hull; the whole maſs of the inhabitants ſeems pervaded by ſome one principle of commerce or another.

From Hull, paſſing through Furſby, Cave, and Howdon, we arrived at Thorne, a town ſituated on the confines of the marſhes, which have nothing in them but what is dreary and unplea-

ſant, ſaving the trunks of trees, the relics of former ages.

From Thorne we proceeded through Courick, Snaith, Carlton, Cammelſworth, and Selby, croſſed the Ouſe in a ferry-boat; then to Eſcirk, Fulford, York, and again viſited Scarborough.

After a ſhort ſtay at this northern watering-place, in September we began our progreſs to the north. Paſſing through Thornton and Pickering, two inconſiderable villages, we came to Helmſley, a fair-looking town, with the remains of an old caſtle, in tolerable good preſervation. Adjoining to Helmſley is Duncombe Park, a ſeat belonging to Mr. Duncombe, and well worthy the attention of a traveller. The approach is good; and the houſe itſelf, although the wings, like thoſe of Caſtle Howard, are of different conſtructions, is both commodious and elegant. The paintings, in general, are fine, as are the ſtatues and buſtos; a dog, in marble, by a celebrated Grecian artiſt, is, to connoiſſeurs, the fineſt and moſt valuable part of the collection. The terrace at Wardour Caſtle has already been mentioned with eulogium, but that at Duncombe Park excels it. Lord Arundel's, it is true, is more extenſive; Mr. Duncombe's, I muſt confeſs, I think more beautiful. Surrounding it is a deep vale covered with trees, and a river gliding through it, while a rich hanging wood on the other ſide gives a wildneſs, and at the ſame time a richneſs to a landſcape, romantic in the extreme.

It being dark when we left Duncombe Park, and having a croſs road to encounter, we had ſome reaſon to doubt of the ſucceſs of our expedition to Thurſk that night; which place, indeed,

deed, having loſt our way, we did not reach till eleven o'clock.

From Thurſk, by an exceeding good road, and through a fertile and well-cultivated country, we proceeded to Rippon, a place diſtant from London about two hundred and eighteen miles. This town is large, though not populous. The church, or minſter, is a maſſy edifice; but not remarkable for any thing, ſave the charnel-houſe, in which ſome remnants of mortality are moſt pioufly and methodically arranged.

In the vicinity of Rippon, and at the diſtance of about three miles, ſtands Studley Park, the ſeat of Mr. Aiſlabie*.—The approach to this ſpot through the park, which naturally ſwells with much elegance, and is well planted with trees, is highly agreeable and pictureſque. The houſe itſelf is large and commodious; the proſpects from the lawn before it are exquiſite. On the one ſide, the town and minſter of Rippon; on the other, Fountaine's Abbey; while an obeliſk, a pavilion, and a temple, preſent themſelves in different places in front. Deſcending from the houſe by a gradual ſlope, you come to the garden, as it is called, although, in reality, it is only a part of the park more carefully improved. The hanging-wood that overſhades the pretty little river that waſhes this ſpot, is beautiful in the extreme. Placing yourſelf near the figure of a dying gladiator, the proſpect is really charming. Proceeding on, you open a fine, old bridge, with a river ruſhing through it, and the back ground ſo darkened by trees, as to give the

* This charming ſeat is mentioned with due commendation by every traveller.

idea of a caſcade foaming through a cavern. At the foot of the bridge, you open a beautiful aſſemblage of new objects moſt elegantly diverſified; the banquetting-houſe, cold-bath, rotunda, and a ſmall pavilion, peering above the trees. Croſſing the bridge, you then come to the reſervoir, an extenſive ſheet of water, on the banks of which are ſeveral elegant receſſes. Turning to the left, you reach the Temple of Piety, whence you have a pleaſing view of the oppoſite ſhore, well ſwelled in lawn and planted. From the Temple of Piety you aſcend the hanging-wood, and, paſſing through a ruſtic arched way, come to the tower, whence there is a prodigious aſſemblage of variegated objects. From this ſpot, continuing to the right, at every ſtep you open through artleſs viſtos, Fountaine's Abbey, the banquetting-houſe, and the other beauties of the place. Farther on you come to a ſeat, where the reſervoir ſhews itſelf immediately beneath, with a beautiful hill on the other ſide covered with trees, jutting itſelf into its boſom, and binding it in a circular form.

Leaving this, you come to a ſpot where you catch a view of the fineſt ruin that it is poſſible for imagination to conceive. On the left, a modeſt river gently glides along its ſide, tufted with oak and evergreen; on the right, rocks and woods romantically ſhew themſelves in natural wildneſs; while in front a fine lawn extends itſelf to where the abbey rears its awful head in all the pride and dignity of age. It is built in the moſt beautiful ſtyle of Gothic or Saracenic architecture; the tower and all the walls are ſtill remaining, the roof alone being gone to ruin. Entering the door, inſtead of a chancel, you find yourſelf

yourſelf in a grove: Nature having ſportively ſcattered through it an enchanting aſſemblage of ſhrubbery and trees. The ſward, too, through which they ſhoot, is exquiſitely green: no depredation has been wantonly committed on Fountaine's Abbey; time and age alone have brought it to its preſent ſtate.

The ſanctity of the monks of this abbey was in former days in ſuch repute, that it became endowed with moſt ample revenues. Lord Henry de Percy, one of the principal commanders under Edward the Firſt, in his wars with Scotland, was interred before the high altar of this abbey in 1315; and the Percy family were conſidered as hereditary benefactors of the eſtabliſhment.

By an inſcription over one of the portals, it appears to have been finiſhed in 1202. The length of the grand aiſle is three hundred and ſixty feet; the cloiſter garden is quite entire; the chapter-room and library are beautifully filled with trees; the refectory is in high preſervation; the cloiſters in the ſame ſituation, as well as the dormitory; and the whole, in ſhort, ſuch as beggars every faculty of deſcription.

Leaving this charming ſpot, return by the oppoſite banks of the river, and thence through an elegantly-winding walk, till you come to a ſeat, which yields a number of ſcenes, picturesque and diverſified; and thence to a handſome building, called the Banquetting-Houſe. From the banquetting-houſe, you deſcend to the cold-bath, and thence, through ſome delightful walks, to the gate at which you entered the garden, and which conducts you, by another road, through the park, to the firſt entrance.

Not ſatisfied with this ſpot, which contains the united beauties of Stourton Park, Hagley, and Tintern Abbey, Mr. Aiſlabie has purchaſed another place within ſix miles of it, which poſſeſſes all the wildneſs of Matlock and the Leaſowes; this is Hackfall. Never was there ſeen a finer aſſemblage of wild and variegated nature.

The vale itſelf, with a beautiful river running through it, is ſurrounded with woods, rocks, cataracts. Much pains have been taken with the walks and terraces from one end to the other. Many little buildings have likewiſe been erected in it, together with ſome ruins, which are admirably well placed. Altogether, it is one of the moſt romantic, and, with a little more expence, might be made one of the moſt charming places in the kingdom.

From Hackfall we proceeded to Marſham, a neat and improving town, and thence to Richmond. The environs are pleaſant and well cultivated; but the town itſelf poſſeſſes no particular attractions. The caſtle, however, is well ſituated on an eminence north of the Swale. It was built by Alane, earl of Bretagne, ſurnamed Rufus, nephew to William the Conqueror, who, as a reward for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Haſtings, created him Earl of Richmond, and beſtowed on him this ſhire. The charter is preſerved by Camden, and is expreſſed as follows; its brevity is remarkable.

"I William, ſurnamed the Baſtard, king of England, do give and grant unto thee my nephew Allan, Earl of Bretagne, and to thy heirs for ever, all the villages and lands which of late belonged to Earl Edwin in Yorkſhire, with the knight's fees and other liberties and cuſtoms, as freely

freely and honourably as the ſame Edwin held them. Dated from our ſiege before York."

Leaving Richmond, we proceeded, through a rich and beautiful country, to within a few miles of Bernard, where we ſtopped to admire an elegant bridge, about eighty feet in ſpan and forty feet in height, thrown acroſs the Tees. That river here runs with prodigious violence; bounded on either ſide with rocks, and declining conſiderably, it forms a grand and natural caſcade, almoſt as far as the eye can reach.

Bernard is but a poor town; neither is the caſtle, though it certainly was extenſive and well placed upon the banks of the Tees, at this period, either curious or remarkable. It was built by Bernard Baliol, great grandfather of John Baliol, king of Scotland, and from its founder, it took the name of Bernard's Caſtle.

From the amazing rapidity of the Tees at the bridge I have mentioned, judging that the celebrated fall of that river muſt have increaſed, both in velocity and expanſe, from the late heavy rains, we almoſt immediately ſet off in hopes of ſeeing it that evening; but night overtook us on the way. The roads in many places were nearly impaſſable; ſo that by the time we got to Middleton, about ten miles from Bernard, we found it inadviſable to attempt any farther progreſs. At Middleton, therefore, we halted, and the next morning early we proceeded to the cataract, which, in every reſpect, came up to our expectations. An immenſe column of water tumbling for a conſiderable diſtance over huge, maſſive rocks, at length precipitates itſelf down a frightful precipice of about ſixty feet perpendicular height; roaring in its fall, and throwing up

ſuch

ſuch a quantity of ſpray, as to waſh the rocks all around. Here again it takes a quiet courſe; but, after a little progreſs, another precipice again forms a fall as beautiful as the firſt, though far leſs ſublime.

Bleak as the morning was, for the country all around was wild and deſolate, and the air pinchingly cold, we continued in admiration of this ſport of nature for ſome time, and at length returned well ſatisfied with our excurſion. On our return, our guide deſired us to ſtep on one ſide, to obſerve a bridge that has been laid acroſs the Tees at about a mile from the fall, and which is conſtructed literally to hang in chains. As may be ſuppoſed, it is ricketty and unpleaſant to a paſſenger, though ſteadied as much as poſſible by ſide-chains, which are faſtened to the rocks beneath.

Returning to Middleton, we proceeded over a large tract of moor-land to Stainthorpe, a neat, little town, and thence to Raby Caſtle.

This caſtle was built by John de Neville, ſoon after the year 1378; at which time a licence for its erection was granted by Biſhop Hatfield; a duplicate of which is ſtill preſerved in the archives of the ſee of Durham.

After the acceſſion of Henry II. no one could build a caſtle without firſt obtaining the royal licence; but the county of Durham being a palatinate, a power of granting ſuch licence belonged to the biſhop, who was there conſidered as viceroy.

Raby Caſtle, however, brilliantly as it may have been ſpoken of, is certainly not magnificent: it takes up, it is true, a vaſt extent of ground, and is kept in exceeding good repair; but ſtill it does

does not anſwer one's expectations. The park and other improvements are extenſive; but nothing farther. It is altogether worth ſeeing, and Lord Darlington ſeems deſirous of making it more ſo, by the plantations he has made around it.

From Raby Caſtle we proceeded to Biſhop Aukland, a large and populous town, where the Biſhop of Durham has an excellent park and palace, and thence to Durham. This town is charmingly ſituated on a hill, whoſe ſkirts are waſhed by the windings of the Wear, and over which there are three good bridges. The cathedral is a large edifice, though not ſo grand as might be expected in the biſhopric of Durham *. It was founded about the year 995, on a deſolate ſpot, called Dunholme, which, according to the legend, was miraculouſly pointed out. The ſhrine of St. Cuthbert for ages drew numerous devotees to the place.

The walks about Durham are rural and romantic; the banks of the Wear afford ample ſpace, and the inhabitants have not been inattentive to their improvement. The Biſhop of Durham is a temporal prince, being Earl of Sadberg, a ſmall town near Stockton, which he holds by barony. He is ſheriff paramount of the county, and appoints his deputy, who makes up his audit to him without accounting to the Exchequer. He is alſo a count palatine, lord of the city, and appoints all officers of juſtice and other inferior magiſtrates.

* It is now under the improving hand of Mr. Wyatt, with the auſpices of the venerable biſhop of the dioceſe.

A caſtle

A caſtle was built at Durham by William the Conqueror, about the year 1072, to ſerve as a retreat, or place of ſafety for the biſhop, in caſe of ſudden invaſions, to which at that time, its ſituation, both with reſpect to the ſea coaſt and Scottiſh borders, made it ſubject Leland, in his Itinerary, thus deſcribes the caſtle: "The caſtelle ſtondith ſtately on the north eſt ſide of the Minſtre, and the Were runneth under it. The kepe ſtondith aloft, and in ſtate, buildid of eight ſquare. Biſhop Fox did much reputation of this dungeon; and he made beſide in the caſtelle, a new kychen, with the offices, and many praty chambers."

Leaving Durham, we bent our courſe towards Newcaſtle, ſtopping in our way at Cocken, a ſeat belonging to Mr. Carr, delightfully ſituated on the Wear, and abounding with natural advantages, which have not been fully improved; and at a little diſtance from it, at Lumley Caſtle, a large manſion belonging to Lord Scarborough; but which contains nothing worthy of obſervation, except a good painting of Sir Thomas More. Near to Cocken is Finchale Abbey, an old monaſtery, once honoured with the reſidence of St. Godric.

Cheſter-le-ſtreet, our next ſtage, was in former days a conſiderable Roman ſtation. From thence to Newcaſtle our road was a few miles.

Newcaſtle, ſituated on the banks of the Tyne, is a large and populous town. The town itſelf, though containing good buildings, is far from handſome. Conveniency formerly was attended to, more than elegancy: a different ſpirit has now, however, taken place, and a few years more

more will perhaps ſee it upon an equal footing with other more modernly beautified towns.

The principal riches derived to Newcaſtle are from its coal works, and theſe it has enjoyed from the days of Henry III. The charter to the town of Newcaſtle by that monarch, licenſing the inhabitants to dig coal, being the firſt mention we have of that mineral in England. Vaſt numbers of colliers are conſequently employed, and theſe in their frequent voyages to London, and different parts of England, encountering every viciſſitude of ſeaſon and of weather, rear up a ſupply of mariners for our navy of the utmoſt importance to our national ſtrength. North Shields, the Graveſend of Newcaſtle, abſolutely ſwarms with them.

The caſtle at Newcaſtle was built by Robert Curthoſe, ſon of William the Conqueror, anno 1080, on which account the town took the name of Newcaſtle; before that period, it was called Monkcheſter. At the diſtance of about ten miles from Newcaſtle, the Tyne diſembogues itſelf into the German Ocean. The remains of the caſtle at this ſpot ſtill ſhew it to have been a place of conſiderable ſtrength.

To have been at Newcaſtle, and men of curioſity too, without ſeeing a coal pit, would have been a ſin of the moſt unpardonable nature. To a pit, therefore, we repaired, and, as good fortune would have it, to the largeſt in the county. Arrived at the ſpot where our expedition was to commence, we found a prodigious large fire engine at work, draining the water from the pit; and adjoining to it a circular aperture, of a tolerable diameter, filled with ſmoke. To dreſs ourſelves was the firſt operation: that being done

done in the true faſhion of the place, we next prepared for a deſcent into this ſuffocating hole. A piece of board, about one foot and a half long, and about the breadth and thickneſs of three inches, was faſtened at each end to a rope reeved through it. This ſling, or horſe, being hung upon a hook at the end of an iron chain, which was itſelf faſtened to a rope, each of us (for two went at a time) with a leg through it, and our arms twiſted round the chain, were in that manner turned off like malefactors at Tyburn, and gently lowered by the operatian of ſix horſes employed for that purpoſe, till we found ourſelves at the end of about five minutes ſafely landed on ſolid ground, and with a huge fire burning on one ſide, to keep the air in proper temperature.

All ſafely lodged in theſe nether regions, we began to explore the pit, with as little inconvenience, ſaving black faces, as if we had been moving in a drawing room. The quantity of coal in theſe places is really wonderful. A good vein generally runs ſeven feet high, and in depth *ad infinitum*. They do not, however, take all away: prodigious pillars of the ſame ſtratum are left between every apartment that is worked, to ſupport the roof. The apartments are never above four yards wide, and the pillars are always ten yards in breadth and twenty yards in depth. Seeing a dozen of theſe apartments, you, in fact, ſee the whole; they are all worked upon the ſame principle. Their extent, as you may ſuppoſe, is great; they run into each other, and in time will probably undermine the greateſt part of the country. What ſurpriſed me the moſt, were the horſes I found living there, in good

good condition, and many of which are worked for ten or fifteen years before they are rendered incapable of ſervice. The miners do not continue in the pits above twelve hours at a time.

Well ſatisfied with this trip, we began to aſcend in the ſame manner we had deſcended, and in a ſhort ſpace found ourſelves cheerfully ſeated in the fields again. A whimſical fellow, however, knowing the moment we ſhould begin our journey upwards, ſet out at the ſame inſtant downwards, and, meeting us half way, accoſted us in a pleaſant ſtrain, with "How do you do, Gentlemen?" Unable to diſcern any thing whatever, and knowing ourſelves ſuſpended, we could not conceive where the man could have placed himſelf: but we were ſoon informed it was a concerted ſcheme, on purpoſe to ſurpriſe us with a ſalutation.

The coal, which is in ſuch abundance dug from theſe pits, is wound up in baſkets, and theſe baſkets again are emptied into carts, which are placed upon cylindrical wheels; and in thoſe carts, with great expedition, though with very little labour, it is carried along by ſleepers to the warehouſe or wharf, where it is again thrown into barges for exportation. Leaving Newcaſtle, we proceeded to Morpeth.

This place and its vicinity were, in former days, notorious for the lawleſs banditti, called Moſs Troopers, who infeſted both England and Scotland. Thoſe borderers plundered each country indiſcriminately. Purſued by the Engliſh, they fled into Scotland. Purſued by the Scots, they took refuge in England. Nor would the animoſity of the two nations ſuffer them to unite their common intereſt againſt their common ene-

mies. Various methods were tried after the Union to root out the Moſs Troopers; but, ſo formidable were they grown, that in the fourteenth of Charles I. an act of parliament was purpoſely paſſed for their ſuppreſſion. The counties were even authorized to levy money within their reſpective juriſdictions; and to arm men for the apprehending and bringing them to juſtice. From Morpeth we continued to Alnwick, at the extremity of which is Alnwick Caſtle, a building which at once unites all the magnificence and grandeur of the old taſte with all the elegancy of modern improvement. It belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, and is kept in the moſt perfect order. The apartments are all happily fitted up; moſtly in the Gothic taſte: and the grounds for twenty miles together, to the infinite honour of the preſent poſſeſſor, are laid out in the moſt advantageous manner*. It being ſomewhat late in the afternoon when we arrived at Alnwick, his grace ſent to requeſt we would favour him with our company in the caſtle. We accordingly waited upon him, and were moſt courteouſly entertained.

Alnwick Caſtle is ſituated on the ſouth ſide of the river Alne, on an elevation that gives great dignity to its appearance, and in ancient times rendered it a moſt impregnable fortreſs. It is believed to have been founded in the time of the Romans, although no part of the original ſtructure is now remaining. But, when part of the dungeon, or caſtle keep, was taken down to be repaired, ſome years ago, under the preſent

* With what different optics did our author and Mr. Pennant view Alnwick; yet each, no doubt, wiſhed impartially to convey the impreſſion he felt!

walls

walls was diſcovered the foundation of other buildings, and ſome of the ſtones appeared to have Roman mouldings. Malcolm III. king of Scotland, and his eldeſt ſon, Prince Edward, loſt their lives before this place.

The caſtle properly conſiſts of three courts or diviſions; the entrance of which was defended with three ſtrong maſſy gates, called the *Outer Ward*, the *Middle Ward*, and *Inner Ward*. Each of theſe gates was in a high-embattled tower, furniſhed with a portcullis, and the outward gate with a drawbridge alſo; they had each of them a porter's lodge, and a ſtrong priſon, beſides other neceſſary apartments for the conſtable, bailiff, and ſubordinate officers. Under each of the priſons was a deep and dark dungeon; that of the inner ward is ſtill remaining in all its horror.

The ground plot contains about five acres within its outer walls, which are flanked with ſixteen towers and turrets, that now afford a complete ſet of offices to the caſtle, and retain many of their original names, as well as their ancient uſe and deſtination.

From Alnwick, our way led to Belfort; and from Belfort, the next day, we travelled through a wild country to the river Tweed, over which we croſſed by a ſtrong ſtone bridge to Berwick. From thence we proceeded to Preſs Inn; and from Preſs Inn, by a pleaſant winding road, round a capacious bay, to Boxbourne and Dunbar. From Dunbar we again continued our journey to Haddington; and from Haddington, through a highly-cultivated and fertile country, with the Frith of Forth on our right, and a range of romantic hills in our front, to Leith and Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, the well-known and often-described capital of North Britain, is pleaſantly ſituated on two hills, and is diſtinguiſhed by the names of the Old and the New Town. Over the hollow, which ſeparates the one from the other, a bridge has been thrown, at much expence. The caſtle of Edinburgh is well ſituated, and in thoſe days, when fire-arms were not uſed, was probably impregnable. Holyrood Houſe, or the Abbey, as it was anciently called, is a large, but inelegant building, famous, however, for having been the place of reſidence of the monarchs of Scotland.

In the apartments, at preſent poſſeſſed by the Duke of Hamilton, the furniture and hangings of the rooms are preſerved in which the unhappy Mary lived, and, in particular, of that in which her favourite Rizzio was murdered. The room itſelf, where he received the firſt wound, and where he clung round his royal miſtreſs for protection, is ſmall. Hence he was dragged, and with innumerable ſtabs, expired in an adjoining chamber. The blood to this hour remains on the floor; nay, ſo deeply has it penetrated, that the boards, although repeatedly plained, are ſtill the recorders of that murderous deed.

The univerſity, which is an indifferent pile of building, was founded in 1582 by James VI. on the ruins of a Carthuſian monaſtery, built at the ſole expence of the citizens, who ſtill pay the ſalaries of the profeſſors, except of a few who have been added by government. Beſides the principal and profeſſor of divinity, there are profeſſors of all the liberal arts and ſciences; ſo that it is at preſent the moſt flouriſhing univerſity in Scotland, and, with reſpect to the ſtudy of the different branches of ſcience, equal, if not ſuperior,

ſuperior, to any in Europe. The Lord Provoſt and magiſtrates of Edinburgh are its perpetual Chancellors, and by them all profeſſors are nominated, except ſuch as are paid by government. The New Town of Edinburgh is indiſputably conſtructed upon an elegant and convenient plan: the houſes are large and well built; the ſtreets broad, and the whole breathes an air of cleanlineſs and taſte.

Leaving Edinburgh, we croſſed the Frith of Forth at Queen's Ferry, and thence proceeded along a good road to Kin-Roſs, ſituated upon the pleaſant banks of Loch Leven.

This celebrated loch is about twelve miles in circumference. In one of the iſlands is a convent, in which Andrew Winton, a monk, wrote his Chronicle, the original copy of which is lodged in the Britiſh Muſeum. But that which renders the lake moſt remarkable, was the confinement of Mary on another of the iſlands, where ſhe ſigned an inſtrument, by which ſhe renounced all title to the crown, and transferred the government to her infant ſon. From this place ſhe was releaſed by George Douglas, brother of the Laird of Lochleven, who conveyed her away in a ſmall boat, which he rowed himſelf, the 2d May, 1568.

From Kin-Roſs we proceeded, through a delightful corn country, moſt induſtriouſly cultivated, to the town of Perth, built on the borders of the river Tay; the approach to which is exquiſitely neat and pleaſant.

Our next ſtage was Dundee; there we did not remain long, but croſſed the country to pay a viſit to an old and valuable acquaintance, who lived at the diſtance of about fifteen miles.

Much as we had heard of Scots hoſpitality, we yet did not conceive that it ever could have been carried to the extreme in which we found it. Our firſt intent, was merely to ſtay a night with our friend; inſtead of which, the neighbouring gentlemen leaguing themſelves together, agreeably detained us a conſiderable number of days. No ſooner had we viſited one, than another threw in his claim; and thus, loading us with a profuſion of unmerited, though moſt gratifying kindneſs, they baffled our firmeſt reſolves, and compelled us to enjoy as much ſatisfaction, as enlightened, well-bred, liberal ſociety could afford: and to finiſh all, ſome of the principal gentlemen inſiſted on accompanying us through the Highlands, and actually did ſo.

The firſt place we viſited was the caſtle of Glamis, diſtant from Dundee about eight miles. The appearance of this old manſion is much more ſingular and venerable than it is magnificent; it is built in a hollow, with a multitude of turrets ſtarting from its nodding top. It was the favourite reſidence of Macbeth, who aſſaſſinated Duncan about the middle of the eleventh century. This place and this deed are immortalized in the page of Shakeſpeare.

From the extirpation of the Picts, till the death of Macbeth, Angusſhire ſeems to have been the principal reſidence of the Scottiſh kings. The church of Glamis ſtands near the houſe; and in the church-yard are two ſtone monuments ſet up in memory of King Malcolm, who was aſſaſſinated there.

From Glamis, paſſing by the ſpot where the Picts made their laſt ſtand, a peninſula in the Tay, and by the celebrated hill of Birnam; on which

which, by the way, there is not a ſingle ſtick now growing; we proceeded to Dunkeld, a handſome town in the Highlands, where the Duke of Athol has a pleaſant winter reſidence. The ſituation of this place, ſurrounded by hills, many of them covered to the ſummit with wild, luxuriant oak, and a variety of other trees, and waſhed by branches of the Tay and Braun, is highly pictureſque; eſpecially at the ſpot called the Hermitage, where the Braun, ruſhing down a precipice, foams through a glen, confined by a wood of the moſt exquiſite foliage, and at length falls into the Tay. From Dunkeld, about two miles, ſtands the Rumbling Bridge, as it is called. This is a romantic fall of water, which by its velocity has formed an arch in the centre of a rock through which it now paſſes, and over which, in former days, the Highlanders, at the hazard of their lives, were obliged to find their way. At preſent there is a bridge erected immediately above it, the perpendicular height of which, together with the noiſe of the fall, the impetuoſity of the torrent, the roaring of the Braun for a conſiderable diſtance over a ſeries of cataracts, and the wildneſs of the hills around, form altogether ſuch an aſſemblage of ſtriking objects as are rarely to be paralleled.

Leaving Dunkeld, which was formerly an epiſcopal ſee, as the remains of its cathedral teſtify, we proceeded to Taymouth, a delightful ſeat of Lord Braedalbane, in the valley of that name: on either ſide bounded by hills covered with wood, and in front by Loch-Tay, which extends itſelf for the diſtance of ſixteen miles. The pains which have already been taken with this place, pregnant as it is with natural advantages,

tages, are evident; and in time, it will probably be one of the fineſt places in the kingdom. The beauties of the loch, the river Tay running out of it, and winding through his lordſhip's pleaſure-grounds, the romantic girting of the woods, and the roaring of a cataract from the ſummit of one of the higheſt hills, are beauties ſo ſurpaſſing moſt things to be met with, that Taymouth muſt inevitably ſtand high in the eſtimation of all true lovers of the ſublime.

About one mile from Taymouth lies the Hermitage; a deep dell on the ſouthern ſide of the loch, down which a huge ſtream rolls from a prodigious height in awful majeſty, burſting over heaps of miſshapen rocks, and ſprinkling the foreſt trees, which profuſely ſprout around it.

I have already mentioned the attention we experienced on entering Scotland; here we had a freſh inſtance of it from a quarter we did not expect. Hearing of ſome gentlemen being arrived at Taymouth, Lord Braedalbane ſent his compliments by his park-keeper, with a preſent of ſome game, which he had ſent him out on purpoſe to procure. This politeneſs we acknowledged as it deſerved: the next day, however, a freſh ſupply of veniſon, moor-game, and fruit, made its appearance; and ſhortly after, a gentleman of conſideration in the country, and intimately acquainted with his lordſhip, paid us a viſit, and went round the improvements as our conductor. This being over, we dined together, and on taking our leave in the evening, received an abundance of civility from our new acquaintance, an unaffected apology for not being able to accompany us on the road, and to entertain us at his own houſe, which was diſtant about

ſixteen

ſixteen miles; with a requeſt, that in caſe of not being well accommodated at the inn neareſt to his houſe, we ſhould paſs over to his ſeat, and take poſſeſſion of it for any length of time we ſhould think proper. The inns, however, we found tolerably good; ſo that we were not compelled to treſpaſs on his friendly intentions towards us.

But diſinteredneſs is not excluſively confined to the better ſort; the poor even ſhare it in this country, and, according to their humble means, are as anxious to ſhew their hoſpitality and friendſhip, as thoſe of the ampleſt extent of fortune. Many Highlanders would be offended at the offer of a reward; accept of their ſervices, appear ſatisfied, and they are uſuriouſly repaid for every thing they can do for you; nay, what is more ſurpriſing, this extends itſelf to many of the loweſt ſervants; one of whom, from Lord Braedalbane, having been preſſed to accept of ſome acknowledgment for the trouble he had been at to oblige us, flew out of the houſe with all imaginable trepidation, reſolutely declining the offer, and ſeemingly hurt that he ſhould be ſuppoſed capable of accepting a pecuniary gratification *.

From Taymouth we continued along the northern ſide of the loch, in our way paſſing by innumerable falls and cataracts which conſtantly feed it, and thence, croſſing a river, arrived at Killin, at the weſtern extremity of the lake. It being late in the evening when we left Taymouth, the night had far encroached upon us

* Well might Mr. Sulivan expreſs his ſurpriſe at this inſtance of diſinteredneſs in a nobleman's ſervant: it would almoſt be a phenomenon in one part of the iſland.

when we had got half way; the moon, however, ſhone with unuſual reſplendency; the lake was tranſparent as a mirror; all wore, in ſhort, the appearance of harmony and peace. In this manner, ſurrounded by the moſt charming and heart-felt objects of the creation, and ſerenely riding along, a voice ſuddenly arouſed us, chanting a love-lorn ſong to the bright miſtreſs of the night. I was agreeably ſurpriſed to find it proceed from a young damſel of about ſeventeen, with two little boys reclining themſelves on the graſs beſide her, and a few harmleſs kine, charmed as it were, with muſic, liſtening with earneſtneſs behind. The ſight was bewitching: innocence taught her not to be afraid; ſhe continued her ſong, and ſeemed to be inſpired the more ſhe ſaw that we were pleaſed with her exertions. We inſtantly accoſted her in terms of kindneſs and affection; ſhe anſwered in the ſame tone. She aſked us to drink a little milk, which we cheerfully accepted, and then, to oblige us, reſumed her ſong. This being finiſhed, ſhe roſe, and took her leave, while our beſt wiſhes accompanied her as ſhe retired. She ſhrunk from the offer of a reward for her civility, and we had only ſilently to withdraw from the ſpot where we had been enchanted with her voice.

Quitting Killin the next morning, we croſſed a river which empties itſelf into the loch, and paſſing by the ancient and venerable burying-place of the Macnabs, and through a wild and mountainous country, came to Taindrum, where we halted, and thence to Daulmally, in the ſhire of Glenorchy. Our viſit here was chiefly intended to Mr. M——, the miniſter of the place

place, a gentleman of erudition, and one from whom we were given to underſtand we ſhould receive convincing proofs of the authenticity of the celebrated poems of Oſſian. With reſpect to the antiquity of thoſe wonderful flights of genius, we had no reaſon whatſoever to heſitate in our belief. Mr. Macpherſon, the tranſlator, and one whom we are proud to liſt among our friends, had frequently told us they were indiſputably the works of that bard; that for himſelf, he had no other merit than in the tranſlation, and here and there in keeping up the unity of the piece. From Mr. M—— we had a corroborating teſtimony; his language was, "I believe moſt ſincerely thoſe poems to be genuine; many of them, from an acquaintance with the ſubject, I am convinced to be ſo; nor have I the leaſt doubt with reſpect to the others." Neither did he confine himſelf to a mere *ipſe dixit*, but in brief gave us an account of the manner in which he knew Mr. Macpherſon had procured a knowledge of ſome of the moſt celebrated paſſages. Thus ſatisfied by this reverend perſonage, we took our leave *, firſt having received from him an elegant verſion of an ancient Erſe poem, the labour of himſelf, or of a friend.

Before we left Daulmally, we paid our reſpects to the church-yard, in order to ſee ſome curious ſculptured ſtones, brought from the iſland of Icolmkill, or Iona, "The ſacred ſtorehouſe and guardian of the royal bones of Scotland," as Shakeſpeare calls it; and the place where, when

* After all, the authenticity of Oſſian's poems are diſputed. See note on Dr. Johnſon's Tour in the former volume.

chriſtianity

chriſtianity was firſt introduced into Britain, its preachers are ſaid to have retired, and inſtructed their pupils, whom they afterwards ſcattered abroad as miſſionaries through Scotland and Ireland. But the whole was myſtery to us. Rudely engraved, the characters in general hieroglyphical; ſome indeed Celtic, but too much defaced for even adepts in that language to underſtand. But a little pebble, brought from the ſame place, and given to me by the miniſter, is a gift of ineſtimable value: this ſtone, in every reſpect ſimilar to a cat's eye, is, in the opinion of the Highlanders, of wonderful efficacy, not only in this, but in the life to come.

Guarded then in this manner, though not ſo invulnerably as the Grecian hero, off we ſet for Loch-Awe, along whoſe beautiful banks we took our delighted way: but ſoon turning to the left, we ſtruck off for Inverary; in our route ridiculouſly experiencing an inſtance of that curioſity for which the Highlanders are as much celebrated, as for their kindneſs and civility.

A poor fellow driving along his cart upon a ſteep bank, and having a newſpaper in his hand, probably very old, as it was very torn, never once adverting to us, who were paſſing by, nor to the ſituation he was in himſelf, greedily kept poring over the paper, until cart and all, gradually declining, at length tumbled to the bottom. Neither could this accident divert him from his purpoſe; for no ſooner was it replaced, than he reſumed his attention to the paper with as much ardor, as if his very exiſtence had depended on its contents.

Inverary;

Inverary, the next place we came to, is ſituated on Loch-Fine, or rather on an arm of the ſea, within ſixty miles of the Weſtern Ocean, and is the county town of that name. Adjoining to it ſtands the park and caſtle of the Duke of Argyle: the former extenſive, well ſtocked with deer, and ſurrounded for thirty miles by a wall; and the latter, though very large, both heavy and inelegant. Altogether, however, it muſt be confeſſed, the ſituation is grand and magnificent. Heretofore the loch was remarkable for the great quantity of herrings which were annually caught in it, ſometimes not leſs than eight hundred boats being reckoned at a time on that ſervice. But now the fiſherman's "occupation is gone:" the herrings have all deſerted it.

Deluged with rain almoſt the whole year round, his grace of Argyle, as we were told, is obliged to ſtrew ſome of his meadows with tarpaulins to dry his hay; and in harveſt time to range his ſheaves of corn upon pegs, in granaries erected on purpoſe, and there to let them ripen with air, inſtead of ſunſhine *.

From Inverary, paſſing through a country as wild as ever nature formed; rocks piled on rocks, and mountains nodding to a fall, and yet ſcattered to their tops with ſheep, we at length came to Tarbet, ſituated on the eaſtern extremity of Loch Lomond.

Loch Lomond, the largeſt in Scotland, being thirty miles in length and nine at its greateſt

* The difference between the weſtern and the eaſtern coaſt of Scotland, in reſpect to the weather, is very remarkable. On the latter a long continuance of dry, ſerene weather is very common; in the former, it is rarely fine for a week together.

breadth, and conſequently in Great Britain, is beautiful beyond deſcription. From Tarbet, proceeding along its banks, nothing can be more charming and pictureſque. This very celebrated and extenſive lake contains ſeventeen thouſand eight hundred acres of freſh water; its depth being from twenty and forty fathoms, to one hundred and twenty fathoms. The ſouth end is twenty-two feet above the level of the ſea, and is five miles diſtant from the river Clyde, into which the large river Leven, which iſſues from the lake, diſcharges itſelf. The iſlands here and there interſperſed, are exceedingly beautiful and magnificent; they are in number about thirty, and produce a vaſt variety of trees and ſhrubs, with different kinds of grain. Many animals and birds are likewiſe found here, and in the lake are ſurpriſing quantities of fiſh of different kinds, ſalmon in particular.

At the north-eaſt extremity of the loch, and nearly at the foot of Ben Lomond, which, by the bye, is one of the higheſt mountains in the Highlands, ſtands Rob Roy's Priſon; ſo called from a rock at the bottom of a tremendous hill, on which the Macgreggors in former times uſed to drop thoſe of their clan, who were guilty of capital offences, and where the culprits either periſhed from want of food, or from the lake, in which, from deſpair, they plunged themſelves. And at the ſouth-eaſt end of it is the ſpot where the Macgreggors and Colquhuns fought, in which the latter were almoſt totally deſtroyed. During this dreadful conflict, thirty-ſix young men of the college of Dumbarton, and of the beſt families of Scotland, planted themſelves on the hill as ſpectators: apprehenſive for

their ſafety, the Macgreggors, or rather their chief, went to the young ſtudents, and, left they ſhould ſuffer from their curioſity, lodged them in a barn, under the care of a perſon of his own clan, with orders, it is ſaid, to treat them with the utmoſt tenderneſs and care; but this wretch, however inſtigated, or for whatever purpoſe, inhumanly butchered the whole party. To wipe off this bloody ſtain from the clan, the miſcreant was puniſhed by the Macgreggors themſelves with death. But this was not ſufficient: the circumſtance appeared ſo black, that they were to a man proſcribed, their eſtates confiſcated, and the name blotted from the records of the kingdom. They have ſince, howbeen reſtored to their name by act of parliament, and releaſed from any farther perſecution by legiſlative authority.

Scattered on either ſide of this beautiful lake, are ſeveral ſeats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen of the country, eſpecially one, the property of the Duke of Montroſe, not far diſtant from the Grampian Hills; and on the iſlands likewiſe, ſo exquiſitely clad in the ſweeteſt charms of nature, are ſtill the ivy-mantled remains of former ſuperſtition. About midway, on the margin, ſtands a neat and pretty village; here we embarked in a boat, rowed to the ſouthernmoſt end of the loch, where we landed. and proceeded towards Dumbarton, paſſing by a monumental pillar, inſcribed to the memory of Smollet, on the banks of the Leven, whoſe beauty he celebrates in the following lines:—

"On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,

I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource,
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread:
While lightly pois'd the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy cryſtal flood:
The ſpringing trout in ſpeckled pride,
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war,
The ſilver eel, and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, ſo gaily green,
May numerous flocks and herds be ſeen,
And laſſes chanting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard."

Nothing is remarkable at Dumbarton, except the caſtle, ſituated on the Clyde, upon a lofty and ſingular heap of rocks, and affording an extenſive and variegated proſpect. From Dumbarton, where the remains of the Roman wall are ſtill viſible, and near which the Grampian Hills begin, we continued our route to the city of Glaſgow. This town, however it may be claſſed with reſpect to Edinburgh, the metropolis, is certainly ſuperior to it: the ſituation is better, the houſes are more elegantly built, and the ſtreets are as broad and as clean as almoſt any in Great Britain. The univerſity, too, is a fairer looking building than that of Edinburgh;

nor

nor has it been leſs famous for the great men whom it has produced.

A few miles from Glaſgow ſtands the celebrated ironfoundery, called Carron. This place appears wonderful to a ſtranger. How far the powers of mechaniſm can go in the great ſtyle, is here tremendouſly diſplayed: hell itſelf ſeems open to one's view; nor do the bellows afford a leſs horrid noiſe than the yelling of all the infernal deities put together.

Hence we proceeded to Edinburgh, where we reſted ourſelves, and reflected with no ſmall degree of gratitude and ſatisfaction on the pleaſures we had received during our Highland tour.

Bidding adieu to our fellow travellers through the Highlands, in October we left Edinburgh, and proceeded through Kelſo, a neat and pretty town, ſituated on the Tweed; and thence, through a country generally rich in corn, to the ancient city of Carliſle. The caſtle of Carliſle is old and ruinous: it was taken by the rebels in 1745, but was afterwards retaken by the Duke of Cumberland. The cathedral is ſpacious, but inelegant, and built of a red freeſtone, which gives it an indifferent appearance *.

From Carliſle we proceeded to Penrith, the eminence above which affords one of the richeſt proſpects in the kingdom. The church of Penrith is a handſome new building, well galleried, and ornamented in the modern ſtyle. In the church-yard is a curious monument, apparently of antiquity, concerning whoſe original deſign

* For a more particular deſcription of Carliſle, ſee Mr. Pennant's Tour.

the learned are much divided, though it is generally conſidered as a ſepulchral memorial.

Juſt without the town ſtands the caſtle: doubts have ariſen about this likewiſe. It is certainly very old; what farther it has in its favour, I will not pretend to ſay.

About half a mile from Penrith ſtands Arthur's Round Table. This is ſaid to be of great antiquity; but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpoſe it was made*.

About half a mile diſtant from this ſtands Maybrough: a place evidently of druidical worſhip. It is ſituated on the flat ſurface of an inconſiderable hill; having one large ſtone immediately in the centre, eleven feet high, and, near its middle, twenty-two feet in circumference. Around this plain an uncemented wall is continued in an exact circle.

Leaving this place we proceeded to Lowther Hall, a ſeat belonging to the baronet of that name. The grounds are unimproved; the houſe is indifferent, and the roads in ſo bad a condition, that a carriage ſtands a good chance of being ſhattered at every foot it is moved†. The manufactory, however, of carpeting at this place, patronized immediately by Sir James himſelf, and founded for the relief of between twenty and thirty orphans, whom he conſtantly maintains, is worthy of attention, and does honour to his humanity. The ſtyle of this work is in imitation of the Gobelin tapeſtry.

Quitting Lowther Hall, we returned to Pen-

* See Pennant, &c.

† What a revolution has twenty years made in the ſtate of the roads! There are few places in England now where a carriage may not paſs without difficulty.

rith,

rith, and thence proceeding along the beautiful windings of the Emont, and paſſing by the hill Dunmorlet, covered to its very ſummit with oak and evergreens, we at length arrived at Uls Water. This lake, ſurrounded entirely by wild hills, ſaving the margins, which are well cultivated, and in many places planted with wood, is nine miles long, and about one mile over at its greateſt width. The different views which its ſerpentine curvatures afford, are highly picturesque, eſpecially towards its extremity. About the centre of the lake, a ſmall piece of land juts wildly out, on which Mr. Robinſon has erected a houſe, whence he has a delightful and moſt romantic proſpect.

From Uls Water we proceeded towards Keſwick, ſtanding in a beautiful vale on the confines of the Lake of Derwentwater.

This lake has long been eſteemed the moſt beautiful of any in England, and for its ſize it is probably deſerving the eulogium. To labour at its deſcription is, however, needleſs. Many pens have already been employed on that ſubject: mine, therefore, ſhall confine itſelf to a poetical tranſcript, which, making allowances for the exuberance of fancy, will exhibit a juſt and not exaggerated picture.

——————"To Nature's pride,
Sweet Keſwick's vale, the muſe will guide;
The muſe who trod th'enchanted ground,
Who ſail'd the wond'rous lake around;
With you will haſte once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrowdale.
From ſavage parent, gentle ſtream,
Be thou the muſe's favourite theme;
O ſoft, inſinuating, glide
Silent along the meadow's ſide;

Smooth

Smooth o'er the ſandy bottom paſs,
Reſplendent all through fluid glaſs,
Unleſs upon thy yielding breaſt.
Their heads the painted lilies reſt,
To where, in deep, capacious bed,
The widely liquid lake is ſpread.
Let other ſtreams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore;
Ruſh, raving on with boiſt'rous ſweep,
And foaming rend the frighted deep.
Thy gentle genius ſhrinks away,
From ſuch a rude, unequal fray;
Thro' thy own native dale, where riſe
Tremendous rocks amid the ſkies,
Thy waves with patience ſlowly wind,
Till they the ſmootheſt channel find:
Soften the horrors of the ſcene;
And, through confuſion, flow ſerene;
Horrors like theſe at firſt alarm,
But ſoon with ſavage grandeur charm,
And raiſe to nobleſt thoughts your mind;
Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd
The cragged cliff, impending wood,
Where ſhadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds with ſolemn ſail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale
O'er the capp'd hill and darken'd vale;
The rav'ning kite and bird of Jove,
Which round the aëreal ocean move,
And, floating on the billowy ſky,
With full, expanded pinions fly,
There flutt'ring on their bleating prey,
Thence with death-dooming eye ſurvey
Channels by rocky torrents torn,
Rocks to the lake in thunder borne:
Or ſuch as o'er our heads appear,
Suſpended in the mid career,
To ſtart again at his command,
Who rules fire, water, air, and land;
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleaſing, though an awful ſight,
For ſeen with them, the verdant iſles
Soften with more delicious ſmiles;

More tempting twine their opening bowers,
More lively flow the purple flowers,
More ſmoothly ſlopes the border gay,
In fairer circle bends the bay,
And laſt, to fix our wand'ring eyes,
Thy roofs, oh Keſwick! brighter riſe,
The lake and lofty hills between,
Where giant Skiddaw ſhuts the ſcene." DALTON.

The length of the lake is not quite four miles; its circumference about ten: altogether it affords a profuſion of wild and romantic ſcenery. Mr. Pennant ſays, Loch Lomond in Scotland, and Loch Lene, or Killarney, in Ireland, are powerful rivals to the lake in queſtion; and that were a native of either of theſe kingdoms to demand his opinion of their reſpective beauties, he would anſwer as Melvil did Queen Elizabeth, "that ſhe was the faireſt perſon in England, and his miſtreſs the faireſt in Scotland." This is a compliment, however, I cannot ſubſcribe to, neither will I to Mr. Cumberland's deciſion, that Uls Water is ſuperior to them all. Probably the weather was unfavourable, when theſe gentlemen viſited the places which they condemn: men are apt to be led away by firſt impreſſions. A conſiderable diſtance of time, likewiſe, between the ſight of two places, gives the laſt which is ſeen a great advantage over the firſt. Within a few days I ſaw both the Uls, Derwentwater, and Loch Lomond, and that too on the cleareſt days and with the fineſt weather; and thus qualified, I cannot refrain from pronouncing, that Loch Lomond is in every reſpect ſuperior to them both. Nay, farther, that Loch Tay, Loch Awe, and even Loch Leven, in Scotland, have advantages which neither the Uls nor Derwentwater poſſeſs.

Within

Within a few miles of Keſwick, at a place called Borrowdale, a vein has been diſcovered of black lead, or what is, in that country, called wadd. The ſhaft is now covered with water, ſo that we could not ſee it; we, however, obtained a piece of the mineral.

The road from Keſwick to Ambleſide is the moſt enchanting and pictureſque that can be conceived; woods, lawns, and fields, environed by hills, mark it in all its progreſs. The Lake of Thurlmere firſt preſents itſelf, and then the Lake of Graſmere, the valley of which is thus deſcribed by Mr. Gray: "The boſom of the mountains ſpreading here into a broad baſon, diſcover, in the midſt, Graſmere Water; its margin is hollowed into ſmall bays with eminences, ſome of rock, ſome of ſoft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the ſhore, a low promontory puſhes itſelf far into the water, and on it ſtands a white village, with a pariſh church riſing in the midſt of it, hanging incloſures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole ſpace from the edge of the water; and juſt oppoſite to you is a large farm-houſe, at the bottom of a ſteep, ſmooth lawn, emboſomed in old wood, which climb half way up the mountain's ſides, and diſcover above a broken line of crags that crown the ſcene. Not a ſingle red tile, nor flaring gentleman's houſe, or garden-wall, break in upon the repoſe of this little, unſuſpected paradiſe; but all is peace, ruſticity, and happy poverty, in its neateſt and moſt becoming attire."

Leaving this, we proceeded, by Rydall Water, to the Lake of Windermere. This is an extenſive

ſive piece of water, interſperſed with iſlands, the lands on either ſide well cultivated, and the whole exhibiting a choice aſſemblage of the richeſt and moſt variegated beauties.

At this place we took our leave of the lakes, and, continuing our journey over the Moors, came to Kendal. This is the largeſt town in Weſtmorland, and conſiſts of good ſtreets excellently paved: it is diſtant two hundred and fifty-ſix miles from London. The ruins of a caſtle on the farther ſide of the river are ſcarcely worth ſeeing. From Kendal we proceeded to Burton, on the borders of Lancaſhire, and from Burton to Lancaſter, the chief city of that county.

Lancaſter is a large and populous town, well built, clean, and abounding in good houſes. The caſtle is remarkable; it is very ancient, but ſtill in high preſervation, and its ſituation commanding.

Leaving Lancaſter, we proceeded to Preſton, a conſiderable and well-inhabited town, and thence to Liverpool. This town, next to London, has the greateſt appearance of wealth and induſtry of any in the kingdom; every ſtreet is crowded with people, the docks and river are filled with ſhipping, the quays are piled with goods, and the merchants and traders carry the oſtenſible marks of riches in their looks.

From Liverpool we proceeded, through Preſcot and Warrington, to Northwich, a conſiderable town in Cheſhire. In the neighbourhood of Northwich, ſalt has been made from ſprings for many years; it was not, however, until lately that the pits of rock ſalt were diſcovered, and that they were worked to advantage. We deſcended into one of theſe pits, in a bucket, about

two

two hundred feet. When we reached the bottom, we were aſtoniſhed. In former excurſions, room had ſcarcely been allotted to us for other purpoſes than merely to crawl upon our knees as brutes; here another ſcene exhibited itſelf. Conceive an extenſive area of ſolid rock, level as if it had been worked by the niceſt hand of maſonry; the roof in the ſame manner riſing to a dome, with a cupola in the centre, and the whole ſupported by the moſt regular colonnades, five and forty feet in height, eighteen feet in thickneſs, and diſtant from each other about four and twenty feet; this, too, all of rock ſalt, and glittering with tranſparency. Of all the ſubterranean curioſities in this iſland, this is probably the beſt worth ſeeing. The quantity of rock beneath, the miners are not able to aſcertain; dangers irremediable would attend the trial. It was once made, but with a melancholy conſequence: water guſhed in, and with ſuch irreſiſtible impetuoſity, that it filled the cavern, and deſtroyed every creature who was in it.

From Northwich we again turned towards the North, paſſing through Althrington, and thence to Worſley, where we had the ſatisfaction of embarking on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. Extenſive as this cut undoubtedly is, it is ſtill rendered more worthy of admiration from its being effected by the exertions of a ſingle individual, and that, too, at an age (his grace being no more than one and twenty when he began it) when gaiety and diſſipation, in general, ſuperſede every other conſideration. The windings of this artificial river, in its ſubterranean navigation, are about eight meaſured miles; many parts through the ſimple excavations in the rocks,

others arched with maſonry and brick-work. The coal-pits, to which theſe lead, are at preſent worked to much advantage. Upon the whole, it is a wonderful and ſtupendous work, deſerving much praiſe, and highly meriting applauſe and imitation.

From Worſley we proceeded to Mancheſter. This town ſtands near the conflux of the rivers Irk and Irwell, three miles from the Merſey, and one hundred and eighty-two miles from London. The buildings, manufactures, and trade of this place ſurpaſs all others in the county. The fuſtian manufactory, called Mancheſter cotton, for which it has been famous for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, has likewiſe been much improved by ſeveral inventions of dyeing and printing.

From Mancheſter we continued our progreſs, through Rochdale and Halifax, to Bradford, and thence to Leeds. This is an ancient and populous town, ſituated on the banks of the river Aire, and has long been famous for its woollen manufacture; the ſelling of which on a market-day, in the cloth-hall, is curious.

Within two or three miles of Leeds ſtand the venerable ruins of Kirkſtall Abbey, built by Henry de Lacy, anno 1147, and dedicated to the Virgin. By the ruins it appears to have been a ſtately fabric, and, excepting Fountaine's Abbey, is, I think, inferior to none we had hitherto met with.

——— "Time's gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monaſtic, which, when deck'd with all its ſpires,

Serv'd but to feed ſome pamper'd abbot's pride,
And awe the unletter'd vulgar." MASON.

Leaving Leeds, we proceeded, through Wakefield and Barnſley, to Wentworth Caſtle, a moſt charmingly ſituated place, belonging to the Earl of Strafford, and thence to Wentworth Houſe, the uſual reſidence of the Marquis of Rockingham, which though large, and of a fair appearance, has nothing above the common ſtyle to recommend it to conſideration. Some of the pictures in it are excellent.

Hence we proceeded, through Rotherham and Workſop, to Workſop Manor, a prodigious pile of unfiniſhed building, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and thence to Welbeck, a ſeat of the Duke of Portland. Here we found an appearance of every thing that was comfortable; the houſe itſelf not large, but convenient, furniſhed with modeſty, and much more for utility than ornament. Several of the pictures are finiſhed in an exquiſite manner, and in high preſervation.

From Welbeck we continued our journey to Mansfield, once remarkable for an ancient cuſtom of the manor, by which the heirs were declared of age the day on which they were born; thence to Lord Byron's, in Sherwood Foreſt, and then to Nottingham. This town ſtands on the Lind, near its influx into the Trent, one hundred and twenty-four miles from London. The caſtle, ſuppoſed to have been built by William the Conqueror, is a ruinous, old building, erected on a vaſt acclivity. In divers parts in and about the town are large, commodious apartments cut in the ſolid rock, many of which afford the beſt

kind

kind of ale cellaring, for which Nottingham is famous.

From Nottingham, continuing our journey, we proceeded to Loughborough and Leiceſter, ſituated on the Roman military way, called the Foſſe, and thence, through a fine paſture country, to Harborough, Oulden, Newport, and Wooburn. At this laſt place the Duke of Bedford has an extenſive park, with a large, commodious houſe; nothing, however, ſingularly grand or magnificent*; and from hence, without any farther remark, we made the beſt of our way to London, highly gratified with what we had ſeen in our long tour, and pleaſed at the compariſons of the preſent with the former ſtate of Britain; a compariſon as delightful to the patriot, as inſtructive to the philoſopher.

* Wooburn has received ſome ſplendid improvements ſince the period of Mr. Sulivan's tour.

TOUR

IN IRELAND,

Made between the Years 1776 and 1779

BY

ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. F.R.S.

THE beneficial labours of Mr. Young, in the ſervice of agriculture and his country, will long be preſerved in the memory of a grateful poſterity, and entitle him to the higheſt diſtinction from his contemporaries.

His tour in Ireland embraces a wide field of remark on the civil and agricultural ſtate of that iſland, and therefore only to a very limited degree falls within our plan; yet we ſhould feel ourſelves wanting in attention to the public, did we not enrich our collection with a ſummary of the ſcenes that fell under the review of ſuch an intelligent author, particularly as travels in the ſiſter iſland are neither numerous nor ſatisfactory.

On June 19, 1776, Mr. Young arrived at Holyhead, on his firſt viſit to Ireland, and, after a tedious paſſage of twenty-two hours, arrived next day at Dunlary, about four miles from Dublin, which city far exceeded his expectations, in its grandeur, regularity, and accommodations. The

front of the parliament-houſe is grand, and the apartments are ſpacious and elegant. "I was ſo fortunate as to arrive juſt in time," ſays he, "to ſee Lord Harcourt, with the uſual ceremonies, prorogue the parliament."

Trinity College is a beautiful building, with a large ſociety. The new Exchange will do honour to Ireland. Other public and private buildings ſhew a thriving capital, the population of which is computed at two hundred thouſand ſouls.

Next day after his arrival, our author was introduced to the lord lieutenant, with whom he had ſome converſation on the ſubject of his intended tour. After this interview, he ſaw the Duke of Leinſter's houſe, the barracks, which are of vaſt extent, and cloſed the day at the Rotunda, a building in imitation of Ranelagh, with a band of muſic.

Having viewed Lord Charlemont's houſe in Dublin, which is equally elegant and convenient, and decorated with ſome fine paintings, he ſet out for his lordſhip's villa at Marino, near the city, one of the fineſt ſpots for picturesque effect that can poſſibly be conceived.

Fiſh and poultry," ſays Mr. Young, "are plentiful and cheap in Dublin. Good lodgings are almoſt as dear as in London, nor are they equal in cleanlineſs. During the winter ſeſſion of a parliament, there is a good ſociety in Dublin; and a great round of dinners, balls, and ſuppers, ſome of which are very elegant. But, amidſt all this ſplendor of the great, the common people preſent a moſt wretched and painful contraſt, both in their dreſs, lodgings, and ſtyle of living."

Leaving

Leaving Dublin, Mr. Young paſſed through Phœnix Park, at the bottom of which the Liffy forms a number of charming landſcapes, and purſued his way to Luttrell's Town, a moſt beautiful domain, enriched with woods, and waſhed by the Liffy.

The following day they viſited Mr. Clements, at Killadoon, who has lately built an excellent houſe, and ſucceſsfully planted round it. Next morning breakfaſted with Colonel Marlay, at Cellbridge, a gentleman who, having ſerved with honour in the wars, had devoted his time, ſince 1763, to the improvement of his eſtate, which appeared to be in a high ſtate of cultivation. The farms here are generally about one hundred acres; and the medium rent of the county is from 20l. to 100l. a year.

Proceeded through Lauglinſtown, the former farm of Mr. Baker, to whom the Dublin Society, with a liberality that did them honour, made an allowance of 300l. per annum, to enable him to make experiments; yet it appears he had not ſufficient capital to carry his own ideas into execution, or to anſwer the expectations of his patrons.

Viewed Lucan, the ſeat of Agmondiſham Veſey, eſq. on the banks of the Liffy, the grounds of which are exceedingly beautiful. The character of the place is that of a ſequeſtered ſhade; for diſtant views are wholly excluded. Leaving Lucan, they viſited Leixlip, celebrated for its ſalmon leap, and then St. Wolſtan's, a beautiful villa, environed by cheerful grounds.

From thence they proceeded to Caſtletown, where Mr. Conolly has the fineſt ſeat of any in Ireland. It is a large, handſome edifice, raiſed in the

the middle of an extenſive lawn, environed with plantations, moſt delightfully diſpoſed, and commanding ſome charming views.

Cartown, at no great diſtance, is a ſeat of the Duke of Leinſter, and the park is ſingularly beautiful, and extremely varied. His grace has nearly ſixty thouſand acres of land, all his own property, lying round his reſidence; and "Ireland," ſays Mr. Young, "is obliged to him for ſpending the revenue on the ſpot that produces it. At a ſmall diſtance from the park is the new town of Manooth, built by the duke on a regular, uniform plan.

Reached Kilcock, and next morning waited on Mr. Jones, of Dolleſtown, from whom our touriſt obtained much uſeful agricultural information. Potatoes are very generally cultivated here. Poultry abounds both in the cabins and farm-yards.

From thence they took the road to Summerhill, through a cheerful and rich country. The cabins in this track are well built of clay, and comfortably warm; nor are many of the cottars without one cow at leaſt.

In the evening of the ſame day, viſited Lord Mornington's at Dangan. The plantations here are extenſive; and a fine ſheet of water is forming, with five or ſix iſlands in it, ſo as to reſemble a natural lake.

June 29, proceeded to Slane, the country uniformly pleaſant, particularly that part of it which lies on the banks of the Boyne. Here our touriſt had the pleaſure of finding the Right Hon. Mr. Burton, a gentleman who had zealouſly intereſted himſelf in the objects of his deſign.

Slane

Slane Caſtle, on the Boyne, is a very beautiful place. The grounds are bold and variegated, riſing round the manſion in noble hills or beautiful inequalities of ſurface, with an outline of flouriſhing plantations. Under the caſtle flows the Boyne, broken by iſlands, with a very fine ſhore of rock on one ſide, and wood on the other.

Next day they took a ride to view the circumjacent country, paſſing through ſeveral well-cultivated farms, and returned to the caſtle to dinner.

Monknewton, about half way between Drogheda and Slane, formerly belonged to the rich abbey of Meliſont, whoſe beautiful Gothic ruins ſtill attract the eye of taſte, but is now chiefly the property of John Baker Holroyd, eſq.* of Sheffield Place in Suſſex, to whom Mr. Young confeſſes himſelf under many obligations, and who deſerves great praiſe for meliorating the ſituation of his tenants, in letting his lands to the immediate occupiers, by which means the middleman, or under-letter, is aboliſhed. It is impoſſible, within our limits, to do full juſtice to a man who combines great knowledge with great attention to whatever can contribute to the welfare of his tenantry. It ſeems, land lets near Drogheda at two or three guineas an acre.

July 1, leaving Slane Caſtle, took the road towards Kells, calling at Gibbſtown to ſee the ſtock and farm of Mr. Gerard. Reached Lord Bective's in the evening, through a charming country, and was no leſs delighted with the manſion and its accompaniments. The houſe is

* Now Lord Sheffield.

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Slane Caſtle, on the Boyne, is a very beautiful place. The grounds are bold and variegated, riſing round the manſion in noble hills or beautiful inequalities of ſurface, with an outline of flouriſhing plantations. Under the caſtle flows the Boyne, broken by iſlands, with a very fine ſhore of rock on one ſide, and wood on the other.

Next day they took a ride to view the circumjacent country, paſſing through ſeveral well-cultivated farms, and returned to the caſtle to dinner.

Monknewton, about half way between Drogheda and Slane, formerly belonged to the rich abbey of Meliſont, whoſe beautiful Gothic ruins ſtill attract the eye of taſte, but is now chiefly the property of John Baker Holroyd, eſq.* of Sheffield Place in Suſſex, to whom Mr. Young confeſſes himſelf under many obligations, and who deſerves great praiſe for meliorating the ſituation of his tenants, in letting his lands to the immediate occupiers, by which means the middleman, or under-letter, is aboliſhed. It is impoſſible, within our limits, to do full juſtice to a man who combines great knowledge with great attention to whatever can contribute to the welfare of his tenantry. It ſeems, land lets near Drogheda at two or three guineas an acre.

July 1, leaving Slane Caſtle, took the road towards Kells, calling at Gibbſtown to ſee the ſtock and farm of Mr. Gerard. Reached Lord Bective's in the evening, through a charming country, and was no leſs delighted with the manſion and its accompaniments. The houſe is

* Now Lord Sheffield.

a large

a large, plain, ſtone edifice, the body of which is one hundred and forty-five feet long, and each of the wings one hundred and eighty. Some of the apartments are ſpacious. The plantations are numerous and extremely thriving. "This nobleman," ſays Mr. Young, "confirmed what I had heard before, that the way to make our firs equal to foreign, is to cut them in June, and lay them three or four months in the water." The general rent of this neighbourhood is about 20s. an acre. The cottars plant great quantities of potatoes, which produce abundantly.

Proceeded to Drueſtown, the ſeat of Barry Barry, eſq. and from thence to Packenham Hall, where Lord Longford gave them a kind reception. This ſeat is pleaſantly ſituated, with much old timber growing round it.

"In converſation with Lord Longford," ſays Mr. Young, "I found that in ſome reſpects the lower claſſes were in good circumſtances, in others, indifferent." They have in general plenty of potatoes, flax for their linen, and moſt of them a cow, ſome two. All have a pig and numbers of poultry, which, together with the family, inhabit the ſame cabin. Fuel is abundant, and fiſh coſt no more than the trouble of catching; yet, to reverſe the picture, they are ill clothed, make a wretched appearance, and are much oppreſſed by the great renters of land. In conſequence, they are ready to take very unfair advantages, and to purloin whatever they can lay their hands on.

A few miles from Lord Longford's, the road leads up a mountain, and commands a beautiful view of Loch Derrevaragh, a noble expanſe, eight miles long, and in ſome places two miles

miles broad. Afterwards they paſſed under the principal mountain, which riſes abruptly from the lake, with a bold outline, while the water fills the whole extent of the vale.

When they reached Mullingar, it was a fair for cattle and wool. This town has few attractions. On leaving it, they took the road to Tullamore, and, in the way, ſtopt at the Earl of Belvidere's, a moſt ſtriking ſituation. The houſe is perched on the crown of a beautiful, little hill, half ſurrounded with others, variegated and melting into each other. Altogether it is a ſingular place, and the eye from hence is charmed with a fine lawn of undulating ground, fringed with wood, and dotted with ſingle trees and clumps; while, to fill up the canvaſs, Lake Ennel, many miles in length and two or three miles broad, winds beneath the windows. This expanſe of water is ſpotted with iſlets, and a promontory of rock, fringed with trees, ſhoots into it, beyond which riſe diſtant hills.

Part of the bog of Allen lies in the way to Tullamore. This track, if drained, would make excellent meadow. The road over it is formed by cutting a drain on each ſide, and covering it with gravel. Tullamore is tolerably built, but contains nothing remarkable. Paſſing through it, they proceeded to Captain Johnſton's, at Charleville, from whom a conſiderable ſhare of information, relative to the rural economy of the diſtrict, was obtained. Cottages, with half an acre of land, let for 20s.; with two acres, for 40s. The prevailing religion is popery. Much bog has been reclaimed by draining; and, to encourage this, the Dublin Society has been liberal in its premiums.

On

On the 6th of July, went to Rathan, where the Earl of Shelburne had placed a Norfolk bailiff for the management of a farm, a deſign that does honour to the nobleman who formed it. "I found him," obſerves Mr. Young, "juſt what I could wiſh; neither diſguſted with the country nor the people, but on the contrary, pleaſed and animated with the proſpect of improvement before him. He was going on perfectly well in draining, and Lord Shelburne has a fine field to work upon, having not leſs than four thouſand acres of bog in this vicinity."

From Rathan proceeded to Glebe, and from thence to Shaen Caſtle, near Mount Mellick, paſſing near large tracks of mountain, waſte, and bog. About Shaen Caſtle, farms of forty or fifty acres are very common, and ſcarcely any riſe to more than four hundred. Flax and potatoes are uſually raiſed by the poor for their own uſe. The land lets, on a medium, at about 13s. per acre; but the grain is not very good. Dairying and feeding ſheep are moſt productive. Some capital improvements in drainage have been effected here.

Leaving Shaen Caſtle, took the road towards Athy, and breakfaſted at General Walſh's. It appears, this gentleman is a conſiderable farmer, and a greater improver.

Much good wheat and bear grow in the way to Athy. Paſſing that town, followed the courſe of the river Barrow for ſome time, which, winding through a beautiful valley, diſpenſes verdure and fertility as it flows.

Viſited Mr. Vicars, at Ballynakill, a conſiderable grazier, who farms near two thouſand acres. Cabins let here for 20s. each, and the paſturage

of

of a cow only 30s. more. The average rent of the county of Carlow is about 15s. an acre.

Paſſed on to Brownſhill, the ſeat of Mr. Brown, a good convenient houſe, in an open ſituation, commanding an extenſive proſpect. Tillage is much increaſed in this vicinity; and in the front of Mr. Brown's houſe is a mountain, which is cultivated far up its ſides. This has been chiefly effected by cottars, who pay the high rent of 10s. an acre for what they are going to improve.

Next day, July 9, leaving Brownſhill, took the road to Laughlin Bridge, calling on a Mr. Butler, at Ballybar, a very active and intelligent farmer, on a large ſcale. From thence they proceeded to Captain Mercer's mill, at Laughlin Bridge, one of the moſt conſiderable in Ireland. It is large and convenient, and grinds fifteen thouſand barrels a year. Corn is generally kiln-dried here, ſo that none of the wheat has the ſame bright colour as in England. Very ingenious machinery is uſed to facilitate the labour in every operation carried on here, ſome of it the invention of the proprietor of the mill.

Nothing intereſting preſented itſelf till they reached Kilfaine. The country is bleak, and deſtitute of wood, but, in ſome places, produces very good wheat. Here our author viſited Mr. Burke; and, after a night's repoſe, took a ride with him to view the environs, where corn is produced in great abundance.

Mount Juliet, the ſeat of Lord Carrick, in this vicinity, is delightfully ſituated on a fine declivity, at the foot of which runs the Nore, and commands a view of ſome extenſive plantations that cover the hills on the other ſide of the river.

ver. The Nore is a very fine ſtream, and has a good accompaniment of well-grown woods. Some ſpots are highly pictureſque.

About Kilfaine, farms generally run from one to two hundred acres. The ſoil is a dry, ſound, gravelly loam, with many ſtones, much inclinable to ſand. The greateſt part is rented at about 20s. an acre, and finer turnip land, in our author's eſtimation, the world does not produce. Dairying is productive here: a good cow will yield three gallons and a half of milk a day. In hiring and ſtocking a farm, one year's rent is requiſite; and all the leaſes are for twenty-one or thirty-one years. Much land is in the occupation of under-tenants, who hire of middlemen, but generally under old leaſes. A cabin and an acre of land let for about three guineas. The cottars commonly have a cow, pig, and poultry. In reſpect to their condition, they ſubſiſt principally on potatoes, and their cattle always lodge with them in the ſame cabin, though their children are very numerous.

There is a practice here of ſeveral little farmers taking a large farm in partnerſhip. They muſt be equal in ſtock, and pretty nearly ſo in circumſtances. Every field is equally divided among them, and though they mutually aſſiſt each other, they never throw the whole into one ſtock, and divide the profit; probably from ſuſpicions of each other's integrity.

Leaving Kilfaine, Mr. Buſke, with whoſe management Mr. Young expreſſes himſelf much pleaſed, accompanied them to Woodſtock, the the ſeat of Sir W. Fownes. The road is the moſt charming that can be conceived. From Thomaſtown, it leads, on the eaſt ſide of the river,

through

through ſome beautiful copſe woods. The river Nore winds at the bottom; and beyond this the country opens, and, for ſix or ſeven miles to Inniſteague, the way runs along a declivity, ſhelving down to the river, which takes a winding courſe, and preſents a great variety of features. Narrow ſlips of meadow, of a beautiful verdure, in ſome places line the ſhore, and unite with the cultivated fields, which ſpread over the adjoining hills, almoſt to their very top.

On coming in ſight of Woodſtock, the ſcenery is ſtriking; the road mounts the ſide of the hill, and commands the river at the bottom of the declivity, finely feathered with trees; while the borough of Inniſteague, in a moſt picturesque ſituation, bounded by hills, gives a finiſh to the landſcape.

Croſſing the bridge, they paſſed through the town, and aſcended to Mount Sandford, at the top of an almoſt-perpendicular rock, overgrown with bruſh-wood. At the bottom is the river, which, at this ſpot fills up the vale, but winding by degrees, it preſents various reaches, intermixed with little tufts of trees.

Of Woodſtock, there is a very fine view from the top of one of the hills. The houſe ſtands in the centre of a ſloping wood, of five hundred Engliſh acres, hanging down to the river, which flows at the bottom of a winding glen. Advancing towards Roſs, the views are very fine. Deſcending to the ferry, is a noble ſcene of the Barrow, a vaſt river with bold winding ſhores, ſometimes opening and ſometimes ſhutting, in the moſt ſublime and beautiful ſtyle. The town itſelf is built on the ſide of a hill down to the water's edge, and ſhips of ſeven hundred tons burden

may, without difficulty, navigate it. Yet, with all theſe advantages, trade is languid, and only a few brigs and ſloops belong to the place. This vicinity was long the ſcene of the infamous exploits of the White Boys.

From Roſs, took the road towards Wexford, and found the land, though good, much lower rented. Much of it is over-run with furze (the ulex Europæus). Lay at Taghmon, at an ordinary inn, where they found neither rack nor manger in the ſtable.

On the 12th of July, ſallied from the inn in ſearch of adventures in theſe noted baronies, of which they had heard ſo much. They were completely peopled by Strongbow; and have ſtill retained a ſort of Saxon dialect. "I had been told," ſays Mr. Young, "that the inhabitants were infinitely more induſtrious and better farmers than in any other part of Ireland; but, in the barony of Bargie, I was much ſurpriſed to ſee nothing more than common. In ſome reſpects, I obſerved the vileſt huſbandry, which was exhauſting the land with ſucceſſive crops of corn, and then ſuffering it to cover itſelf with weeds and graſs by degrees." Potatoes are the food of the common people only during the winter: the reſt of the year they have oatmeal. Farms in Bargie run from forty to one hundred acres.

Hearing that in the barony of Shelmal there was a part of it inhabited by Quakers, who, to uſe the words of an Iriſh farmer, "were very cunning, and the d——l an acre of bad land would they hire." Mr. Young was anxious to viſit theſe ſagacious *friends*. All the way, the cabins were generally much better than in other parts

parts of Ireland. Some of them had two or three rooms, with windows and chimneys, and ſeparate ſtyes and ſheds for the pigs and cattle.

At St. Margaret's they introduced themſelves to Colonel Nun, who furniſhed our author with much local information, reſpecting this diſtinct race of people. In general they are quiet and induſtrious to an uncommon degree: in many years, a robbery is not heard of among them. The little farmers live very comfortably and happy, and many of them poſſeſs property. They purſue agriculture with aſſiduity; and ſpeak a broken Saxon language, with little knowledge of Iriſh. Their features and the caſt of their countenance vary much from the aboriginal inhabitants. The women and girls are more comely, and their whole mode of living is different from that of the people by whom they are ſurrounded.

From St. Margaret's, they proceeded through the barony of Forth to Wexford. Men as well as women covered their heads with ſtraw-hats, which gave them a ſingular appearance. Wexford has about a dozen ſmall ſhips belonging to its port: a bar at the mouth of the river prevents large ones from getting in.

Croſſing the harbour, they paſſed over much ſandy land by the ſea-ſide, covered with fern, or furze and fern mixed. Viſited Lord Courtown's, who gave our author a reception highly flattering. The ſeat at Courtown is an agreeable one. The houſe is within ſix hundred yards of the ſea, and yet it is emboſomed in trees of the moſt luxuriant growth. The environs conſiſt of undulating lands, which give a pleaſing variety to the ſcene; and a river, with one margin ſylvan and the other rocky, flows through the garden,

and falls into the ſea at a ſmall diſtance from the houſe.

The Earl of Courtown is a practical farmer, and adopts a very judicious mode of culture. The crops are very productive.

July 14, being Sunday, they attended divine worſhip at the church, and found a large congregation, which is not often the caſe, except in a maſs houſe. After ſervice took a gallop on the ſtrand, which is a fine, firm ſand for miles. The common Iriſh were ſwimming their horſes in the ſea, to cure the mange, and preſerve them in health.

The peaſants live here on oatcakes, when potatoes are not in ſeaſon; and little farmers frequently indulge in meat. Fiſh, particularly herrings and cod, are a principal article of ſubſiſtence.

Next day leaving Courtown, took the Arklow road, paſſing ſome fine woods and a various corn country. Reached Wicklow, ſituated near the ſea, and from Newry Bridge walked to Mr. Tye's, a neat, well-wooded farm, interſected by a river.

In the evening got to Mount Kennedy, the ſeat of General Cunninghame, who has a domain of about ten thouſand Iriſh acres, ſurrounding his houſe. The grounds are delightfully varied, and preſent a moſt enchanting ſurface. In the middle of the lawn, is one of the greateſt natural curioſities in the kingdom. An immenſe arbutus, or ſtrawberry tree, being blown down, one branch which parts from the body near the ground, vegetates and throws out many lateral branches of great ſize. The trunk is ſix feet and upwards in

in circumference. Killarney, the region of the arbutus, produces nothing of equal dimenſions.

Next morning rode to Drum, a large track of mountains and wood, on the general's eſtate. A vaſt, rocky glen, one ſide bare and hideous, the other a fine mountain, covered with ſhrubby wood, leads to the bottom of an amphitheatre of mountains, which exhibit ſome majeſtic ſcenery. Every feature which enters into the the compoſition of the landſcape is great, and united, forms a diſplay of natural magnificence. From hence a riding is cut through a hanging wood to a cottage, from the windows of which are three diſtant views, each of great, though unequal, beauty. This building is extremely well placed for effect, and forms a moſt agreeable retreat.

The peaſants in this diſtrict manufacture flannels and friezes to a conſiderable extent, from the wool of the country: a woman can earn threepence a day by ſpinning. On the mountains many goats are kept for the milk, and numbers of the people of Dublin reſort hither, to enjoy this ſalubrious beverage.

Much land is laid to graſs round Mount Kennedy, and all done in the completeſt manner.

Taking leave of the general, went through the glen of Downs in the way to Powerſcourt. This glen lies between two vaſt ridges of mountains, covered with wood, and is only wide enough for the road, and a ſmall gurgling river that runs by its ſide. The ſcenery is moſt magnificent. On the top of this ridge to the right, Mr. La Touche has a banquetting room. Paſſing from this ſublime ſcene, the road leads through cheerful grounds of corn, and then to a vale of charming verdure broken

en by incloſures, and bounded by two rocky mountains. The whole ride is intereſting and varied.

Powerſcourt is advantageouſly viewed from the edge of a declivity in the road. Its ſituation on the ſide of a mountain, half way between its bare top and an irriguous vale at the bottom, is one of the moſt pictureſque that can be imagined. In front, and ſpreading among woods on either ſide, is a lawn, whoſe ſurface is beautifully varied in gentle declivities, bending towards the river, and ſprinkled with trees in the moſt happy ſtyle.

After breakfaſting at Tinnyhinch, they drove to ſee the celebrated waterfal of Powerſcourt. The entrance of the park, between two vaſt maſſes of mountain, covered with wood, is extremely fine. Following this vale till the ridges of the mountains cloſe in one vaſt amphitheatre of wood, at the height of many hundred feet, burſts the caſcade from a rock, and tumbling down the ſide of a very large one, forms a ſingularly beautiful ſcene. At the bottom is a piece of velvet turf, on which grows a clump of oaks, and through their branches and trunks ſhew the water in its fall with an effect more pictureſque than can be imagined. Theſe few trees and this ſmall lawn give a finiſhing to the ſcene.

Went to Inniſkerry, and after enjoying a moſt delightful view over Powerſcourt from the edge of a declivity, entered the romantic Glen of Dargle, where the high lands almoſt lock into each other, and ſcarcely leave a paſſage for the river, which foams impetuous, as if forcing its way. The Dargle is nearly a mile long, and in its whole extent preſents ſuch a union of grand and romantic features as are ſcarcely to be paral-

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leled in Ireland, or indeed in Britain. Every thing here unites to raiſe one great emotion of the ſublime, or to ſoothe with the calmneſs of repoſe. Horrific ſcenes are ſo blended with the penſive, that the mind feels a different impreſſion as it opens each ſucceſſive view. In one place is a horrid precipice, with the deafening roar of water; in another the ſhade is ſo thick as to exclude the day, and to form a ſpot for melancholy to muſe in.

Quitting the Dargle, ſoon reached Dublin, and in a very ſhort time ſet out again to Lord Harcourt's, at St. Woolſtan's, where our touriſt met Colonel Burton, and from that gentleman received a packet of recommendations to the north of Ireland.

Taking leave of his excellency the lord lieutenant, paſſed through Manooth, Dunboyne, and Kilrue, and the following morning reached Baron Hamilton's, at Hampton, near Balbriggen. His houſe is new, and eligibly ſituated on a fine ſhore, with a full view of the Mountains of Mourn, at a conſiderable diſtance, and of the Iſles of Skerry in its vicinity.

This track is called Fingal, and is inhabited by a people called Fingalians. They were originally an Engliſh colony, and ſpeak nearly the ſame language as in the barony of Forth, but rather more corrupted, with an admixture of Iriſh words.

Viſited Balbriggen, in company with Baron Hamilton, a ſmall ſea-port belonging to that gentleman, and under his particular patronage. It ſubſiſts by its fiſhing-boats, which he builds; and has a very fine pier, where ſhips of two hundred tons can lay their broadſides and unload.

This

This is a noble and patriotic work, which was likewiſe erected at the expence of the baron.

Leaving Balbriggen, proceeded to Ballygarth, the ſeat of Mr. Pepper, a place very agreeably wooded, and ſtanding in a riſing ground above a river. The proprietor keeps a conſiderable domain in his own hands, and has practiſed ſeveral branches of huſbandry with attention and ſucceſs.

On the 20th of July, entered Drogheda, a well-built, commercial town, on the Boyne. It was market-day, and many people were aſſembled. Proceeded to the field of battle on the Boyne. The view of the ſcene, from a riſing ground that overlooks it, is eminently beautiful. It is a vale loſing itſelf in front between bold declivities, crowned with thick woods. Through the vale winds the river, and forms a pretty iſland, with various imagery. On a riſing ground, to the right of the river, ſtands an obeliſk, recording the ſignal victory gained near this ſpot. "I ſeated myſelf," ſays Mr. Young, "on the oppoſite rock, and indulged the emotions, which, with a melancholy not unpleaſing, filled my boſom, while I reflected on the conſequences that had ſprung from the fate of the day. Liberty was there triumphant. May the virtues of our poſterity ſecure that prize which the bravery of their anceſtors won!"

Returning part of the way, proceeded to Cullen, where Baron Forſter gave Mr. Young the moſt flattering reception, and favoured him with much valuable local information. The baron has been a great improver, and has reclaimed five thouſand acres, which appeared to have been doomed to perpetual ſterility. To effect this, he was

was not only liberal in his expence, but took the moſt ſedulous care to encourage induſtry in others, without which money is only ſquandered away.

July 21, left Cullen, and paſſing Roſſy Park, went on to Atherdee, the vicinity of which is a beautiful ſheet of corn land. Proceeded to Dundalk, a town full of new buildings, with every mark of increaſing wealth and proſperity.

From Dundalk took the road to Ravenſdale, with an intention of calling on Mr. Forteſcue, but found him abſent. Here they ſaw many good ſtone and ſlate houſes, and ſome bleach-fields. Mr. Forteſcue's ſeat, on the ſide of a mountain, with fine hanging woods on each ſide, and a beautiful lawn in front, is extremely romantic and agreeable. A pretty river winds through the vale below.

Breakfaſted at Newry, a well-built, flouriſhing town, in which, however, we are told, that only about half a century ago, there were nothing but mud cabins Its riſe has been owing to the canal communicating with Loch Neagh, by which ſhips of a hundred and fifty tons can come up to the town.

Take the road to Market Hill, which was equally rough and diſagreeable. "It is a turnpike," ſays our author, "which, in Ireland, is ſynonymous for a vile road, the croſs ones being the fineſt in the world. It is the effect of jobs and impoſition which diſgrace the kingdom."

Reached Armagh in the evening, waited on the primate, and, in company with his grace, next day viſited ſome of his noble and ſpirited works, which have perfectly changed the face of the neighbourhood. The archiepiſcopal palace is ſimply elegant. It is ninety feet long by ſixty wide,

wide, and forty feet high. The ſtyle is light and pleaſing; and the offices, which are ample and convenient, are thrown back behind a plantation. Around the palace is a ſpacious lawn, ſkirted by young plantations, commanding ſome charming views. The landſcape from the palace is enriched by the barracks, the ſchool, and a new church at a diſtance, all which are ſo placed as to be ornamental to the whole country.

The barracks are a large and handſome edifice. The ſchool is likewiſe a building of conſiderable extent, wholly at the primate's expence; as is the church, of white ſtone, with a tall ſpire; the more ſtriking objects in a country where ſpires are rare, and churches in general are very ordinary fabrics. This benevolent metropolitan has alſo erected a public library, and in various reſpects ornamented the city. To the eſtabliſhment of a public infirmary he likewiſe amply contributed. In ſhort, within the ſhort ſpace of ſeven or eight years, it is ſaid, he expended not leſs than 30,000l. a noble inſtance of munificence, when it is conſidered that he was not improving a paternal eſtate, but laying out his money for the public good alone.

About Armagh the farms are very ſmall, few exceeding ſixty acres, and, in general, they run from five to twenty. Rents are from five ſhillings to fifteen ſhillings an acre. Much flax is raiſed. The food principally potatoes and oats. Many ſubſiſt on potatoes and ſalt and water for three months together; but as few of the labouring poor are unconnected with manufacture, when it is flouriſhing, they live ſomewhat better. Many emigrations have taken place from this vicinity, which, however, were ſtopped by the commence-

commencement of the American war. The prevailing religion is Catholic, with ſome Preſbyterians.

Quitting Armagh, took a ride to ſee the country by Killilean Hill, Fellows Hall, Woodpark Lodge, Liſloony, Tinan, and Glaſlough, the whole a continued picture of rural beauty. The hills wave in every outline that can be conceived, and the face of nature is altogether cheerful and inviting.

Next day returned through Armagh, and paſſed Sir Capel Molyneux's domain, which appeared extenſive and fine. Dined at Mr. Workman's, at Mahon, and learned the ſtate of agriculture in his neighbourhood.

In the evening reached Lurgan, and viſited Mr. Brownlow. This gentleman has a well-improved domain, ſome parts of which command views of Loch Neagh, and of the ſurrounding country. A ſmall lake belongs to the ſpot.

Being market-day at Lurgan, they went the following morn to ſee the manner in which the linens were diſpoſed of. Cambrics are ſold early and during the whole morning; but as ſoon as the clock ſtrikes eleven, the drapers jump upon ſtone ſtandings, and the weavers flock round them with their pieces. The draper's name and the price are written on the pieces he buys, and the ſeller carries them to the quarters of the purchaſer, and waits his arrival. At noon the market ends, and then another hour is allowed for meaſuring the pieces, and paying the money. This is the mode of tranſacting buſineſs in all the linen markets. Three thouſand pieces a week are ſold here, at the average of thirty-five ſhil-

lings each, making 273,000l. per annum, and this is all manufactured in a circuit of a few miles.

Leaving Lurgan, they proceeded to Warrenſtown, and the ſame night reached Hillſborough, paſſing through Dromore, a miſerable neſt of dirty, mud cabins. The Earl of Hillſborough has marked the approach to his town by many ſmall plantations on the tops of the hills, through which the road leads. The inn, of his lordſhip's erection, is a noble one for this country. The new church, alſo built at his expence, has few rivals in the iſland. It is a very handſome, ſtone edifice, in the form of a croſs, properly ornamented; and has a ſpire, which forms a fine object to the whole country. The ſtep to the communion-table is of one ſtone, twenty-one feet long and two broad.

Reached Liſburn, and paid their reſpects to the Biſhop of Down, who obligingly ſent for a draper, to anſwer enquiries reſpecting the linen manufacture. Continued their route to Belfaſt, through a fine flax country, at intervals beautified with bleacheries on the banks of the river Leggan. Paſſed by Lord Dungannon's, at Bever, whoſe plantations appear very fine, and in the evening got to Belfaſt, where, being diſappointed in delivering his letters of introduction, from the abſence of the parties to whom they were addreſſed, our author determined to proceed for the preſent; and accordingly next morning took the road to Portaferry, by Newton, an increaſing and flouriſhing place, belonging to Mr. Stewart, a gentleman who has paid a liberal attention to the improvement of his eſtate.

Reached Portaferry, the town and ſeat of Mr. Savage, who exerted himſelf to the utmoſt to facilitate

cilitate the enquiries of our tourist. The herring-fishery is extensively carried on here. It begins the 12th of July, and finishes the end of September. This little port has a considerable trade; and the whole barony of Ards are fishermen, sailors, and farmers by turns.

The barony of Ards is, in general, a wet, strong, clay soil, with a good deal of bog. Land lets here about ten shillings an acre, and the medium size of farms is about forty. The wife and daughters spin the flax; the husband and sons weave it; for most of the inhabitants are engaged in this extensive manufacture. Along the coast much sea-weed is collected and burned for kelp. The surrounding country, particularly that on the confines of Strangford Loch, is beautiful, and the views are grand and extensive. From Mr. Savage's door, on one side, may be seen the mountains in the Isle of Man, on the other the mountains of Mourne, which possess something of a bold, and even terrific character.

Crossed the straights in a boat, and waited on Mr. Ainsworth, the collector of the customs, who furnished some particulars respecting the agriculture and civil state of the barony of Lecale. The linen manufactory is very generally carried on throughout the barony. To the port of Strangford, which includes Downpatrick, Dundrum, Killilea, Killock, Portaferry, Comber, and Newton, there belong a considerable number of vessels, besides fishing-boats. All up the channel and into the loch, there are thirty feet water; so that a man of war of the first rate might lie within fifteen yards of the shore.

Visited Castle-Ward, the seat of Lord Bangor. This is a handsome, modern edifice, with two

diſſimilar fronts, one being Gothic, the other Grecian. From a temple in the pleaſure grounds is a fine wooded ſcene, including a proſpect of the peninſula of Strangford and the bay.

Proceeded to Downpatrick through a various country, with fine views of Down Bay on the left. Lodged at Redemon, and next day returned to Belfaſt, where they were fortunate enough to find one of the gentlemen to whom they had been recommended, and obtained all the information they wiſhed.

The principal imports of Belfaſt conſiſt of rum, brandy, geneva, and wines; coals, iron, timber, and hemp; ſugars, wheat, and flax-ſeed. The chief exports are beef, butter, pork, and much linen cloth. About fifty ſail of ſhips belong to this place. A veſſel of two hundred tons may come up to the quay, half loaded. The population is eſtimated at nearly fifteen thouſand ſouls. Many emigrations to America have taken place from hence; chiefly of the idle and profligate, ſo that they are not reckoned any loſs to the country.

Leaving Belfaſt, took the way to Antrim, and by the way viſited the bleach-green of Mr. Sinclair, which appeared to be a very complete one. Croſſed the mountains by a new road to Antrim, and found them to their very ſummits a rich loam, capable of high improvement.

From Antrim to Shaen's Caſtle, the road winds by the extremity of Loch Neagh, commanding a noble view of that fine expanſe of water, which appears like a perfect ſea. The caſtle is beautifully ſituated on the lake, and from its windows affords ſome of the moſt delightful proſpects over this waſte of waters. The poſſeſſor, Mr. O'Neil,

was

was well acquainted with the favourite purſuits of Mr. Young, and gratified him fully by his information reſpecting the vicinity.

On the 3d of Auguſt, paſſing Randalſtown, had a continued view of Slamiſh, a remarkable mountain, riſing from a range of other mountains. Under it, in the vale, is a bog of great length. Other bogs in this track are naturally capable of improvement.

Reaching Leſly-hill, they found Mr. Leſly, a warm admirer of agriculture, and a practical farmer, on a large ſcale. He had reclaimed much bog-land by draining, and a judicious ſyſtem of manuring. The produce from this kind of ſoil had been very great, and furniſhes a ſtimulus to others who poſſeſs ſuch domains, to follow the ſame practice of improvement. "I ſhould remark," ſays Mr. Young, "that Mr. Leſly's crops of wheat were the fineſt I had ſeen in Ireland, nor do I remember finer in England. He has burned great quantities of marle and clay into aſhes, in a kiln of his own invention; and I ſaw two immenſe heaps ſo completely conſumed, that I have not a doubt but the mode in which it is performed is perfect." It appears Mr. Leſly had ſome years practiſed the drill huſbandry, but not finding it anſwer, he wholly gave it up.

The ſurrounding country is broken into very ſmall farms, and the rent of land is on an average about twelve ſhillings an acre. The food of the poor is potatoes, oatmeal, and milk. They generally keep a cow or two, and occaſionally can indulge in meat.

Next day accompanied Mr. Leſly to his brother's, about three miles from the Giant's Cauſeway, and after ſome enquiries reſpecting the

ſtate of that coaſt, proceeded to view this great natural curioſity in the vicinity. "The Giant's Cauſeway," obſerves Mr. Young, "is certainly a very great curioſity, as an object of ſpeculation upon the manner of its formation; whether it owes its origin to fire, and is a ſpecies of lava, or to cryſtalization, or to whatever cauſe, is a point that has employed the attention of men much more able to decide upon it than I am, and has been ſo frequently diſcuſſed, that nothing I can ſay would be new. When two bits of theſe baſaltes are rubbed together quickly, they emit a ſtrong ſmell, like that of burnt leather. Neither the ſcenery of the cauſeway, nor of the adjacent mountains is very magnificent, though the cliffs are bold; but for a conſiderable diſtance there is an evident diſpoſition in the rocks to run into pentagonal cylinders. I believe," continues our author, "the cauſeway would have ſtruck me more, had I not ſeen the prints of Staffa."

Returning to Leſly-hill, next day they ſet out for Coleraine, where the Honourable Mr. Jackſon aſſiſted their enquiries in the moſt obliging manner. The ſalmon fiſhery here, in the river Ban, is the greateſt in the kingdom. From the ſea to the rock above Coleraine, where the wears are placed, the fiſheries belong to the London Companies, the greateſt part of the reſt to Lord Donegal. The eel fiſheries here let at 1000l. a year, and the ſalmon at as much. The whole fiſheries on this river do not produce leſs than 6000l. a year. They have been known to catch one thouſand four hundred and fifty-two ſalmon at one haul. Our author ſaw them draw out three hundred and ſeventy at once. The fiſhery employs

employs eighty men, and the general expences are calculated to equal the reſt.

The linen manufacture is extenſively carried on about Coleraine. Farms run from ſix to fifteen acres. The country, from this diviſion of land, is extremely populous, notwithſtanding emigrations. The whole county of Derry belongs to the London companies, and the biſhop, except ſome trifling properties.

Mr. Jackſon's ſeat ſtands in a pretty domain, on the banks of the river, and has received many improvements. The timber, particularly oak and fir, uſed in building, has been dug out of his own bog, at the depth of twenty feet from the ſurface. All the trees lie exactly eaſt and weſt.

Proceeded to Newtown-Limmavaddy, by way of Magilligan, for the purpoſe of ſeeing the new houſe building on the ſea-coaſt, by the Biſhop of Derry. It is large, and ſtands on a bold ſhore, in a country where trees are extremely ſcarce.

At Magilligan is a rabbit-warren, which yields on an average three thouſand dozen a year. The fleſh is ſold at 2d. a couple, but the ſkins fetch from 5d. to 6d. a-piece.

From Limmavaddy to Derry there is but little uncultivated land. Reached Derry at night, and had two hours to wait in the dark for the ferry-boat.

Next morning went to the biſhop's palace, to leave the letters of introduction, his lordſhip being on a voyage to Staffa. "I felt at once," ſays Mr. Young, "the extent of my loſs in the abſence of his lordſhip, who, I had been repeatedly told, was, of all others in Ireland, the beſt qualified to give me a variety of uſeful information, and

and that with the moſt liberal ſpirit of communication."

In company with Mr. Alexander, one of the principal merchants of Derry, viſited Loch Swilly, to view the herring-fiſhery. In the barony of Inniſhoen, which belongs to Lord Donegal, it ſeems the middlemen double the rent they pay to his lordſhip, upon the occupying tenant. The ſize of farms here are from ten to twenty acres. The ſoil is a ſlaty gravel, mixed with clay.

Rowed from Fawn to Inch Iſland, acroſs the loch, the ſcenery amazingly grand. Inch is a moſt beautiful iſland, enriched with cultivation, and thick ſet with cabins. The water is of great depth, and the harbour is ſafe for any number of ſhips. Amazing quantities of herrings are caught on the coaſt, in which buſineſs many men and veſſels are engaged.

On the 8th of Auguſt left Derry, and took the road by Raphoe to Clonleigh, the reſidence of the Rev. Mr. Golding. The view of Derry, at the diſtance of a mile or two, is charmingly pictureſque. It ſeems to be built on an iſland of bold land, riſing from the river, which expands into a fine baſon at the foot of the town. The adjacent country is hilly; but wood is wanting to complete the landſcape.

Raphoe contains nothing remarkable. "The biſhop," ſays our touriſt, "is a conſiderable farmer, and cultivates and hoes turnips. The dean has alſo done the ſame."

Having obtained the wiſhed-for information from Mr. Golding, they proceeded to Convoy, and from thence to Ballymaffey. Advancing towards the mountains, cultivation gradually declines,

clines, till at laſt dreary ſterility alone is ſeen. Yet even the waſte is very improvable, and might be converted into a track of exuberant fertility.

Auguſt 10th, reached Mount Charles, and, in company with Lord Conyngham's agent, took a ride to the coaſt, to examine the ſtate of the fiſheries, particularly about Inver Bay, Macſwine's Bay, and Killibeg's Bay. The ſhore is deeply indented by theſe and other inlets; the lands are high and bold, and the ſcenery is to the laſt degree romantic. Upwards of three hundred boats are employed in fiſhing, within a moderate extent of coaſt. In Inver Bay alone, there is a ſummer fiſhery, which commences the latter end of July, and ends the beginning of September. All the other places are winter fiſheries, which begin in October and end in January. Sometimes a hundred thouſand herrings have been caught with two nets in one night; but ſuch draughts are certainly rare. It is, however, not unuſual to clear cent. per cent. during the ſeaſon.

In all the bays on the coaſt, many whales are ſeen during the months of March and April, generally of the bone ſpecies, with ſome ſpermaceti. A whale-fiſhery has been attempted here with various ſucceſs. The public ſpirit of Mr. Neſbit, who firſt engaged in it, was not properly ſeconded by his aſſociates, or the buſineſs might have turned out very productive.

In this diſtrict much linen yarn is ſpun, but very little cloth woven, except for the uſe of the people. A conſiderable quantity of flax is raiſed, but chiefly from foreign ſeed.

The

The ſoil about Mount Charles is various; ſtiff blue clay, much bog, and a range of high mountains, which breaking the clouds with a weſterly wind, ſometimes inundate the country. Land throughout the whole country does not let for more than 2s. 6d. an acre; and the farms in general are very ſmall.

Leaving Mount Charles, they proceeded to Donegal, and then to Ballyſhannon, in the way obſerving ſeveral beautiful landſcapes, which wanted nothing but the ſhade of wood to make them perfectly delightful. The hills ſwell in various outlines, and die away inſenſibly into each other.

Before they got to Ballyſhannon, they remarked a bleachery, which indicated weaving in the neighbourhood. Viewed the celebrated ſalmon leap, the ſcenery of which is fine. The fall is noble and the margin of the river very bold, conſiſting of perpendicular rocks, with graſs of a beautiful verdure to the very edge. Before the fall, in the middle of the iſland, is a rocky iſland, on which is a curing houſe. The town is prettily ſituated on the riſing ground on each ſide of the river.

Croſſing the bridge, ſtopt to ſee the ſalmon leaping up the rocky barrier. The water ſeemed to be quite alive with them. Came to Belleck, a little village, with one of the moſt beautiful caſcades any where to be ſeen. The river, in a very broad ſheet, flows from behind ſome woods, and breaks over a bed of rocks, in a ſhelving direction, then foaming under the bridge, afterwards becomes more tranquil, and takes a beautiful bow under a rock, crowned with wood.

At

At night reached Sir James Caldwell's, where the reception was ſuch as to leave an indelible impreſſion on the mind of our author. This gentleman gave a very ſatisfactory account of the civil and agricultural ſtate of the vicinity: middlemen are very common here, to the injury of the landowner and the oppreſſion of the occupier; yet population is ſaid to increaſe very faſt, and induſtry becomes more conſpicuous. The poor ſubſiſt chiefly on potatoes and milk, oatmeal and herrings. "All," ſays Mr. Young, "have a bellyful of food, ſuch as it is, and their children eat potatoes all day long; even thoſe of a year old will be roaſting them." Every houſeholder has a cow or two, and ſome poultry. Six perſons, a man, his wife, and four children, will eat eighteen ſtone of potatoes in a week. The rent of a cabin, garden, and one acre, is about twenty ſhillings.

The vulgar here are remarkably addicted to thieving, though living is ſo extremely moderate. Wild fowl are cheap beyond belief, and many kinds of the moſt excellent fiſh coſt only the trouble of catching them.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the approach to Caſtle Caldwell. The promontories of thick wood which ſhoot into Loch Earne, under cover of a great ridge of mountains, have the fineſt aſpect that can be conceived. The whole domain is a promontory, three miles long, projecting into the lake, and is compoſed of a charming aſſemblage of wood and lawn. A bay of the lake breaks into the eaſtern extremity; and in the lake itſelf are ſeveral iſlands, one of which, named Bow, is three miles long.

On the right, the lake aſſumes the appearance of a fine river, with two fine iſlands dividing it, and conſtitutes one of the moſt glorious ſcenes that imagination can form. It is ſcarcely poſſible to do juſtice, by the moſt vivid deſcription, to the various beauties of this charming expanſe of water, and its romantic ſhores: almoſt every ſtep opens ſome new beauty, or ſcenes formerly obſerved are thrown into a different perſpective, or are heightened by contraſt. The mountain of Turaw is a noble feature in the landſcape, from various points. "It was with regret," ſays Mr. Young, "that I turned my back on theſe charming ſcenes."

Leaving Caſtle Caldwell, they went on board a ſix-oared barge, with colours flying and muſic playing, and proceeded to Inniſkilling. The heavens were favourable, and a clear ſky and bright ſun gave all the beauties of the lake in their full ſplendor.

Eagle Iſland firſt ſaluted them, others ſoon paſſed in review, particularly Herring Iſland in Inniſnakil, Rabbit Iſland, about forty acres of paſture, riſes boldly from the water: Inniſmac Saint is about the ſame magnitude, then ſucceed a cluſter of woody iſlands, which riſe in perfect hills from the water's edge, and are ſo thickly planted, that the lake is cut by them into winding ſtraights, more beautiful than fancy can paint. Wherever the ſhore is ſeen, it is riſing land, in ſome places wood, in others cultivated hills. Paſſing thoſe ſylvan glories, they came to Gully Iſland, an area of one hundred acres, covered with noble foreſt trees. "What a ſpot to build on," exclaims our author, "and form a retreat from the buſineſs and anxiety of the world!

world! nature here is blooming. It is in the midſt of a region where one could think ſhe has almoſt exhauſted herſelf in producing ſcenes of rural elegance. It belongs to Lord Ely: I envy him the poſſeſſion. The only thing it yields its owner is a periodical profit from deſpoiling its beautiful groves. Shelter, proſpect, wood, and water are here in perfection. What more can be wiſhed for in a retreat, if an unambitious mind gild the ſcene with what neither wood nor water can give—*content!*"

Paſs the pendant grounds of Caſtle Hume, Car and Ferry Iſlands diſcloſe themſelves, and at the bottom of a bay, overhung with woods, the caſtle itſelf peeps out. It ſoon fully opens, accompanied on each ſide by a fine wood. The lake then takes the form of a bay, between ſome pretty cultivated ſlopes on one ſide, and Deveniſh iſle on the other. This ſpot is partly very rich, and the land lets at 5l. per acre.

Landed at Inniſkilling, and reach Caſtle Cool, the ſeat of A. Lowry Corry, eſq.

Next day rode to the Topped Mountain, from which is a commanding proſpect of many counties, while Loch Earne, forty miles in length, lies like a map ſtretched out below. The great ſheet is towards Caſtle Caldwell; that towards Belturbet is ſo thickly ſtrewed with iſlands, that it appears like an aſſemblage of groves.

Auguſt 15th, proceeded to Belliſle, the charming ſeat of the Earl of Roſs. It ſtands on an iſland of Loch Earne, conſiſting of two hundred acres, every part of it hill, dale, declivities, and woods. The ſheet of water before the houſe is three miles over, bounded in front by a ſylvan iſle, and a bold, circular hill, forming the deer park.

Lord Roſs has formed ſome fine walks round the iſland, from whence there is a variety of proſpects. A temple on a gentle acclivity commands ſome delicious landſcapes, nor are thoſe from the grotto leſs attractive.

After a ſhort ſtay, rowed to Knockinny, the deer park; proceeding through a maze of woody iſlands. Land in Lady Roſs's, a charming ſpot of forty acres, cut into walks in the moſt chaſte and elegant ſtyle.

As they approached Knockinny, a pretty bay opened upon them with romantic ſhores, and from the hill on the iſland is a view of nearly a dozen ſylvan iſles, with Belliſle appearing emboſomed in woods.

The fiſh in this part of the lake are perch, pike, trout, bream, &c. "It is extraordinary," ſays our author, "that perch ſhould appear in all the lakes of Ireland and in the Shannon, at the ſame time, about ſeventeen years ago." Large flights of ſwans ſometimes appear here in winter, and are the infallible forerunners of a ſevere ſeaſon.

Reached Florence Court, the ſeat of Lord Inniſkilling, ſituated on an eminence under a great ridge of mountains. From this nobleman Mr. Young experienced the politeſt attention, and obtained the moſt ſatisfactory intelligence as to the objects of his tour.

Next day, Auguſt 18th, took the road for Swadling-bar for Farnham. That Spa of the north of Ireland is a ſmall village, which affords but indifferent accommodation for the numbers that reſort to it. Paſſed ſeveral fine lakes, which abound in this country, and enjoyed a proſpect of ſome beautiful ſeats.

The

The woods of Farnham make a noble appearance at a diſtance. Rode with the Earl of Farnham along the borders of his lakes, which are uncommonly beautiful, extenſive, and varied. On the whole, his lordſhip's reſidence is one of the fineſt places in Ireland, in our author's opinion: the water, wood, and hill are all in a great ſtyle, and preſent a variety of capabilities. This nobleman is an active and intelligent agriculturiſt, and has reared ſome fine plantations. Some of the ſilver firs here are twelve feet in circumference at the bottom. Of this wood boats have been built, which are as durable as the beſt oak.

The ſoil about Farnham is a good loam: the rent of land in general much under twenty ſhillings. Farms are let from fifty to one hundred acres, and ſublet in very ſmall portions. "Here let it be remarked," ſays Mr. Young, "that they very commonly plough and harrow with their horſes drawing by the tail. Nothing can make them deſiſt from this practice, and they inſiſt that, take a horſe tired in traces, and put him to work by the tail, he will become quite freſh again. Indignant reader! this is no jeſt of mine, but cruel, ſtubborn, barbarous truth. It is ſo all over Cavan."

Leaving Farnham, paſſed Cavan to Granard. Reached Ballynough, the ſeat of Mr. Newcomen. The linen manufacture begins to ſpread through this diſtrict: the farmers, however, make a dreadful, ragged figure. They live chiefly on potatoes and milk, with very little oatmeal, and ſcarcely ever taſte meat, except on Eaſter Sunday and Chriſtmas day.

Proceed to Stroketown, the ſeat of Thomas Mahon, eſq. Paſſed through Longford, a cheer-

leſs country, almoſt overrun with moraſs, ſome of which, however, would be very improvable, particularly on the banks of the Shannon. Croſsing that river, entered Connaught. The firſt opening of Stroketown, woods are very noble, they are extenſive, of majeſtic growth, and give a richneſs to the view, which is a perfect contraſt to the dreary ſcenes behind. This part of the country is not populous. The ſheep walks are rich and very good. The country being divided into incloſures by ſtone walls, one ſhepherd is ſufficient for a large flock. Sufficient flax is raiſed for the uſe of the inhabitants, and weaving is creeping on by degrees.

Mr. Mahon has been a great planter. Silver firs arrive at a great ſize, as do beech. This gentleman remarked, that though deer injure other trees, they never meddle with beech, a circumſtance deſerving attention.

" At Clonell's, near Caſtlereaugh," ſays Mr. Young, " lives O'Connor, the direct deſcendant of Roderick O'Connor, who was king of Connaught ſeven hundred years ago. His monument, with the enſigns of royalty, is in Roſcommon church. I was told, as a certainty, that this family were here long before the arrival of the Mileſians. The poſſeſſions, formerly ſo great, are now reduced to three or four hundred pounds a year, this family having ſuffered more by the revolutions of ſo many ages, than even the O'Neils and O'Bryens. The common people, however, pay him the greateſt reſpect, and conſider him as the prince of a people involved in one common ruin."

Another ancient family in Connaught, is Macdermot, who calls himſelf Prince of Coolavin, in Sligo,

Sligo, and though this gentleman has not more than one hundred pounds a year, it is ſaid he will not allow his children to be ſeated in his preſence. Mr. O'Hara, of Nymphsfield, is alſo one of the deſcendants of the Mileſian race, and is ſtill in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate in Sligo, the remains of former vaſt poſſeſſions.

Leave Stroketown, and take the road to Elphin, through a continuation of ſheepwalks. Waited on the Biſhop of Elphin, who furniſhed ſome general and particular information. From this place proceeded towards Kingſton: viewed the lake, whoſe extent is five miles by four, one of the moſt delicious ſcenes in Ireland. It fills the bottom of a circular valley, bounded by lofty hills, and contains ſome charming little iſlands, one of which was the reſidence of Macdermot, whoſe ancient manſion ſtill remains. Nothing can be more pictureſque than ſome of thoſe iſlands. The lands in this vicinity are very rich in paſture, and feed numbers of cattle and ſheep.

Having dined at Boyle, they took the road to Ballymoat, croſſing an immenſe bog, ten miles long, and three and a half broad, forming an area of twenty-two thouſand four hundred acres, and eaſily ſuſceptible of improvement. Of this extenſive track of ſterility, Sir Lawrence Dundas is the principal proprietor.

Reached Ballymoat in the evening, the reſidence of the Hon. Mr. Fitzmaurice, "where I expected," ſays our touriſt, "great pleaſure in viewing a manufactory, of which I had heard much ever ſince I came to Ireland; and I was gratified in the moſt liberal manner."

It ſeems that twenty years ago Ballymoat, the property of Lord Shelburne, was a wild, uncultivated region, without induſtry, manufacture, or civilization, and the people all Roman Catholics.

His lordſhip being deſirous to operate a change, contracted with Proteſtant weavers, on purpoſe to eſtabliſh a manufactory; but his benevolent plan was in part fruſtrated by the raſcality of ſome of the contractors. After various ſpirited attempts to reſume or extend the manufacture, each of which was attended with loſs to the proprietor, Mr. Fitzmaurice, brother of Lord Shelburne, in the year 1774, determined to take the management of the buſineſs on himſelf, and animated with a liberal ſpirit of enterpriſe, overlooked the diſadvantages to which a gentleman was expoſed, in his connection with low mechanics and manufactures. He not only ſet many looms agoing, but eſtabliſhed a bleachery at a very conſiderable expence, built cottages for his weavers, and erected machines to facilitate the labour in the various branches of manufactures in which he was engaged. "That Mr. Fitzmaurice," obſerves Mr. Young, "with great activity and a good underſtanding, can make himſelf maſter of the buſineſs, nothing but contradiction can diſpute; but I queſtion much whether the moſt ſagacious draper in Ireland would make much profit, if he wove the cloth as well as bleached it. The uniting in one perſon the ſeveral branches of manufacture, will rarely be found advantageous." Theſe reflections are juſt, and time has verified their propriety.

Taking leave of Mr. Fitzmaurice, proceed to Mercra, the ſeat of the Right Honourable Joſhua Cooper,

Cooper, where our tourift was received with the utmoft politeneſs, and obtained the moſt ſatiſfactory information. Land lets here for about 16s. an acre, and farms in culture are very ſmall. Much of the country is bog or graſs land. The food of the poor is potatoes, milk, and herrings, with oaten bread in ſummer; all keep cows, and ſome poultry. Whiſky is a general beverage. Thieving diſgraces the lower ranks, and lying ſeems to be natural to them.

Sligo is the only ſea-port of the country, from which a moderate trade is carried on, but which has been progreſſively advancing.

Auguſt 26th, proceeded to Ballaſadore. The river here breaks over rocks in the moſt romantic manner in many falls, for the ſpace of two hundred yards, before it comes to the principal one, which is twelve or fourteen feet perpendicular. The ſurrounding ſcenery is bold, and the features of the mountains are great.

Went on to Tanrego, the ſeat of Lewis Irwin, eſq. Moſt of the gentlemen in this track are deſcendants from the ſoldiers of Cromwell. In the barony of Tyrera, flax is univerſally cultivated. All the females ſpin, but the number of weavers is inconſiderable.

Called on Mr. Brown at Sortland. In this vicinity is a vaſt bog, ten miles long and two or three over. One thouſand one hundred acres of this track, which nevertheleſs appears very improvable, are rented at 4l. a year. Much kelp is made on the coaſt.

Auguſt 27th, proceeded to Ballyna, the ſeat of the Right Hon. Mr. King. The views of the ſurrounding mountains are very fine, particularly thoſe

thoſe of Donegal and Knockaree. The river adds much to the pictureſque effect of the place.

At Ballyna is a ſalmon fiſhery, one of the moſt conſiderable in the kingdom. About eighty tons of fiſh are ſalted, beſides what are ſold freſh.

Next day, waited on the Biſhop of Killala, from whom our author obtained the deſired information reſpecting that vaſt, wild, and impenetrable track of mountain and bog, the barony of Erris. The only cultivated part of it is the peninſula, called the Mullet; the reſt is a dreary and almoſt impaſſable waſte, with very few patches of cultivation. There is neither poſt-houſe, market, nor magiſtrate, in the whole barony; which is alſo the caſe with another barony in this county, Coſtello. "A poſt-houſe and a market," remarks our touriſt, "are excellent things; but a juſtice may well be diſpenſed with." Not a ſingle tree grows in the barony of Erris. A lad, a native, about twenty years of age, going once with his father to Killala, for the firſt time ſaw a tree, and exclaimed in wonder, "Lord, father! what is that?"

Taking leave of the biſhop, directed their courſe by Foxford and Tubercurry to Caſtlebar, through a very indifferent country. Our author mentions three cuſtoms obſerved in theſe parts, neither of which diſplay ſenſe or humanity. They harrow by the tail; the driver of a team walks backwards, and, in the true Iriſh ſtyle, ſtrikes the horſes in the face to make them get on; and laſtly, inſtead of threſhing their corn, they burn it in the ſtraw. Here, too, both men and women are hired to howl at funerals, which they do in a moſt horrid manner.

In

In the lake of Caſtlebar is the char and the gillaroo trout, whoſe gizzard ſtomach has been ſo much canvaſſed. The chief property here belongs to Lord Lucan.

In the evening, reached Weſtport, the ſeat of Lord Altamont, whoſe houſe is very beautifully ſituated on a gently-riſing eminence from a fine river, which makes two bold falls within view of the windows. Behind is a perſpective of the bay, with ſeveral headlands projecting into it, one behind another, and two or three cultivated iſlands; the whole bounded by the great mountain of Clara Iſland, and the vaſt region of Crow Patrick on the right. From other points, the landſcapes are equally noble and ſtriking.

"In Lord Altamont," ſays Mr. Young, "I found an improver, whoſe works deſerved the cloſeſt attention." His lordſhip has converted much waſte into cultivated land, with the beſt ſucceſs, and by peculiar modes of proceſs deſerving imitation.

Lord Altamont's great grandfather found the eſtate a continued foreſt; and for three hundred years it appears probable the plough had not been uſed. There is a tradition, that this part of the country was depopulated by a plague, and that in conſequence it became overrun with wood. At preſent, however, this is ſo far from being the caſe, that there is no wood to be ſeen on any of the hills, except immediately about Weſtport.

The poor in general, in this neighbourhood, live on potatoes and milk for nine months in the year, and the other three on bread and milk. The increaſe of population is very great; for, though

though the fare is humble, all are able to procure a ſufficiency.

"Among Lord Altamont's labourers," ſays Mr. Young, "is one Mowbray Seymour, whoſe great grandfather was maſter worker of the mint in the tower of London." There are ſtill many Mortimers and Piercys, and not long ago a Plantagenet reſided in the county of Sligo.

Rode to Roſshill, by the way enjoying ſome fine views of the bay, in which numerous iſlands are diſperſed; and next day proceeded to Newbrook, over a various country, paſſing Caſtle Burk and the ruins of a fine abbey.

September 1ſt, reached Tuam, and dined with the archbiſhop. In the evening went on to Moniva, and viſited Mr. French, a gentleman who has paid much attention to the improvement of his domain, and has reclaimed much bog and moor by the moſt ingenious modes, and on the moſt rational principles. Nor has he only ſignalized himſelf as an agriculturiſt; he has alſo promoted the linen manufacture, and contributed by every means to meliorate the condition of the people, and to improve the face of the country. Among his other benevolent and patriotic plans, that of a charter ſchool, maintained at his expence, deſerves to be particularized. In this eſtabliſhment, from twenty to forty children are conſtantly ſupported, clothed, and taught to read, write, ſpin or weave.

On the coaſt of Conna Marra, in this diſtrict, is a ſpring fiſhery of ſun-fiſh. One of them is reckoned worth 5l. and if three are caught by a boat in the ſeaſon, it is reckoned a good adventure. Much ſea-weed is uſed here for manure, and

and the farmers in general ſeem to have a proper idea of their buſineſs.

Leaving Moniva, took the road to Woodlawn, the ſeat of Frederick Trench, eſq. paſſing many bogs of conſiderable magnitude, perfectly improvable, and that without any extraordinary expence or exertion.

Woodlawn is a modern reſidence, in the Engliſh taſte. The manſion ſtands on the brow of a riſing ground, overlooking a lawn, ſwelling into gentle inequalities, amidſt which winds a ſtream expanded with much taſte, and prettily planted on its banks. The houſe is on an excellent plan, and unites comfort with elegance. The proprietor has conſiderably added to the value of his domain, by draining and other improvements, according to the nature of the ſoil he had to contend with. Some of his experiments ſhew the man of reflection, and their ſucceſs evince his judgment.

The ſize of farms is very various here, but moſt of them are ſub-tenanted. Every poor man raiſes a little flax, but not enough to employ the women in ſpinning, their univerſal vocation. They ſtill live poorly, though their circumſtances have been bettered within a very few years.

Next day viſited Kiltartan, the ſeat of Mr. Gregory. His houſe is new built, and has numerous offices; and, to embelliſh and improve the environs, he has taken ſome hundreds of acres into his own hands. Walling was his firſt object, and of this he has executed many miles in the moſt perfect manner. His plantations promiſe not only to enrich his immediate vicinity, but to be an ornament to the country.

Proceeded

Proceeded to Drummoland, the ſeat of Sir Lucius O'Brien, in the county of Clare. Before quitting the county of Galway, however, it may not be amiſs to remark, that in various reſpects it is inferior in beauty to many other parts of Ireland. The mountains are not of ſufficient elevation to form picturesque objects, and there are few woods, except in the immediate vicinage of gentlemen's ſeats. Drummoland, however, has a pleaſing variety of grounds about the houſe. It ſtands on a gentle acclivity, at the bottom of which is a lake of twenty-four acres, in the midſt of a noble wood of oak, aſh, and poplar. Behind, beautiful hills riſe in commanding height, over which plantations are ſpread in charming diverſity. From theſe hills are very fine views of the junction of the great rivers, Fergus and Shannon, each of which are about a league wide before they unite.

Much improvement has taken place in this track, and much waſte land is yearly reclaimed. The cider orchards produce the cakagee. An acre of trees will yield, on an average, ſix hogſheads a year, ſeldom failing to that ruinous degree they frequently do in England. "I never," ſays Mr. Young, "beheld trees ſo laden with apples, as in Sir Lucius O'Brien's orchard: he expected a hogſhead a tree from ſeveral."

On the 8th of September, left Drummoland, and proceeded through Clonmelly to the hill above Bunratty Caſtle, to enjoy a view of the Shannon, than which nothing can be more grand. The proſpect has a noble outline in the bold mountains of Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, and Kerry.

The

The caſtle of Bunratty is a very large edifice, the ſeat of the O'Briens, princes of Thomond: it ſtands on the banks of a river, which falls into the Shannon immediately after.

Proceed to Limerick, through a cheerful country, along the banks of the river. This city is delightfully ſituated, partly on an iſland formed by the Shannon. The new diviſion, called Newton Pery, is well built, and uniformly regular. A communication is preſerved with the reſt of this town by means of a bridge built at Mr. Pery's expence, to whom a conſiderable part of the city belongs. Here are docks, quays, and a cuſtom-houſe; and, in ſhort, every appendage and indication of a flouriſhing place.

The exports of this port are beef, pork, butter, hides, and rape-ſeed. The imports are rum, ſugar, timber, tobacco, wines, coals, bark, and ſalt. The cuſtoms and exciſe have been doubled within ſixteen years.

Between 1740 and 1750, there were only four carriages in and about Limerick, and, four years preceding Mr. Young's tour, there were ſeventy coaches and poſt chaiſes within the city and one mile of it. As a proof how reaſonable the principal articles of living are, a gentleman can keep a carriage, four horſes, three men and three maid ſervants, a good table, a wife, three children, and a nurſe, for 500l. a year.

Leaving Limerick, proceeded to Annſgrove, the ſeat of Mr. Aldworth, who furniſhed our touriſt with a variety of particulars, relative to the ſtate of the vicinity. Farms in immediate occupation are very ſmall; and the poor ſubſiſt chiefly on potatoes, and, for one half of the year, have no addition to their humble fare but pure

water. Several, however, can kill a pig at Chriſtmas, and in general their ſituation appears to be mending. Much wool is produced in this diſtrict, part of which is worked up into friezes and ſerges: but immenſe quantities are ſent to Cork and other places.

Took a ride with Mr. Aldworth to Mr. Hyde's, on the banks of the Blackwater. The ſituation is truly deſirable, and the whole ſcenery is well improved and cheerful.

"It was with regret," ſays Mr. Young, "that I left ſo agreeable and liberal a family as that at Annſgrove, nor ſhould I forget to mention that every thing about the place had a much nearer reſemblance to an Engliſh than an Iriſh reſidence, where ſo many fine places want neatneſs, and where, after great expence, ſo little is found complete."

September 12th, went to Doneraile, and in their way viſited a woollen manufacture at Kilbrack, chiefly for ſerges, which are in a great meaſure exported to Scotland.

The environs of Doneraile are much improved, well wooded, and have a pleaſant aſpect.

Lord Doneraile's manſion is ſituated on a beautiful riſing ground, ſloping down to a vale, waſhed by a ſmall river. From the higher grounds are ſome rich views; nor are plantations wanting to cover aſperities, or to give a more mellow outline to real beauties. Near the houſe is a ſhrubbery interſected with paths leading to different points of the domain, particularly to a cottage, from whence there is a finely-wooded ſcene. His lordſhip, it appears, is a good practical farmer, and has much improved his eſtate.

The following day went to Colonel Jephſon's at Matlow. About ten miles off are collieries, where coal is ſold very cheap. On the river Blackwater are tracks of champaign, producing excellent paſturage, but ſubject to occaſional inundations. The banks of this river, from its ſource to the ſea, are equally remarkable for beauty of proſpect and fertility of ſoil.

Next viſited New Grove, the ſeat of Mr. Gordon. It is an entire new improvement, being a few years back only a waſte moor or mountain. But beſides the laudable ſpirit this gentleman has diſplayed, in giving a new aſpect to the face of the country, he has alſo eſtabliſhed a linen manufactory and a bleach mill, on a complete plan and extenſive ſcale.

The ſucceeding day viſited Blarney Caſtle, the ſeat of Mr. Jeffreys, a gentleman who has been animated with equal zeal to diſtinguiſh himſelf as Mr. Gordon, and who, in addition to a linen manufactory, has eſtabliſhed one for ſtockings and woollen goods, beſides mills for paper and dreſſing ſhamoy leather.

The town of Blarney, which has likewiſe riſen under the auſpices of Mr. Jeffreys, is a quadrangle, with every neceſſary appendage. In ſhort, our limits do not permit us to enumerate all the public-ſpirited undertakings of this great benefactor of his country. The exertions and munificence of a private individual would have done honour to the higheſt rank and the moſt liberal fortune; and it muſt give ſatisfaction to every generous mind to hear, that he was likely to be repaid with intereſt for his trouble and expence. The vicinity of his domain to Cork was certainly favourable to his views of improvement.

In company with Mr. Jeffreys, went to Dunkettle, the ſeat of Mr. Trent. The road leads very beautifully on the ſide of the harbour, under a bold ſhore, on which ſtand many villas, ſhaded with plantations.

On the ſouth ſide of the river, the ſoil is a fine lime-ſtone, champaign for a mile or two, and then ſwelling into very gentle hills. On the north ſide, which is much better planted, the ground riſes in bold aſcents, adorned with many beautifully ſituated villas.

Leaving Mr. Trent's, proceed to Cove by water. The view of Lota is charming. As the boats leave the ſhore, nothing can be finer than the retroſpective landſcape; the back woods of Lota; the houſe and lawn; and the high, bold incloſures towards Cork, with the city itſelf in full view, form the fineſt ſhore imaginable. In a word, it is almoſt impoſſible to do juſtice to every change of ſcenery which, in rapid ſucceſſion, preſents itſelf in this ſhort navigation.

After ſeeing Mr. Jeffreys and family on ſhipboard, for a voyage to Havre, our touriſt returned in the evening to Dunkettle. This, in the opinion of Mr. Young, is one of the moſt beautiful places in Ireland. It is a hill of ſome hundreds of acres, broken into a great variety of ground by gentle declivities, finely undulating and varied by groves and clumps judiciouſly diſpoſed. This hill, or rather cluſter of hills, is bounded on one ſide by a reach of Cork Harbour, which it advantageouſly overlooks; and on the other, by an irriguous vale, waſhed by the river Glanmire, the oppoſite ſhore of which poſſeſſes every variety that can unite to form peaſing landſcapes from Dunkettle grounds. A hill thus

thus ſituated, and conſiſting in itſelf of ſo great variety of ſurface, muſt neceſſarily command many pleaſing views, and Mr. Trent, with true taſte, has projected a walk round the whole domain, to bend with the inequalities of the ground, ſo as to take the principal points in view.

The houſe contains ſome excellent paintings, ſome of them by the very firſt maſters.

September 17th, proceeded to Caſtle Martyr, the ſeat of the Earl of Shannon, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed improvers in Ireland. The manſion is old, but has received many modern additions. The grounds are well laid out, and conſiſt of wood and lawn, charmingly interſected by a winding river. An old caſtle, entirely covered with ivy, forms a moſt pictureſque object from ſome points of view.

Amply gratified by the liberal attention of the Earl of Shannon, and the free communications of ſuch an able judge in the ſcience of agriculture, Mr. Young proceeded, on the 20th of September, to Caſtle Mary, the ſeat of Mr. Longfield, a gentleman who keeps a conſiderable quantity of lands in his own occupation, and has farther benefited his country, by introducing the linen manufacture.

In the vicinity of Cork, the Roman-Catholic religion is almoſt univerſal. Potatoes are the common food. Flax is ſown in patches, but not generally. There is a woollen manufacture about Caſtle Martyr; but not more than a fourth of what is ſpun in this part of the kingdom is worked up at home.

Went on to Roſtellan, the ſeat of the Earl of Inchiquin. It commands a beautiful perſpective

of Cork Harbour, the ſhips at Cove, the great iſland, and the two others, which guard the opening of the harbour. Some recent additions have been made by his lordſhip to the old caſtle.

From Roſtellan, proceeded to Lota, the ſeat of Mr. Rogers, which they had before viewed to the beſt advantage in the paſſage from Dunkettle to Cove.

Reached Cork in the evening, and waited on the dean, who received our author with the moſt flattering attention.

Cork is a very populous place, and, being market day, the ſtreets were ſo thronged as to be almoſt impaſſable. It is interſected by many canals in the Dutch ſtyle, with quays before the houſes. The fineſt buildings are on Moriſon's Iſland: the old part of the town is very cloſe and dirty. Its imports and exports are very conſiderable, and no leſs than ſeventy or eighty ſhips belong to the port. The population is probably not much under a hundred thouſand ſouls; and there are no fewer than ſeven hundred coopers in the town, fully employed in making barrels of beech or oak. The quantities of beef, pork, and butter, exported from hence, is almoſt beyond belief. The woollen manufacture is alſo very flouriſhing here; but the greateſt part is ſent out of the country in yarn. Bandle, or narrow linen, is fabricated in the weſtern part of the country for home conſumption. Knit ſtockings are alſo made in the vicinity of Cork. The weavers generally live in towns, and, of conſequence, can only have ſmall gardens; but, generally ſpeaking, the ſituation of the manufacturing poor had been meliorated within a few years.

Leaving

Leaving Cork, proceeded to Coolmore, the ſeat of Archdeacon Oliver, diſtinguiſhed by his ſucceſsful application to agricultural purſuits, and who has introduced the Engliſh ſyſtem of farming, much to his own advantage and the general improvement of the country. In reclaiming waſte land, he has been eminently ſucceſsful. Land here lets from 8s. to 20s. an acre; and farms run from 50l. to 300l. per annum. The poor people have moſtly a few acres of land with their cabins, which they plant with potatoes and wheat. Not many of them keep cows, but only a few miſerable-looking ſheep, which they milk.

"Before I quit the environs of Cork," ſays Mr. Young, "I muſt remark, that the country, adjacent to the harbour, is in my eſtimation preferable, in many reſpects, for a reſidence to any I have ſeen in Ireland. It is the moſt ſoutherly part of the iſland; commands great beauty of proſpect; preſents an animated, buſy ſcene of ſhipping; affords great plenty of fiſh and wild fowl; and poſſeſſes every advantage which can ariſe from the vicinity to a great city."

September 24th, took leave of Mr. Oliver, and propoſed to take the road to Killarney, by Bantry and Nedeen; but, finding that part of the road was then impaſſable, they changed their route, and went by Macroom, afterwards falling into the Nedeen road, which led them over the wildeſt and moſt dreary mountains that fancy can picture. The various horrid forms in which the mountains riſe and the rocks project, the roaring of torrents down their ſides, with here and there a cabin or a patch of cultivation amidſt this ſcene of wildneſs, keep the mind of the traveller

traveller in a conſtant ſtate of agitation and ſuſpence. In one place, the road is ridiculouſly carried ſtraight up the ridge of a mountain, and it is neceſſary to have aſſiſtance at this place, which Sir John Coulthurſt, of Knightſbridge, kindly ſupplied.

Towards Nedeen, the country, on the banks of the Kenmare, becomes champaign, and produces much good graſs and corn. Nedeen itſelf is a little town, well ſituated on that river, and is the property of Lord Shelburne, who poſſeſſes no leſs than a hundred and fifty thouſand Iriſh acres in Kerry. The country is all a region of mountains, incloſed by a vale of flat land on the river. The common people here live in the humbleſt ſtyle: their religion is generally Roman Catholic.

There are conſiderable fiſheries on the coaſt of Kerry, but ſome kinds of fiſh are very uncertain in their viſits, which damps the ſpirit of adventure.

Killarney, about twelve miles diſtant, is the principal market for wheat; but ſhips of one hundred and fifty tons burden can ſail up to Nedeen, now called Kenmare. Lord Shelburne is making ſome capital improvements here, and has ſettled ſome Engliſh farmers in the vicinity. The climate of Kerry is ſo very mild, that it is not unuſual to leave potatoes in the ground during winter.

Leaving Nedeen, paſſed a track of mountain bog, of the moſt improvable nature, but ſoon after entered the wildeſt and moſt romantic country that they had ever ſeen; a region of ſteep rocks and mountains, which continued for nine or ten miles, till they came to Mucrus. In this ſtupendous

ſcenery

ſcenery there is ſomething magnificently wild, and calculated to impreſs the mind with a ſpecies of terror. All the track has a rude and ſavage air, but parts of it are indeſcribably intereſting.

"From a height," ſays Mr. Young, "I looked forward to the lake of Killarney, and backward to the river Kenmare, ſurrounded by the moſt tremendous mountains that can be imagined, ed, of an aſpect ſavage and dreadful. From this ſcene of wild magnificence, I broke at once upon all the glories of Killarney." The moſt active imagination can ſketch nothing in addition to this landſcape. A fine ſheet of water, iſlands of wood amidſt the expanſe, the rich incloſures on its banks, all combine to ſtrike the eye of taſte with an irreſiſtible charm.

Arrived at Mr. Herbert's, at Mucrus, to whoſe polite attention they were indebted for the pleaſure of the tour of the celebrated lake of Killarney. This delicious ſpot, which vies with the fineſt in the Britiſh dominions, has been frequently deſcribed in the moſt flowing colours, by ſuch as have reſided ſome time in its vicinity, and have, therefore, been the better able to trace its beauties. Our limits do not allow us to follow Mr. Young in his various excurſions round its precincts; but in a track ſo much beaten, it is unneceſſary to enlarge*. The whole is an aſſemblage of beauties, diverſified however in kind and degree. The painter cannot do adequate juſtice to them, how then can deſcription? The eye of taſte alone can take them in, appreciate them as they deſerve, and pourtray them on the tablet of fancy.

* See Twiſs's Tour in Vol. II. of this work.

"On

"On the whole," remarks our author, "Killarney, among the lakes that I have ſeen, can ſcarcely be ſaid to have a rival. The extent of water in Loch Earne is much greater, the iſlands are more numerous, and ſome ſcenes near Caſtle Caldwell of greater magnificence. The rocks of Keſwick are more ſublime, and other lakes may have circumſtances in which they are ſuperior; but when we conſider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immenſity of the mountains, the uncommon beauty of the promontory of Mucrus and the iſle of Innisfallen, the character of the iſlands in general, the ſingle circumſtance of the arbutus, which grows here with unequalled luxuriance, and the remarkable echoes—it will appear, on the whole, to be in reality ſuperior to all compariſon."

On the 30th of September, they took their leave of the hoſpitable manſion of Mucrus, and paſſing through the town of Killarney, went to Caſtle Iſland. In their way to Arbella, croſſed a boggy hill, of great extent, covered with myrica gale, or bog myrtle, and coarſe graſs. It might be drained and improved at a comparatively trifling expence. About Caſtle Iſland, the land is excellent, and from that place to Arbella, the ſoil is as good as the management is bad.

The ſtate of the poor in the whole county of Kerry is wretched in the extreme; principally owing to the infamous ſyſtem of letting the land to farmers, who ſubſet it in ſmall quantities, and grind the very face of the cottars, who are, in a manner, annexed to the ſoil.

Proceed to Ardfert by Tralee. To the weſt of the latter are the Mahagree Iſlands, famous for their

their corn products. All of them are under the plough.

Arriving at Ardfert, in company with Lord Crofby, viſited the mouth of the Shannon, at Ballengary, the ſite of an old fort. It is a vaſt rock, ſeparated from the land by a chaſm of prodigious depth, through which the waves drive. The rocks of the coaſt aſſume the boldeſt ſtyle, and are hollowed into caverns by the furious billows of the Atlantic. The Shannon is here eight miles over, and preſents a noble view, forming, perhaps, the fineſt eſtuary of any river in Europe.

Ardfert lies ſo near the ſea, that ſingle trees, or rows, are unable to live; yet about Lord Glendour's houſe, at this place, are ſome fine plantations, extremely flouriſhing.

Leaving Ardfert, went on to Liſtowel, ſtopping in the way to viſit Lixnaw, the ancient ſeat of the earls of Kerry, now a ſcene of deſolation. "I was told," ſays our touriſt, "a curious anecdote of this eſtate, which ſhews the wonderful improvements that have taken place in Ireland. The preſent Earl of Kerry's grandfather agreed to leaſe the whole eſtate for 1500l. to a Mr. Collis for ever; but the bargain went off on a diſpute, whether the money ſhould be paid in Dublin or Cork; yet theſe very lands now let for 20,000l. a year"

Paſſing Liſtowel Bridge, proceed to Woodford, the ſeat of Mr. Fitzgerald. Cloſe to the houſe is a fine, winding river, under a bank of thick wood, crowned with a caſtle. The proprietor of this place, it appears, is making conſiderable rural improvements.

Next day, viſited Tarbat, the reſidence of Mr. Leſlie. The houſe appears to great advantage, on

on the edge of a beautiful lawn, hanging down to the Shannon, which is here two or three miles broad. The union of wood, water, and lawn, gives an air of grandeur to the place.

In their way to Altavilla, they paſſed over a very diſagreeable country, and being diſappointed in finding the proprietor at home, without delay, they proceeded to Adair, where the Palatines were ſettled, about the commencement of this century. Theſe people ſtill preſerve ſome of their original cuſtoms: they appoint a burgomaſter, to whom they refer all diſputes, and hitherto preſerve their native language. They are very induſtrious, and of conſequence are better fed, lodged, and clothed than the common Iriſh peaſantry. Of the zeal of the women to co-operate in the laborious toils of their huſbands, ſome jocular reports are ſpread. In a very pinching ſeaſon, one of them ſuffered herſelf to be yoked againſt a horſe, and in that condition finiſhed a journey at plough. The native Iriſh women, on the other hand, cannot be induced by any reward to aſſiſt even in making hay.

October 7th, went on to Caſtle Oliver, by Bruff, paſſing through a very fine track of rich, reddiſh loam. Caſtle Oliver is almoſt entirely a place of Mr. Oliver's creation. From a houſe ſurrounded with cabins and rubbiſh, he has converted it into an elegant reſidence, on a fine lawn, ſurrounded by thriving woods. The park is alſo much improved, and affords ſome charming views. The ſeat is ornamented with ſome capital paintings.

A colony of Palatines was planted here ſome years ago, who have introduced much tillage, and prove better farmers than the Iriſh. They

ſtill

ſtill live partially on ſour-crout; but, by degrees, are aſſimilating with the people among whom they dwell.

Leaving Caſtle Oliver, paſſed through Kilfennan and Duntreleague, in their way to Tipperary, through a various country, not deſtitute of pictureſque effect.

After halting at ſome places of little conſequence, paid a viſit to Lord Clanwilliam's; and then proceeded to Lord de Montalt's, at Dundrum, a ſeat ornamented in the modern ſtyle of improvement, to which it has been brought from the antiquated taſte of former times, wholly under his lordſhip's auſpices. This nobleman is alſo a great and a ſucceſsful cultivator.

The following day, paſſed through Caſhel, where is a ruin, ſituated on a rock, ſuppoſed to be of the remoteſt antiquity. Proceeded towards Clonmel, the beſt-lying place in the county of Tipperary, built on the banks of the Suire, a river navigable for boats of ten tons burden. It is a populous town, and is noted for being the birth-place of Sterne.

Three miles beyond Clonmel is the ſeat of Sir William Oſborne. "From a character," ſays Mr. Young, "ſo remarkable for intelligence and preciſion, I could not fail of meeting information of the moſt valuable kind." This gentleman, with a liberal ſpirit, has encouraged ſettlers on his domain, and, in conſequence, has effectuated improvements equally beneficial to himſelf and them.

One-third of Waterford mountain-land lets for ſixpence an acre, and the reſt for about ſeven ſhillings. Tillage does not much thrive on this coaſt: but there are ſome good dairies.

Tracing the Suire, paſſed through Carrick to Curraghmore, the ſeat of the Earl of Tyrone. This is one of the fineſt places in Ireland. The manſion is large, and ſtands on a riſing ground in a vale, environed by very bold hills, which riſe in a variety of forms, and preſent ſome noble and ſtriking ſcenes.

In company with his lordſhip, proceeded to Waterford, a place of great trade, particularly with Newfoundland. Several extenſive manufactures are eſtabliſhed here; and the herring-fiſheries on the coaſt are almoſt inexhauſtleſs, though leſs attended to than they deſerve. The new church in this city is a beautiful fabric; but the fineſt object is the quay, an Engliſh mile in length, and almoſt unrivalled in its accompaniments.

Leaving Waterford, they proceeded to Paſſage, and put their baggage on board the packet, in expectation of ſailing directly; but not having the full complement of paſſengers, were obliged to wait. After paſſing a very unpleaſant night on board, took a walk next morning to Ballycanvan, the ſeat of Mr. Bolton, and in company with Mr. Bolton, jun. rode to Faithleghill, a place commanding ſome of the boldeſt and moſt romantic views of any in Ireland. The intervening ſpace is the ſole property of Mr. Bolton, who has ſignalized himſelf as one of the moſt intelligent and public-ſpirited country gentleman in the iſland.

Having bid adieu to this gentleman and his ſon, at laſt, on the 20th of October, the cargo of paſſengers being complete, though the wind was unfavourable, they ſet ſail; but had not been long at ſea before they encountered a vio-

lent gale, and with difficulty they were able to keep off the coaſts. After a tedious paſſage, however, of nearly two days, though the run is frequently performed in twelve hours, they landed ſafely at Milford Haven, and thus finiſhed a long tour, in the ſiſter kingdom, of more than fifteen hundred miles.

With regard to the manners and cuſtoms of the Iriſh, Mr. Young obſerves, that there are men of 5000l. a year, who live in houſes that a perſon of 700l. a year in England would diſdain; but confeſſes that many new buildings are every day riſing, which bid fair, in a few years, to do away the reflection he paſſed; namely, "that he ſhould ſuppoſe, thirty years ago, there were not ten dwellings in the kingdom fit for an Engliſh pig to live in."

The tables of people of fortune are elegantly ſpread, and differ in nothing from thoſe of England. The flavour of their veniſon, however, is inferior, and the vegetables in general are more inſipid, owing to the climate, which is extremely moiſt. Claret is the common wine; but drinking and duelling, which have been ſo generally imputed to the Iriſh as reigning vices, are no longer peculiar to them. It is true, they ſit longer at table than the Engliſh; but every one, in good company, is at perfect liberty to pleaſe himſelf in his potations; nor is duelling more frequent than in England. Perhaps, when the Iriſh became refined into ſobriety, they likewiſe loſt that ſtimulus to quarrelling and ſingle combat, which once diſgraced the iſland; intoxication and a ſpirit of diſagreement have ever been inſeparable. Improvements in national manners, as well as in the face of the country, are rapidly

going forward; and our prayer is, that they may increaſe more and more.

"The character of the Iriſh," concludes our touriſt, "is, on the whole, reſpectable. Thoſe perſons from whom it is candid to take an eſtimate, do honour to their country. They are a lively, learned, and ingenious people. Their talents for eloquence is felt and acknowledged in the parliaments of both kingdoms. Our own ſervice, both by ſea and land, as well as thoſe of the principal monarchies of Europe, ſpeak their ſteady and determined courage. Every unprejudiced traveller, who viſits them, will be as much pleaſed with their cheerfulneſs as obliged by their hoſpitality; and will find them a brave, polite, and liberal people."

TOUR

TOUR
THROUGH
MONMOUTHSHIRE
AND
WALES,
BY
HENRY PENRUDDOCKE WYNDHAM, Esq.

DURING the ſummers of 1774 and 1777, Mr. Wyndham made the tour, of which we have given the following ſummary; and if ſucceeding travellers have been more circumſtantial, or taken a wider range, to this gentleman belongs the praiſe of firſt paving the way, and of making it faſhionable. Antecedent to the period of Mr. Wyndham's journey, many of the grand ſcenes in Wales were little known, and travellers for pleaſure in that country were few. How is the caſe now altered! Scarcely a ſummer paſſes, but the opulent or the curious, from the moſt diſtant parts of the kingdom, viſit the principality, and volume upon volume is written, to record its minuteſt beauties, whether natural or artificial. On the foundation which Meſſrs. Wyndham and Pennant laid, it was eaſy to build; yet we are far from denying the merits

of thoſe who have aſſiſted in raiſing the ſuperſtructure, and it will be our pride to ſhew what has been effected by ſome other hands, before our preſent labours cloſe.

Mr. Wyndham commenced his tour by the paſſage of the Severn, from Auſt to Beachly, and from thence proceeded to Chepſtow, through a neck of land, waſhed on one ſide by the Severn, and on the other by the Wye.

The ſhores of the Wye are bold, rocky, and ſylvan, but on the approach to Chepſtow, the caſtle, built on a high, perpendicular cliff, becomes the prominent feature in the landſcape. This building occupied ſeveral acres, and its ruins are ſtill very conſiderable, and evince its former grandeur. The chief gateway has a venerable aſpect, and is of Norman architecture. In ſome parts of the building Roman bricks, probably brought from Caerwent, are intermixed with other materials.

Even as late as the civil diſſentions in the laſt century, this caſtle was conſidered of the greateſt importance by both parties. A garriſon was continued in it after the reſtoration, and here Henry Martin, one of the judges of Charles I. paid the debt of nature, after a rigorous impriſonment of ſeveral years.

The town of Chepſtow is large and populous; and is ſuppoſed to have riſen on the decline of Caerwent. Part of the old priory church ſtill ſerves as the pariſh church of the place. The circular arches of the nave, ſupported by ſquare, maſſive pillars, remain entire; but thoſe of the ancient choir and of the croſs aiſle are only to be traced by the remains of their foundations. The entrance

entrance of the weſt front is a beautiful ſpecimen of Norman architecture.

Tintern Abbey ſtands on the banks of the Wye, at a few miles diſtance. "No monaſtical ruin in Great Britain," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "preſents a more beautiful perſpective than the inſide of the abbey church. The fine, large arches which ſupported the tower, and the ſtone frame-work of the great window, over the weſt entrance, are ſtill entire." The preſent remains are carefully preſerved, and the fallen ornaments of the vaulted roof, and the broken monuments of abbots and benefactors, invite the eye by the facility with which they may be examined. The length of the nave is two hundred and thirty feet, and that of the croſs aiſle one hundred and ſixty.

This abbey was founded in 1131, but our author thinks the preſent church was begun ſome years poſterior, as it affords an elegant ſpecimen of the pure Gothic ſtyle, conſtructed on one uniform plan.

Between Chepſtow and Tintern, the paſſage by water is the moſt beautiful and romantic that can be conceived The views from the Wye are highly magnificent, the rocks riſing on each ſide to a ſtupendous elevation, ſometimes perpendicular and naked, and ſometimes covered with woods to the very brink of the ſtream. The beautiful peninſula of Llancot, almoſt ſurrounded by the Wye, lies between, and intercepts the continuous view, but gives new charms to the ſcene, by the varied features of the encircling hills, on the top of one of which are the well-known gardens of Piercefield, which reflect and receive a luſtre from the Wye.

After viſiting Moinſcourt, where ſome ancient inſcribed ſtones are to be ſeen, and Llanfair Caſtle, now ſo entirely overgrown with ivy, that not a ſtone of it is viſible, they proceeded to the ſite of the once-famous Caſtle of Stughil, formerly the reſidence of the Clares, earls of Pembroke, of whom Richard Strongbow, the conqueror of Ireland under Henry II. was the laſt.

Deſcended into the ſhady vale of Mounton, ſurrounded with craggy declivities, and feathered with trees; and paſſing Caldecot, arrived at the ancient Caerwent. This was a conſiderable ſtation in the time of the Romans, but at preſent is a miſerable village, and retains no veſtiges of its former greatneſs, except here and there ſome fragments of the old walls. It ſtands on a gentle elevation, and the great road from Caerdiff paſſes through its centre.

While our author was making his ſecond excurſion through Wales, the following diſcovery was produced at Caerwent.

The ſervants of Mr. Lewis, of Chepſtow, on planting an orchard, within the ſouth-weſt angle of the old walls, ſtruck on a Moſaic pavement, about two feet below the ſurface of the ſoil. The proprietor, with a laudable ſpirit, immediately ordered the whole to be cleared, and, for its preſervation, erected a ſtone building over it.

This pavement is twenty-one feet ſix inches long, and eighteen feet four inches broad. A border, edged with the Greek ſcroll and fret, ſurrounds the whole. The pieces of which this antiquity is compoſed are nearly ſquare, and about the breadth of a common die, conſiſting of blue, white, yellow, and red colours; by a judicious mixture of which, the entire pattern is as ſtrongly marked

marked, as if painted on canvaſs. "In my opinion," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "this pavement is equal to any of thoſe which have been ſo carefully preſerved in the palace of the king of Naples, at Portici. It might poſſibly," adds he, "have been the floor of a temple, as we may reaſonably conſider it as too coſtly an ornament for a private building."

The country round Caerwent is pleaſantly incloſed, and towards Caerleon, the proſpects are varied and extenſive.

Of Caerleon, Giraldus Cambrenſis*, to whom our author frequently refers, gives the ſubſequent deſcription.

"It is called Caerleon, or the City of the Legions, becauſe the Roman army uſed to winter here. This city is of great fame and antiquity, and was ſtrongly fortified by the Romans with walls of brick. Many remains of its ancient magnificence are ſtill extant; ſuch as ſplendid palaces, that once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome. Immenſe baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are ſtill ſtanding, prove it to have been originally built by the emperors. Here we ſtill admire, both within and without the walls, ſubterraneous buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted ciſterns. The city is finely ſituated on the banks of the navigable Wye (Oſca), and is ſurrounded with a pleaſant variety of woods and paſtures."

* This writer accompanied Baldwin, archbiſhop of Canterbury, through Wales, in 1188, who wiſhed to excite a cruſade, for the recovery of the Holy Land, which had lately been loſt. Giraldus is fabulous, as far as religious legends are concerned, but was faithful in his account of the country.

Various antiquities, at different periods, have been diſcovered among the ruins of Caerleon; and even at this time the fund is not exhauſted.

The Roman walls are ſtill viſible, and near the centre of a field, adjoining to the weſt wall of the town, are the veſtiges of the theatre mentioned by Giraldus."

Little of the caſtle, which was built in Norman times, now remains; but on climbing up the keep, which is remarkably lofty, our author had the good fortune to diſcover a ſtone, on which is cut a baſs relief of Venus, with a ſmall dolphin ſporting in the palm of her hand. This is an undoubted ſculpture of the Romans.

Many of the Roman bricks, recorded in the Britannia, are ſcattered about the town; and in the houſe of a ſhoemaker, Mr. Wyndham was ſhewn a large brick tile, twenty inches long and ſeventeen broad, with an inſcription on it, which he explains as referring to the legion of Claudius Auguſtus.

A gentleman of this place is in poſſeſſion of a Roman ring, in gold, diſcovered ſome years ſince. It is a ſmall intaglio, finely engraved, and repreſents Hercules combating with the lion.

"The preſent Caerleon," ſays our author, "is a melancholy contraſt to the ancient: ſcarcely a decent houſe is now to be ſeen in its ſtreets."

Pontypool and Uſke, both diſagreeable towns, are ſituated among the hills. The former has been celebrated for its japanning manufactory, which is now on the decline.

Newport is a conſiderable town, formerly defended by a caſtle, the ſhell of which remains.

Leaving this place, over a bridge built on exceeding high piles of wood, and floored with boards,

boards, which riſe with the tide, but are kept from ſlipping by tenons fixed at their extremities, they took the Caerdiff road for a few miles, and then turning to the right, proceeded to Caerphilly.

This town conſiſts of a few ſtraggling cottages, and is environed by mountains of a rude and uncultivated aſpect. "Though it is only two miles from Monmouthſhire, and is ſeparated from it by a ſingle brook, yet the buildings, manners, and dreſs of the inhabitants," remarks our author, "are as ſtrictly Welch as thoſe of Merionethſhire. The Engliſh language is ſo little underſtood here, that the landlord of the poor inn was the only perſon who could ſpeak it, and even he not fluently."

It muſt, however, be conſidered that Caerphilly lies in no public road, and therefore it has leſs connection with the Engliſh. The Welch tongue, it appears, is ſenſibly declining in every place that has an eaſy communication with England; "and it is poſſible that within a century," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "a traveller may meet with as much difficulty in his reſearches after the remains of the Welch language, as Mr. Barrington did, in his tour through Cornwall, in purſuit of the Corniſh, where he found only one old woman, near ninety years of age, that could ſpeak it, and only two other old women who could underſtand her."

Caerphilly Caſtle, in its whole extent, is of immenſe ſize, and ſtill forms a noble ruin. The grand hall, excepting the roof, is perfect, and its beautiful proportions ſtrike the ſpectator with aſtoniſhment. Its Gothic ornaments are in the pureſt ſtyle of that ſpecies of architecture.

The

The hanging tower, which has been compared to that of Piſa, projects about eleven feet beyond its baſe.

The veſtiges of a draw bridge appear on the weſt ſide of the original caſtle, for many comparatively modern additions have been made, which connected it with a large piece of high, level ground, ſtrongly embanked; on the farther ſide are the remains of a round tower.

Part of the preſent pile was raiſed in 1221, and in all probability the great outworks were added by the young Spencer, in the reign of Edward II. who was beſieged in it, and made a moſt gallant defence againſt the queen's and the baron's forces.

From Caerphilly to the Pont y Prîdd, there is a good road, but as they were to retrace a great part of it in their way to Caerdiff, they took a guide to conduct them over the mountain of Eglwſyllian, which affords ſome very extenſive proſpects, but is diſagreeable of deſcent towards the bridge.

The Pont y Prîdd, reckoned one of the wonders of Wales, conſiſts of one arch thrown over the rapid Taafe, which uſed, during floods, to ſweep away every former ſtructure of this kind.

This arch is the ſegment of a circle, whoſe chord is one hundred and forty feet, and is perhaps the largeſt in the world, which is built of ſtone. The architect was William Edward, a common maſon, who contracted to enſure its ſtanding for a certain number of years. At firſt he erected a bridge of three arches, which was ſoon demoliſhed by the impetuoſity of the ſtream. He then conceived the noble deſign of throwing a ſingle arch over this torrent, which he accordingly

ingly completed; but the crown of the arch being very light, was ſpeedily forced upwards by the heaving preſſure of the butments. Still undaunted by ill ſucceſs, he boldly dared to improve on his ſecond plan, and executed the preſent aſtoniſhing arch, with ſuch judgment and ſkill as bid defiance to the moſt violent floods.

"It may be ſome ſatisfaction to to the reader," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "as it was to me, to hear that the county has nobly indemnified, and even rewarded, the heroic perſeverance of the Cambrian architect."

On his ſecond tour, however, our author had the mortification to ſee that the parapet of this noble bridge was ſtrangely neglected, and that part of it had been tumbled into the torrent, together with the ſtone on which was engraved, WILLIAM EDWARD, 1750, a name and date which hiſtory will preſerve in ſpite of envy or indifference.

About half a mile from this bridge is a natural fall of the Taafe, an object well worth viewing, as is the vicinity. Indeed few ſcenes are more agreeable than the ride from Pont y Prîdd towards Caerdiff, the road paſſing along the ſhady banks of the raging Taafe for ſix or ſeven miles, while the country is finely diverſified by the inequality of the mountains that bound the torrent.

At the opening of the valley of Glamorgan are ſeveral iron furnaces, which contribute to the rude grandeur of the proſpects.

Caerdiff, ſituated on an extenſive flat near the efflux of the Taafe, is a large, handſome, and populous town. The tower of the church is

eminently beautiful, and is ſaid to have been of the era of the firſt Edward.

The old walls which ſurround Caerdiff are very extenſive, and conſiderable portions of them ſtill remain. In the caſtle, which was originally built by the firſt Norman invaders, Robert, the eldeſt ſon of the conqueror, and right heir to his dominions, was confined by Henry I. and here deprived of ſight; he languiſhed for twenty-ſix years, when death releaſed him from captivity.

Lord Caerdiff * has made ſeveral capital improvements in the old Gothic houſe within the walls of the caſtle. At the time however of Mr. Wyndham's tour, moſt of them were only in embryo.

Croſſing the river at Caerdiff, by a handſome ſtone bridge, they quickly arrived at Llandaff, pleaſantly ſituated on a gentle elevation; but though an epiſcopal ſee, it is a very poor place. The remains of the old cathedral, however, are very beautiful, and being conſtructed as early as the year 1120, offer, perhaps, the oldeſt ſpecimens of elegant Gothic architecture in this iſland.

The preſent cathedral is erected out of the ancient, whoſe ſurrounding ruins occupy a conſiderable ſpace. The principal entrance is ſtill through the weſtern front, within which the roofleſs arches point like a magnificent colonnade to the modern church, which conſiſts of a heterogeneous mixture of architecture, by no means agreeable to the eye of taſte.

* Now Marquis of Bute.

In this cathedral are ſeveral ancient monuments, and among others of a late date, are two of the Matthews's family, in poliſhed alabaſter, which Mr. Wyndham thinks poſſeſs uncommon merit, for the age in which they were done: they appear to have been executed about the time of Henry VIII. who it ſeems patronized ſeveral Italian ſculptors.

Cowbridge, the next place they viſited, conſiſts of one broad and handſome ſtreet. "In this place," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "we firſt met with the fiſh called Sewen, which ſeems to be of the ſalmon kind, but the flavour of it, in my opinion, is much ſuperior." The ſouthern and weſtern parts of Wales abound ſo much with this delicious fiſh, that it frequently ſold for 1½d. or 2d. a pound.

The vicinity of Cowbridge is remarkable for the number of its caſtles, among theſe the moſt conſpicuous is that at St. Donat's, commanding an extenſive view of the Severn. It is of great extent, and was the reſidence or property of the Eſterlings, or Stradlings, (whoſe progenitor was one of the conqueror's twelve knights) for nearly ſeven centuries; but the line is now extinct.

The violence of the rains prevented them from inſpecting the caverns near Dunraven Houſe, and therefore they proceeded to Wennye Priory. The church is ſtill perfect, and is indiſputably of greater antiquity than any other perfect building in Wales. It was finiſhed before 1100 by one of the Norman knights, and contains the tomb of his great grandſon *, who was likewiſe

* Another ancient monument is ſhewn here, which, according to tradition, is in memory of Paganus de Turberville, one of the twelve knights.

a benefactor to the place. The arches are all circular, the columns ſhort, round, and maſſive.

Leaving Ogmore Caſtle on their left hand, they ſoon arrived at the Pile, and from thence made an excurſion on foot, in ſearch of the remains of Cynfig Caſtle, the ſuppoſed reſidence of Robert Fitzhaman, under whom the twelve knights conquered Glamorganſhire. Of this ſtructure ſcarcely a wall remains, nor does it appear to have been more than a common keep. However, the very face of the country has evidently ſuffered great revolutions from winds and inundations. Naked ſands, blown up in irregular heaps, and ſubject to changes by every ſtorm, ſurrounded the ſite.

Viſited Margam Abbey, a Norman edifice, in the beſt ſtyle. It ſtands at the foot of a high mountain, wholly covered with wood. Part of it is ſtill uſed as the pariſh church, and within are ſeveral marble monuments, in memory of the Manſels, the former poſſeſſors of the abbey.

The chapterhouſe is an elegant Gothic building; its vaulted, ſtone roof is ſupported by a cluſtered pillar, riſing from the centre of the apartment, which is an exact circle, fifty feet in diameter. The whole is ſingularly beautiful.

"The orangery at Margam appears," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "to be better known to the public than the chapter-houſe. There may be about a hundred of them, and they are in a very flouriſhing condition; but the largeſt of them are only about ten feet high, and the thickeſt part of their trunks from fifteen to ſeventeen inches in circumference."

In the ſtreet of Margam ſtands an ancient croſs, covered with a profuſion of ſculpture, repreſenting

repreſenting knots and fretwork. A few characters are viſible near ſome figures, but our author could not decypher them.

Continuing their route under the mountains, they paſſed cloſe to ſome copper-works at Aber avon, and after riding a few miles along the beach, they were ferried over the Tavey into Swanſea.

This town makes a handſome appearance on approaching it, being built near the mouth of the Tavey, on a ſemicircular riſing bank. The ſtreets are wide, and the population is very conſiderable. It carries on an extenſive trade in coals, pottery, and copper. The works belonging to the latter employ many hands.

Such is the profuſion of coals in Glamorganſhire, that it is no wonder the copper companies have fixed on this ſpot for carrying on their buſineſs. Limeſtone is alſo very plentiful; and there are few eſtates either here or in Monmouthſhire, that cannot command this uſeful article for manure. The houſes, walls and outbuildings in this track are generally whitewaſhed, which renders them at once neat and healthful.

The remaining walls of Swanſea caſtle are finiſhed with an open, Gothic parapet, through the arches of which the water ran from the tiles, a device which Mr. Wyndham highly commends, as adding to the ſecurity of the roofs and the beauty of the appearance.

In our author's ſecond tour, he purſued the road from Briton Ferry, near Swanſea, to Neath. This town ſtands on the banks of a river of the ſame name, in a ſpacious valley, and was once defended by a caſtle, of which ſome ruins are extant.

The fragments of the abbey lie about a mile below the town: they conſiſt of ſeveral arches, a long, vaulted room and a line of pillars.

The ſpirit of induſtry, obſerves Mr. Wyndham, has ſucceſsfully extended itſelf through this part of Glamorganſhire, and is viſible in immenſe copper-works and iron-forges, in tin-works and coal-mines. Yet the natives ſeem leſs ſolicitous than the Engliſh about the comforts of good houſes, and the agreeable ſuperfluities of life; for, though Neath is a conſiderable trading town, it chiefly conſiſts of more miſerable hovels than are to be found in the moſt indigent villages of England.

From Neath they made an excurſion to ſee the caſcade near Knoll. This is in a great meaſure artificial, and as ſuch is ſcarcely to be paralleled in Great Britain; but our author expreſſes his wiſh that art had been more concealed in this deſign.

The next place they viſited was the cataract of Cledaugh, near the forges of Melincourt. The road lies through a deep vale, along the eaſtern banks of the Neath, between picturesque mountains, from which torrents devolve in rainy ſeaſons.

At the extremity of a wide and gloomy chaſm, a black, perpendicular rock, about a hundred and fifty feet high, forms a ſmall ſegment of a large circle. In the midſt of this, the Cledaugh comes pouring down in a white ſheet, without a ſingle break, into the baſon below. Here it rolls among various irregular crags, and rages down a deep deſcent, till it falls into the more tranquil Neath, at the diſtance of two furlongs from the caſcade. What enhances the beauty of

this fall, is the deep ſhade of large trees that ſpread their branches over it.

Croſſing the dreary mountain of Bettus, they ſoon after deſcended into Caermarthenſhire, ſtopping at Llandillo Vawr, a ſmall town on the declivity of a hill, waſhed by the Towy. Near this place the laſt deciſive battle was fought between Edward I. and Llewellin, prince of Wales, in which the king's forces gained a complete victory, and a final period was put to the independency of Wales. This battle was fought in 1282, and afflictive as it muſt naturally have been at the moment to the ancient Britons, its conſequences have been moſt fortunate to them as well as to the conquerors. The ancient hiſtory of Wales is only a tiſſue of uſurpations, depredations, and murders; one chief contended againſt another, and the miſerable people ſeldom knew the tranquillity of peace, or the comforts of independence.

"So bloody and ireful," ſays Sir John Wynne *," in this hiſtory of the Gwedir family, were quarrels in thoſe days, and the revenge of the ſword at ſuch liberty, that nothing was puniſhed by law. Every man ſtood on his guard, and never ventured abroad on a viſit, without being armed, as if he was proceeding to encounter his enemies in the field."

The great grandfather of this gentleman, being queſtioned why he left his ancient ſeat, and reſided in Nantconway, at that time ſwarming with thieves and bondmen, replied, "that he would rather fight with outlaws and thieves than with his own blood and kindred;" adding, "that

* He wrote about the year 1600.

if

if he lived at his own houſe in Evioneth, he muſt either kill his own kinſmen, or be killed by them."

From hence they proceeded to Dinevawr Caſtle, the ruins of which ſtand on the lofty prominence of a fine ſemicircular hill, mantled with wood, deſcending to the rapid Towy. It appears to have been built by Rhys ap Theodore, prince of South Wales, in the time of William the Conqueror, and afterwards became the reſidence of the Southwallian princes.

The ruins are now incloſed in the beautiful park of Newton, the property of Mr. Rice *.

About four miles from Llandillo ſtands the caſtle of Caraig-cennin. It is ſtrongly ſituated on the point of a high, craggy, inſulated rock, wholly inacceſſible on three ſides. Great part of this fortreſs is ſtill extant, covering nearly an acre of ground, and at a diſtance appears in the higheſt degree magnificent, as well as romantic.

"This was doubtleſs," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "a Britiſh building, as is evident from its plan and the ſtyle of its architecture. Might it not," aſks he, "have been the citadel of the Britiſh princes, and Dinevawr their palace?" The wall in this caſtle is of a ſingular kind, conſiſting of a large, winding cave, bored through the ſolid rock, to the length of a hundred and fifty feet; yet, with all this extravagant labour, there is ſcarcely water ſufficient for a ſmall family, nor does there appear at preſent any other reſource within the precincts of the fortreſs.

Continuing their route through a delightful, cultivated country, they paſſed Druſlwyn Caſtle,

* Lord Dinevawr.

on

on the left, ſeated on a large natural knoll, and at Abergwilly, ſaw the ſeat of the Biſhop of St. David, which, however, has little to recommend it.

In this part of Caermarthenſhire, the fiſhermen uſe a ſingular ſort of boats, called Coracles. They are generally five feet and a half long, and four broad, a little rounded at the bottom, and nearly of an oval ſhape, ribbed with light laths and ſplit twigs, in the manner of baſket work, and covered with a raw hide, or pitched canvaſs. A ſeat croſſes juſt above the centre. Theſe veſſels ſeldom weigh more than twenty or thirty pounds, and are tranſported from place to place with great facility, by being flung over the ſhoulders of the owners. When the buſineſs of fiſhing is over, they are generally carried home, and placed with their bottoms upwards againſt the houſes, ſo that at a diſtance they reſemble the ſhells of enormous turtles.

Theſe boats, according to Cæſar, are ſpecimens of the original Britiſh navigation; and, on one occaſion, when the bridges of this great general were carried away by the torrent, he tranſported his legions in veſſels of this conſtruction.

Caermarthen, for a Welch town, is large and handſome, but certainly contains a mixture of decent and very mean inhabitants. The county hall is an honour to the place; it is erected on Doric pillars.

Part of the caſtle, founded in 1110, is now converted into a gaol; but the ruins contain nothing worthy of remark.

In Caermarthen, and indeed throughout the whole county, they uſe the duſt of culm, or ſtone coal, mixed with nearly an equal quantity of loam

loam or clay, and formed into oval balls, as a ſubſtitute for fuel. This compoſt gives great heat, when dried and put on the fire, and has been recommended by Evelyn, where coal or other fuel is ſcarce. "I could not imagine," ſays our author, "what could give riſe to this economical preparation, where the genuine price of coal did not exceed 3d. a buſhel; but ſtill the balls I found ſold for leſs than half that price, and in Wales the old adage, that "ſaving is getting," ſeems to be perfectly underſtood."

Croſſing the Towy at this place, by a long, narrow bridge, they proceeded through a leſs pleaſant country to Narbarth, a ſmall town in Pembrokeſhire, and two miles farther, paſſed the Cleddy, near which appear, on the right, the ruins of Llauhaden Caſtle, and on the left, the rich woods of Slebach.

Picton Caſtle, which they now viſited, is eſteemed one of the capital ſeats in the principality, and has always been inhabited. It has been much modernized; but modern Welch fabrics poſſeſs little to engage the attention of travellers, if we except the bridges of one arch thrown over rapid torrents, with which this country abounds.

In a ſubſequent viſit to Wales, our author took another route to Haverfordweſt, travelling by Llanſtephan, a ſmall fiſhing village, with a caſtle, and ſo on to Llaugharne, the ruins of whoſe fortreſs, ſeated on a low rock, waſhed by the tide, make a pictureſque object.

Carew Caſtle, in the way to Pembroke, next attracted their notice. Some of the aparments are of great extent and beauty, but no part of the

the preſent erection ſeems to be more ancient than the time of Henry VII.

On the road ſide, near the caſtle, ſtands a very ancient, ſculptured croſs, eleven feet high and eight inches thick. Some Saxon characters are ſtill legible in one ſquare of the ſculpture; but our author does not pretend to explain them.

Farther on ſtands Tenby, on the declivity of a hill; and, viewed from the bay, is extremely pictureſque; but wants trees to vary and enliven the ſcene.

The approach to Pembroke from the river exhibits the town and caſtle to the utmoſt advantage. The town is ſituated on the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually aſcending, and on its higheſt point ſtands the caſtle, at the brink of the precipice. This fortreſs is of Norman architecture, mixed with early Gothic, and the principal tower is uncommonly high and perfect. In former days, it was reputed of great ſtrength.

Henry VII. was born here. The natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately under the chapel, and opens towards the river. It appears nearly circular, about fifty-three feet in diameter, and of proportionable height. A communication has been made between it and the caſtle above.

Part of the ruins of the priory are uſed as a pariſh church; and great maſſes of the ancient walls, and ſome of the round towers, ſtill environ the town. Several coins of the later emperors have been diſcovered here, and other antiquities are occaſionally gleaned by the curious.

A pleaſant walk led them from Pembroke to the Ferry, from whence they ſailed, for ſome time,

time, about the haven of Milford, and then up the river to Haverfordweſt.

"The little harbour of Harbarſton Haikin," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "is in a very flouriſhing ſtate, and has now two packets, which convey paſſengers to Waterford, in Ireland, the diſtance from port to port being no more than twenty-three leagues, while the veſſels can ſail with almoſt any wind, and at any time of the tide."

Milford Haven is well known for its magnitude and ſecurity. It is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain, ſecure from every wind. The ſea flows up into ſeveral good harbours and creeks, on every ſhore of it. The coaſts, however, are not marked by any bold or pictureſque features; they are neither mountainous nor ſylvan, but conſiſt of low inequalities of ground, partially cultivated, and varied by large furze brakes.

Haverfordweſt is a large, irregular town, built on the declivity of a hill, in ſuch a manner that the back windows of the ground floors in one ſtreet frequently overlook the roofs of the houſes in another. The caſtle ruins are very extenſive, and form a capital object from ſome points of view.

Poultry and fiſh are aſtoniſhingly cheap; but our touriſt found that the difference of the price of meat and bread, between the one ſide of the Severn and the other, was extremely immaterial, though the inn charges were incomparably lower here. The common cheeſe of the country is cheap, but is ſuch a combination of acids, from the milk of goats, ſheep, mares, and cows, that few Engliſhmen would taſte it a ſecond time.

It

It ſoon contracts ſuch a hardneſs, as to be almoſt proof againſt the edge of a knife, and ſuch a rankneſs, that train-oil is ſweet in the compariſon.

"Methodiſm," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "has extended its influence even to this remote angle of our iſland. I have ſince ſeen," adds he, "in the moſt retired ſpots of this country, a wretched cottage nearly burſting with the fulneſs of its congregation, while numbers were ſwarming about the outſide, imbibing, with gaping mouths, the poiſonous tenets of the preacher, which

——— "creeping on
Spread like a low-borne miſt, and blot the ſun."

The Pembrokeſhire women, even in the middle of ſummer, generally wear a heavy cloth gown, with a hood depending behind, and, inſtead of a cap, a handkerchief wrapt over their heads, is tied under their chins. Sometimes, though rarely, they wear a ſmall, beaver hat, with a very low crown. In other parts of Wales, however, the women, as well as the men, uſe large, beaver hats, with deep crowns; and even ſome of the better ſort of people affect this national covering.

From Haverfordweſt the road leads through a wretched country, down to the beach of Niwegal, then traverſes a mountain, and deſcends to the romantic little harbour of Solvath.

"Near this place," ſays Giraldus, "are now ſeen trunks of trees ſtanding in the ſea, with the marks of the ax as viſible on them as if they had been lately felled." The ſame author records a ſtorm, which drove the ſands from the beach, and expoſed land to view which had been concealed for many ages.

The city of St. David's conſiſts of a ſtreet, filled with miſerable cottages, one of which is an inn. "I had ſo little idea," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "this was the biſhopric, that I enquired in the ſtreet, how far it was diſtant."

The palace and cathedral lie below the town, and are not immediately viſible. The former was erected in the reign of Edward III. and now forms an immenſe ruin. Several of the apartments are of extraordinary magnitude, the walls of which are all entire. The area of the great court is a hundred and twenty feet ſquare, one ſide of which is occupied by the biſhop's hall, the other by the king's, both of vaſt dimenſions.

The nave of the preſent cathedral was built in the reign of King John, and ſhews a majeſty of ſtyle in it's decorations that is uncommonly ſtriking. The roofs are wainſcotted with Iriſh oak, and coeval with the church; yet there is not a ſingle cobweb to be ſeen on them *.

Several ancient monuments appear both within the church, and among the many ruined chapels that ſurround it. Edmund, earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII. lies under a raiſed tomb, near the middle of the choir, and at a ſmall diſtance is the tomb of Owen Tudor. Giraldus likewiſe lies buried here; but the officiating vicar neither knew his name nor his tomb. It ſeems part of the cathedral is unpaved, and graves are frequently raiſed within it of earth, as in common church-yards. This is not only indecent, but muſt be inimical to health, from confined effluvia.

* Our author ſeems to think that Iriſh timber is an antidote againſt ſpiders.

"There

"There is ſomething innocent and pathetically pleaſing," remarks our author, "in the idea of ſtrewing flowers and evergreens over the grave of a departed friend, which is the univerſal practice in thoſe parts." Shakeſpeare ſays, in his Cymbeline,

> "With faireſt flowers, while ſummer laſts,
> I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave."

St. David, archbiſhop of Wales, tranſlated the ſee hither from Caerleon, about 600, and from him it derived its name; while the ancient appellation, Menevia, was loſt. It continued to be an archiepiſcopal ſee till the reign of Henry I. when Bernard, the laſt metropolitan, profeſſed obedience to the ſee of Canterbury.

From St. David's, they made a ſhort excurſion to ſee the rocking-ſtone in this vicinity, mentioned by Gibſon; but it has long ſince become immoveable, and could never have been ſo curious as ſome others of this deſcription in the kingdom.

Fiſgard, a ſmall port on this coaſt, ſtands on the point of a mountain, from which there is a winding road, cut with much labour, down to the harbour, at the mouth of the Gwyn.

There are few incloſures to be ſeen here. This whole coaſt is mountainous, with ſteep and perpendicular cliffs. The road commonly lies in ſight of the ſea, and frequently commands a proſpect of the Iriſh hills.

Within a ſhort diſtance of Newport, a mean town, ſituated under the ruins of a ſmall caſtle, are ſeveral druidical ſepulchres, or altars. The upper ſtones are large, and appear to have been originally ſupported by four uprights. They are

all within the circumference of about ſixty yards, and one of them is nearly perfect.

Finding very indifferent accommodations at Fiſgard and Newport*, they proceeded the ſame day to Cardigan, viſiting the old croſs in the church-yard of Nefern. This is mentioned by Gibſon, but of ſome other antiquities they could learn no intelligence.

In his ſecond tour through the principality, our author took a different route from Haverfordweſt to Cardigan, travelling through Narbrath†. Beyond this they paſſed a druidical monument on Cilmaenlloyd Heath, and after ſome time came in ſight of Cilgarran Caſtle, of which two round, roofleſs towers are ſtill remaining. It is of great antiquity, and was originally fortified by Roger Montgomery, one of the Norman generals at the battle of Haſtings.

They were ferried over the Teivy in a coracle, with a dexterity that was aſtoniſhing.

Cardigan ſtands on a gentle eminence above the river, over which there is a handſome, ſtone bridge. Some ſlender remains of the caſtle walls are ſtill to be ſeen; but by far the greater part of the materials have been removed.

* Their landlord at Newport, aſking their opinion reſpecting one of the ancient monuments in this vicinity, was told, that it was probably the grave of ſome *great man* among the ancient Britons. "I always thought ſo," ſaid he, with an air of ſatisfaction, "and I have no doubt but, in digging, the ſkeleton of a *huge giant* would be diſcovered.

† In ſome parts of Pembrokeſhire, it appears inoculation for the ſmallpox has been practiſed time immemorial. The hardy native either rubbed the matter of a ripe puſtule on his ſkin, or pricked himſelf with a needle, previouſly dipped in it.

Returning

Returning from hence by Coedmawr, they followed a beautiful, ſhady path, cut for two miles from the precipitous bank of the Teivy, a river which runs in a broad, tranſlucent ſtream, between the ſloping, ſylvan hills which bound it. In one place the landſcape is broken, but, at the ſame time heightened, by the lofty, barren rock, on which ſtand the romantic ruins of Cilgarran Caſtle. Much of this walk, and its accompanying ſcenery, bears a ſtrong reſemblance to Piercefield.

At Llechryd Bridge, the beauty of the river diminiſhes, and here they proceeded towards the coaſt, through a miſerable country, that defies the power of cultivation.

The town of Llanarch conſiſts only of a few ſtraggling cottages. Between this and Aberyſtwyth, the road is intricate, and preſents nothing very remarkable, except ſome druidical monuments and veſtiges of encampments.

Aberyſtwyth * is pleaſantly ſituated on an eaſy elevation, in the centre of a ſpacious vale at the efflux of the Yſtwyth and Ryddol. It carries on a conſiderable trade, and in the ſummer ſeaſon is much reſorted to for bathing, its beach being eaſy, regular, and ſandy, and well adapted for the purpoſe.

Part of the ancient walls remains, though in a mutilated ſtate; and of the caſtle only one Gothic tower, which now ſerves as a land-mark, challenges notice. It was firſt built by Gilbert Strongbow, about 1107; but rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277.

* Towns whoſe names begin with Aber, ſhew they lie near the mouth of a river.

A long, ſtone bridge, of nine arches, croſſes the Ryddol near this place, on the other ſide of which riſes a high and precipitous hill, crowned with a large intrenchment, where it is ſaid Gryffydh ap Rhys encamped his forces, before they were cut off by the Engliſh. On a forked hill, juſt above the oppoſite ſide of the town, are two other caſtrametations.

Having determined to explore the interior parts of Cardiganſhire, they viſited the tin-works above Cilgarran, and then proceeded over a wild and mountainous country to Llanpeter, exhibiting few marks of native fertility, though ſeveral of attempted cultivation.

On their approach to Llanpeter, the vale in which it lies appeared rich and woody, but this agreeable illuſion was ſoon diſſipated. No other remains of this ancient abbey are to be ſeen, except part of the wall of the church, and a beautiful door-way, of Norman architecture. Of the tombs of princes and abbots, whoſe duſt repoſes here, not a veſtige is to be ſeen, nor even a ſingle inſcription to be found.

This celebrated monaſtery, which was founded by a Southwallian prince in the reign of William the Conqueror, lies in the fartheſt receſs of a mountainous ſemicircle, ſurrounded by ſome ſweet, romantic ſpots. "To the monks of this houſe it is chiefly owing," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "that the public now poſſeſſes an accurate hiſtory of Wales, from the year 1157 to the defeat of Llewelyn, the laſt reigning prince of Wales." The chain of hiſtory antecedent to this is ſuppoſed to be derived from more fabulous ſources.

Paſſing

Paſſing a night at Rhos Fair, they continued to travel over mountains, moraſſes, and through deep glens, frequently waſhed by rapid torrents, till they came to the Devil's Bridge, the foundation of which is of great antiquity; but in the opinion of our author, it could not be neceſſary to employ ſuch an architect to throw an arch over a chaſm only twenty feet wide. A new arch has been formed on the old one, ſo that the preſent may be thirty feet over.

The depth to the water under the bridge is at leaſt two hundred and fifty feet, while the chaſm gradually expands itſelf above the bridge to the height of three hundred feet more. The whole length of this romantic valley is more than a mile, and is ſo thickly mantled with trees, that the chaſm may eaſily be paſſed without being noticed.

The river Monach, which joins the Ryddol a little below, in a ſeries of ages, has worn this way through the rock, and forms altogether one of the moſt ſingular ſcenes that can be imagined.

From the ſurrounding mountains, the higheſt of which is Plinlimmon, ſeveral capital rivers derive their ſources; the Severn, with many of its tributary ſtreams, the Wye, the Yſtwyth, the Teivy, and others.

Purſuing an exceeding good turnpike-road, ſometimes through the mountains, and ſometimes along their brows, they came to Llanbadern Vawr, one of the earlieſt biſhoprics in Wales. The preſent church is ſpacious, and built in the form of a Greek croſs. In the time of Giraldus, there was an abbey here under the juriſdiction of a layman, a profanation which he laments in feeling

feeling ſtrains; though, perhaps, the revenues were as well applied by a layman as by a monk.

The ſuppoſed ſepulchre of Talieſſin, the prince of Britiſh bards, which ſtood near the highway, about four miles from Aberyſtwyth, has, according to our author, been entirely deſtroyed, and the broken ſtones converted to gate-poſts. With the partiality the Cambrians feel for their diſtinguiſhed countryman, it is aſtoniſhing they ſhould be ſo negligent of their memorials.

About two miles beyond Tal y Bont, the country began to wear a more cheerful aſpect than it had done for ſome ſpace, and they entered a ſylvan ſcene, through which they were conducted, by the ſides of two waterfals, to the banks of the Dovy.

Here the landſcape was profuſe of beauties. The navigable Dovy, which forms the boundary between North and South Wales, runs through a broad expanſe of fine meadows, encircled with a majeſtic chain of mountains, rich in tillage, paſture, or wood.

Machynlleth, the next place they viſited, is ſituated in a ſmall, verdant plain, cloſely begirt with mountains, the ſummits of which are generally enveloped in clouds. Here Owen Glyndwr aſſembled a parliament, and formally accepted the crown of Wales, in 1402. This man maintained his princely dignity for ſeven years, in ſpite of all the efforts of England. The houſe where his parliament aſſembled is ſtill to be ſeen.

Leaving this place, they ſoon found themſelves in a true alpine valley, ſurrounded by precipices, down which the torrents devolved in thundering majeſty. Towards its extremity, the huge mountain of Cader Idris preſented one of its naked, craggy,

craggy, and prominent cliffs in the moſt ſublime form, and under this the road paſſes, within ſight of the ſmall Lake of Three Grains; ſo called from three immenſe ſtones lying near it, which are believed by the common people to have been only three grains, which the Giant Idris finding uneaſy in his ſhoes, ſhook out here, as he ſtopped to drink.

They now croſſed a branch of Cader Idris, and ſoon after deſcending, arrived at Dolgelly, a poor town, in a pleaſant ſituation, on the banks of the Avon. The entrance is under a boarded channel, which ſerves as an aqueduct to a mill, and from which the water is conſtantly dripping on the paſſenger's head. Mountains environ it, and publicans crowd it.

Cader Idris riſes immediately from the town to a point; and, from the abruptneſs of its deſcent, appears more elevated than it really is. In height it is certainly inferior to Snowdon.

The rains falling very heavily, confined them longer in this place than they intended, and a fair being held here, every chamber was occupied. "The ſcene of riot and drunkenneſs, which took place," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "is ſcarcely to be conceived; it continued not only through the day, but during the night, and till the following noon."

As a proof of Welch hoſpitality, two gentlemen, one an officer and the other a juſtice of the peace, preſſed our author to their compotations, from which he was not ſuffered to retire till two in the morning; but no ſooner was he gone, than the ſame gentlemen ſent for his ſervants, and *enjoyed* their company during the remainder of the night.

A con-

A conſiderable trade in flannels is carried on here, and extends its influence for many miles round. Here the Engliſh language is ſpoken by boys with great facility, by oral inſtruction. The maſters cauſe their pupils to repeat ſhort ſentences, gradually lengthening the taſk, and thus ſpeedily qualify them to converſe in a tongue, which, if ſtudied grammatically, would have taken them up ſeveral years*.

They now paſſed near the poor remains of Vennar Abbey, and about five miles from Dolgelly, turned to their left to examine a waterfal. It is broken into two broad parts; the upper fall deſcends about thirty-five feet, into a large baſon, and then running along a craggy channel for ſome diſtance, comes to the lower precipice, from which it is projected, in a broad ſheet, into a ſecond baſon below. The laſt fall is upwards of twenty feet in deſcent; the whole encircled with impending rocks, and ſhaded with wood. The ſpot is romantically beautiful, and they could ſcarcely tear themſelves from it.

In this vicinity are ſeveral other remarkable cataracts, the two principal are thoſe of Mothvaye and Cayne; each of which has its characteriſtic and appropriate beauties.

The fall of Rhaidr Du, or the Black Cataract, is on the ſmall ſtream Velenryd. It ruſhes down a ſteep and broad hollow, worn in the mountain, for the ſpace of a hundred yards, before it reaches the precipice, and is then forced through the

* There cannot be a doubt but converſation is the readieſt method of learning any language. It is neceſſary to acquire words firſt, and then to know how to place them; in the ſame manner as it is neceſſary to have the materials of a building before they can be united.

mouth

mouth of the cataract, with extraordinary violence, into a pool forty feet below.

As they approached Harlech, the road was almoſt literally a ſtair-caſe. The ſhell of the caſtle of Harlech is entire, and preſents a moſt pictureſque object, being ſeated on a very high rock, projecting into the Iriſh Sea. Its ſtrength muſt have been very formidable, yet it ſurrendered to the Earl of Pembroke in the reign of Edward IV. after a ſhort ſiege.

In order to avoid the perilous track by which they had reached this place, they returned over the ſands of Traeth Bychan, which are only paſſable at low water. For this purpoſe they hired a Welch guide, who blundered on, without confeſſing his ignorance of the road, till he brought them to the very brink of a precipice. They had, in every inſtance, found the guides of this country equally ignorant, conceited, or timid. In one caſe, a poor fellow, ragged, barefooted, and probably without a penny in his pocket, would not engage to direct them for hire, notwithſtanding all their perſuaſions, leſt he ſhould be murdered in the mountains. The temptation certainly was not very obvious to ſuch a treacherous and deſperate deed!

The ſepulchre near Harlech, called Coeton Artur, mentioned by Camden, ſtill exiſts: the other monuments, near Michneint Mountain, are much injured by time and violence, and our touriſt did not take the trouble of viſiting them.

The kind reception they met with at the little inn of Tan y Bwlch induced them to ſtay ſeveral days at this ſpot. It ſtands in the pariſh of Feſtiniogg, on the river Dwyryd, in a deep and narrow

narrow valley, ſurrounded by mountains of the moſt romantic aſpect, moderately clothed with wood. The ſcenery here, were the ſky more ſerene, would, in our author's eſtimation, make as rich a ſtudy for a painter, as the neighbourhood of Freſcati or Tivoli.

"In ſhort," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "if a perſon could live upon a landſcape, he would ſcarcely deſire a more eligible ſpot than that, on which the manſion of a Mrs. Griffiths ſtands; but the barrenneſs of the country on all ſides the vale is invincible; no carriage can be uſed in it; and all the comforts and conveniences of life depend on diſtant markets."

Vegetation here is ſtunted, and twenty acres of land would ſcarcely produce a ton of hay.

Whether it is owing to the climate or the diſpoſition of the natives, the gentlemen throughout the whole principality are ſaid to be attached to immoderate draughts of a heavy, viſcid ale, which ſhortens their days. 'The poor,' ſays a ſenſible, obſervant author, 'through neceſſity, reap the benefit of the climate, and live to advanced ages, while the richer heir ſeldom waits long for the poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and ſeldom long enjoys it.'

They now traverſed a deſolate and cloud-capt country, till, deſcending to the ſands of Traeth Mawr, they were conducted to Pont Aberglaſlyn, which divides Merioneth from Caernarvonſhire. The ſcene is grand beyond deſcription: an impending, craggy cliff, at leaſt eight hundred feet high, full of rugged rocks, ſhadows the broad, tranſlucent torrent, which thunders over the vaſt fragments torn from the precipices above; while, on the oppoſite declivity, the diſjointed fragments

ments ſeem ſcarcely prevented from tumbling into the narrow road that lines the brink of the flood.

The bridge of Aberglaſlyn, which connects the two precipices, is a ſemicircular arch, about thirty feet in diameter. Juſt above it is a caſcade, called the Salmon Leap, about twelve feet high.

Leaving this romantic paſs, which continues nearly a mile, they paſſed through Beddhelert, over a rocky deſert, at the foot of Snowdon, to the lakes of Llwchwellyn. From the brink of the larger lake riſes the immenſe precipice of Mynydd Mawr, or the Great Mountain. A vale ſoon after opens, which gradually dilates itſelf into the rich and pleaſant champaign about Caernarvon. This is a neat and well-built town, founded on the Angleſea Straight, by Edward I. who fortified it with a wall and caſtle.

The ſhell of the caſtle is a ſtriking object, of the fineſt Gothic architecture; and is faced with a bright, durable ſtone. Strangers are ſhewn the tower in which Edward II. the firſt Engliſh prince of Wales, was born.

A broad and delightful terrace accompanies the walls of the town; and, from every point that this place can be viewed, it forms a charming landſcape, and gives a ſtriking idea of the ſplendor and magnificence of the firſt Edward.

On the ſteep bank of the Steint, about half a mile above the town, ſtands a ſquare fort, ſuppoſed to be the Roman Segontium. It is unqueſtionably of great antiquity.

Made an excurſion to Dolbadern Caſtle, and, as they approached the ruins, noticed a deep fall of water on the right. The caſtle is ſituated on the verge of Llynberis Lake, divided by a nar-

row meadow from another bearing the ſame name as the caſtle. Only one tower of the pile remains, or more probably it never was of much greater extent, being placed on the ſharp point of a lofty crag. Here Owen Goch was confined by his brother Llewelyn for more than twenty years, but at length releaſed.

In this vicinity, they ſaw numerous flocks of goats, and alſo a few ſcattered ſheep, which pick up a ſcanty ſupport from the turfs amidſt the precipices.

A turnpike road carried them to Bangor Ferry, which they croſſed to Porthathwy, and, without ſtopping, they proceeded directly to Beaumaris.

Angleſea is famous for its druidical remains; but our author thinks antiquaries are frequently miſled and hurried away by too ſanguine an attachment to their favourite purſuit, which makes them attribute to religious uſes what was originally intended only for private advantage. The cairns of Wales have drawn forth a profuſion of learned diſquiſitions; "yet I am convinced," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "that many of theſe heaps of ſtones were piled together for no other reaſon, than that the reſt of the field might afford the clearer paſture."

"I ſhall paſs no reflections," adds he, "on the ſingle monuments, or on the circular, upright ſtones which abound in moſt parts of this country. They are not comparable to Stonehenge or Abury, either in maſſineſs or regularity."

Our touriſt mentions the following ludicrous anecdote, which we preſerve as a *bonne bouche* for antiquaries. Being deſirous to know what was the vulgar tradition of the uſe and intention of a very large upright ſtone, he ordered his guide

to aſk a countryman, why it was erected. "For the cattle to rub their a——e againſt," replied the clown, without heſitation: a more obvious purpoſe, and perhaps a more uſeful one, than a F. A. S. would ever have thought of.

Beaumaris is a handſome town, charmingly ſituated on the Menai Frith; it has a good port, and was defended by a caſtle, built by Edward I. ſtill in good preſervation, and appears to have been of great ſtrength. It is ſurrounded on all ſides at the diſtance of fifty or ſixty feet, with a ſtrong wall, guarded by round towers at regular diſtances.

Croſſing the Menai Ferry, they paſſed over the ſands at low water, and entered on the turnpike road at Llanaber, in Caernarvonſhire.

All the borders of the Menai are pleaſant and agreeable; but the fine woods at Plas Newydd and Baron Hill, the ſeat of Lord Bulkeley, above Beaumaris, render them eminently beautiful.

Above the houſe of Sir Nicholas Bailey, at Plas Newydd, they were ſhewn a remarkable cromlech, the principal ſtone of which, an irregular ſquare, is forty feet in circumference, and from three to four in thickneſs. Notwithſtanding its magnitude, it is raiſed ſo high on ſupporters, that cows can take ſhelter under it. A ſmaller cromlech cloſely adjoins to the extremity of the large one.

Soon after Mr. Wyndham returned from his tour, a friend informed him, that a ſubterraneous gallery was diſcovered near the hamlet of Brynkelly, eighteen feet long, three broad, and ſix high. It led to a chamber of the ſame height, covered with a large, ſingle ſtone, twelve feet

long and nine wide. A ſmall, round pillar, in the centre of the apartment, ſeemed to prop the roof; and many human bones were diſperſed about the floor, which, immediately as they were touched, mouldered into duſt. This ſepulchre is probably unique, and is certainly of the higheſt antiquity.

Bangor is a ſmall town, and contains but few good houſes. The preſent cathedral was built by Biſhop Dennis, in the reign of Henry VII.

After travelling for thirteen days, where no carriage could be uſed, chiefly on little Welch hacks, remarkably handy and ſure of foot, they felt all the luxury of a coach, which met them at Bangor Ferry, and carried them to Conway.

Among the mountains they had left, the Engliſh language is little underſtood. The original manners alſo prevail, unmixed with either ancient or modern civilization. "The village of Rhos Fair and its inhabitants," remarks our touriſt, "would quickly convince a ſtranger, that ſimplicity in building or clothing is not partially confined to the wigwams and natives of the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Terra del Fuego; and would furniſh a ſtronger confirmation of the opinion, that America was diſcovered by the Britons in the twelfth century, than the caſual affinity of a few words, ſtrained to the ſame import."

However, it is not neceſſary to adopt this hypotheſis for a ſolution of the queſtion: all nations were originally ſimple and uncivilized, the modes of living were nearly ſimilar; and it is only where refinement takes place, and luxury creeps in, that they vary from each other in any eſſential degree.

At

At the foot of Penmaen Mawr ſtands a ſmall inn, the landlord of which deſigned and ſuperintended the famous road which runs here along the ſide of a lofty cliff, impending over the ſea. This road divides the mountain into two unequal parts, the height above being five times as great as the depth below. No power of man can obviate all the dangers of this ſtupendous paſs. Large fragments, from the precipice above, are continually falling down, and ſometimes interrupt the road, or force through the parapet into the Iriſh Sea below.

Our author was informed by this ingenious landlord, that he had lately attended an Engliſh gentleman to the ſummits of Penmaen Mawr and Snowdon, and that the perpendicular height of the firſt was found to be one thouſand four hundred feet, and of the latter one thouſand three hundred feet above the level of the ſea.

"It may appear extraordinary," obſerves Mr. Wyndham, "that I have ſcarcely taken any notice of the mountains of Plinlimmon or Snowdon, though I was at the feet of both. The fact is, the atmoſphere was ſo conſtantly obſcured during the time I was here, that the upper parts were always hid from our view."

The top of Snowdon, it ſeems, is rarely viſible, even from Caernarvon, and when they enquired of the inhabitants in what point of the compaſs it lay, no two people could agree in fixing it preciſely to the ſame ſpot.

There is an exiſting tradition, that this mountainous, naked track was once covered with woods, which Edward I. deſtroyed, that they might not furniſh an aſylum to the diſaffected; but the deſcription of Giraldus, who wrote a century be-

fore that period, confutes this opinion, and ſhews that Snowdon perfectly correſponds with its preſent appearance.

However, there is a greater probability for the tradition, which records, that this king ordered all the Welch bards to be maſſacred. This might be a neceſſary, but a cruel, policy. The flame of liberty could only be extinguiſhed with the fuel that fed it. The warm and energetic ſongs of a race of men, almoſt deemed inſpired, could not be heard without a correſpondent effect on the multitude. In ancient days the voice and the harp were to liberty what the preſs is now—the very pillar of its exiſtence. The ſituation of Conway is exceedingly fine. It ſtands on the banks of a noble river, which makes a beautiful and ſpacious vale, while ſylvan hills ſurround it. The preſent town, however, does not occupy a third of the area of the ancient walls, which are ſtill nearly perfect, and, together with the caſtle, were erected by Edward I.

Conway Caſtle ſtands on a narrow rock, two ſides of which are waſhed by the river. The ruins are of great extent, but the hall is the moſt remarkable apartment; this is a hundred and twenty-nine feet in length, and thirty-one and a half in breadth. The height from the floor to the point of the Gothic vault, ſupported by eight pillars, of which five remain, was twenty-two feet. In this noble room are three chimneys.

The ground-plot ſeems to have been irregular, and adapted to the nature of the ſite. The towers on the ſouth are partly founded on the rock and partly on its ſteep and ſmooth declivity. One of them remains a ſingular ruin, for the lower part having ſlidden down the precipice, the

the upper part ſtill continues perfect and erect, with a projection of thirty feet over the walls below.

As Cheſter fair was at hand, the inns of Conway were filled with linen merchants from Ireland, and many were obliged to ſit up all night, ſacrificing to Bacchus; while a blind harper and the voice of the bar-maid encouraged their libations. "This was the only harp," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "I heard in the principality; both the inſtrument and the voice were perfectly agreeable, and I did not lament the interruption of my ſleep, or wiſh the harmonic ſociety at a greater diſtance from my chamber."

Croſſing the ferry at Conway, they traverſed a hilly country, till they came within eight miles of St. Aſaph, when they entered the fertile vale of Clwyd.

St. Aſaph is a neat, pleaſant town, ſituated on an elevated bank, between the Elwy and Clwyd. The cathedral is kept in the neateſt order, and of itſelf is a handſome pile of building. The preſent fabric, after a delapidation of eighty years, was raiſed by Biſhop Redman, about 1480.

The ruins of Ryddlan Caſtle ſtand about three miles below St. Aſaph. It was a ſmall, ſquare fortreſs, of Norman architecture, and rebuilt in its preſent form by Henry II. Here Edward I enacted the famous ſtatute, by which he regulated the government of his newly-acquired dominions.

In a ſubſequent tour, Mr. Wyndham followed the road from Conway, which leads to Llanrwſt, through a romantic country, enlivened with waterfals.

Llanrwſt,

Llanrwſt, though it lies on no public road, has a good inn; a beautiful ſtone bridge over the Conway connects it with the ancient manſion of the Wynnes, of Gwedir. This bridge was built in 1636, and is ſaid to have been the deſign of Inigo Jones, a native of this country. It does no diſcredit to this eminent architect.

The chapel adjoining to the church is alſo reputed to have been the work of the ſame genius. In it are the monuments of the Gwedir family, and five or ſix ſquare braſs plates are ſtill to be ſeen on the pavement, with effigies of ſome of the race, in the faſhion of their times. An open ſtone coffin, preſerved here, ſaid to have been brought from an abbey two miles below, is reputed to have contained the duſt of Llewelyn the Great, who reigned fifty-ſix years, and died in 1240.

At ſome diſtance from Llanrwſt, is a cataract of the river Wennel, broken into many parts, each of which has its peculiar beauty, and viewed together, form a landſcape in the higheſt degree romantic.

Continuing their progreſs by a good road, over ſome heathy hills, when they arrived within a few miles of Denbigh, the beauty of the country began inſenſibly to increaſe, and to prepare them for the rich and luxuriant proſpects that gladden the vale of Clwyd.

"While we were traverſing thoſe heathy hills," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "we frequently looked back towards the mountainous regions, from which we had ſo lately emerged; and had now a clearer view of them than uſual, though they were not entirely unobſcured."

Our

Our tourist laments that he was not able ever to procure any satisfactory information, respecting the situation of the Glyder Mountain, described by Gibson; and he seems to think that its name has since been changed to Wythwar, which lies south of the parish of Clynog.

The town of Denbigh is large, populous, and decently built, on the declivity of a lofty hill, covered with the ruins of a strong castle, founded in the reign of Edward I. The principal gateway is a large and beautiful Gothic arch, over which is a statue of the founder, Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln.

The town was originally confined to the summit of this hill, and the walls and gates are visible. The parish church still occupies this place.

They next reached Ruthen, a large and well-inhabited town, on the Clwyd, formerly defended by a Gothic castle, of which some fragments remain. Here it may be proper to remark, that most of the towns in North Wales are superior in beauty to those of the South.

Soon after they quitted the charming vale of Clwyd, which for beauty, fertility, and population, is not exceeded by any spot of the same magnitude in the kingdom. It is nearly of an oval form, twenty-six miles long, and eight wide in the broadest part, wholly bounded by a chain of hills, except towards the Irish sea. The banks of the Clwyd which divides it, are charmingly diversified, and are as picturesque as the soil is rich.

Again they entered on a mountainous track, pregnant with coals and lead; and in their descent to Wrexham, had an extensive view of Vale Royal, in Cheshire. At the bottom they passed

paſſed Offa's Dyke, which is very viſible on each ſide of the road. It commences at Baſingwerk, in Flintſhire, and is continued for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles to Chepſtow.

In his ſecond tour, Mr. Wyndham took another route from Denbigh, through the mountains and lead mines of Caerwis, and ſo on to the large and handſome town of Holywell; famous for the well of St. Winifred, and more ſo for the legend that records her miracles. It is almoſt needleſs to add, that the legend is a fiction; and it does not even appear to have antiquity to render it venerable.

The mother of Henry VII. founded the beautiful little cloiſter, which covers the well, and over that the chapel, now uſed as a public ſchool. The ſpring itſelf is a ſingular curioſity. It throws out about twenty-one tuns of water * in a minute, and deſcends down the contracted valley with ſuch rapidity, that it actually works ſeveral mills for battering braſs and iron, in the ſhort ſpace of one mile, before it falls into the Cheſter Channel.

The equability of this ſpring is likewiſe very remarkable, as it is never affected by ſeaſons or floods, and, from its rapidity, never freezes.

The catholics eſteem it for its ſanctity, and others for its ſalubrity. The latter quality gains ſome credit, from the number of trophies left by grateful patients, to record its virtues. The waters are uſed both externally and internally, and the baſon is promiſcuouſly opened to all comers, male as well as female, who perform

* Pennant.

the

the ceremony of ablution, veiled only in a linen ſhirt.

Near the efflux of the Holywell river, ſtand the extenſive remains of Baſingwerk monaſtery. They are ſituated on a gentle riſing, and command a long perſpective of the Cheſter Channel. The richneſs of the ſoil, and the happy diſpoſition of the ſurrounding groves, contribute much to the pictureſque beauty of theſe venerable ruins.

The architecture of Baſingwerk ſeems to be of a mixed nature, but much of it is very ancient. The doors and ſome of the lower arches are ſemicircular, ſimple, and unadorned: the windows are long, narrow, and painted. Little of the church remains except the foundations; but large maſſes of the abbot's houſe, of the hall, and refectory are ſtill extant.

This abbey, which was founded in 1131, originally belonged to the templars; but on the diſſolution of that order, was given by Edward II. to the Ciſtercians. The cunning monks invented the fable of St. Winifred, and as this ſuperſtition daily gained ground, and was backed by the Roman pontiff, they acquired great wealth from the reſort of pilgrims to the holy well.

The poor town of Flint ſcarcely deſerves a viſit. It has, however, the remains of a ſmall, ſquare caſtle, ſuppoſed to have been founded by Henry II. Hiſtory relates that Richard II. was inveigled to this fortreſs, and there detained, till he was put into the hands of Bolingbroke, who, in conſequence of Richard's depoſition, ſucceeded to the throne.

The caſtle walls are now conſiderably diſtant from the reach of the tide, yet we are aſſured that

that ſhips formerly anchored under them; and within half a century mooring rings were to be ſeen in the walls.

Falling into the turnpike road at Northop, they travelled through a rich and pleaſant country, commanding moſt delightful and extenſive views, and paſſing under the only remaining tower of Hawarden caſtle, now incloſed in a garden, they ſoon after arrived at Cheſter.

Next day they re-entered the principality, and reached Wrexham, a large and handſome town, delightfully ſituated in a fruitful country, which has induced many families to fix their reſidence in the vicinity. The ſeat of Mr. York, at Erddig, and its accompaniments, claim the admiration of every perſon of taſte and elegance.

The church of Wrexham is a ſplendid fabric. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. and its tower, a beautiful ſpecimen of the ornamented Gothic, is a hundred and forty feet high. Within are ſome handſome monuments, and among the reſt a very ancient one, repreſenting an armed man, at full length, with his legs extended, and a long ſword. On the left arm is a ſhield, with a lion or wolf rampant, and round it are ſome large Saxon characters, which have not been decyphered.

In the church of Ruabon are many monuments of the families of Williams and Wynne, and as two of them are by Rylbrac and Nollekens, they will long ſerve to reſcue this place from obſcurity, did it poſſeſs no other attraction.

In this pariſh lies Wynſtay, the ſeat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. The park is replete with charming views, and the houſe, built on the higheſt elevation in it, commands

ſome

ſome luxuriant proſpects over lawns, ſinking with gradual ſlopes, and riſing again with ſwelling inequalities at various diſtances. Both wood and water combine to heighten the ſcene; nor is the ſurrounding country leſs attractive, being an expanſe of rich cultivation, bounded by remotely diſtant hills.

Their next ſtage was Chirk Caſtle, part of whoſe ancient walls and towers remains, but the court, or quadrangle, within has been modernized, and converted into a ſplendid ſeat. It ſtands on an exalted eminence, commanding an extenſive landſcape over Cheſhire and Shropſhire, and was founded by Roger Mortimer in the thirteenth century.

From Chirk Caſtle they proceeded to Llangollen, along the high banks of the tranſparent Dee. This is a miſerable town, but in point of romantic ſcenery is almoſt unequalled. It lies in a ſmall dale, cloſely environed by precipitous and ſylvan mountains. On the conical point of one of which ſtands the conſpicuous ruin of the caſtle of Dinas Bran.

According to hiſtory, this ſpot was fortified from the earlieſt ages; but the ſtyle of the preſent remains ſhew them to have been coeval with Gruffydh ap Madawe, who, deeply engaging in the intereſt of Henry III. ſo ſtrongly fortified himſelf in this almoſt-inacceſſible place, as to be able to reſiſt the repeated efforts of the prince of North Wales to reduce him to ſubmiſſion.

The caſtle occupied the whole crown of the mountain, about three hundred feet in length, and half as much in breadth; and, notwithſtanding its aërial ſituation, there are two wells within the walls, at no time deficient in water. It is

impoſſible to approach on horſeback nearer than a quarter of a mile of this fortreſs; and it was, in addition to its natural impracticability, anciently defended by a foſſe and draw-bridges.

The bridge over the Dee at Llangollen, is ſaid to have been built by a biſhop of St. Aſaph, about the year 1400. The river is a noble object from this ſpot. It rages furiouſly down the broad, ſhelving, ſolid rock, which is worn, by the rapidity of its courſe, to a black, gloſſy poliſh, both above and below the bridge.

Here they found their inn occupied by a company of mourners, juſt returned from the funeral of a tradeſman, and who ſoon drowned their ſorrow in large potations of ale. "Such," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "is the general concluſion of a Welch meeting, whether it begins with mirth or melancholy."

Our author was informed here, that a funeral was eſteemed the moſt profitable part of the function of a Welch clergyman. The relations and neighbours, it ſeems, attend the corpſe to the grave in large numbers, and make offerings to the officiating prieſt, in proportion to their reſpect for the memory of the deceaſed. This cuſtom is evidently derived from the ancient maſs-money; and where benefices are generally ſmall, it is fortunate that the profitable part of the ſuperſtition has ſuffered no reformation.

The next place they viſited was the abbey of Vallis Crucis, ſtanding in the centre of a ſmall, verdant meadow, ſkirted by a pebbly ſtream, and cloſely inveſted with a chain of lofty hills. Theſe beautiful ruins well deſerve the attention of the curious inveſtigator of monaſtic antiquity. The length of the church is a hundred and eighty

eighty feet, and its eaſt and weſt fronts are in good preſervation, while other parts are crumbling to decay, and trees riſing amidſt the tumbled fragments.

The abbots lodgings have long been converted to a farm-houſe; though much of the building retains its original form.

Tracing the beautiful meanders of the Dee for ſome miles, they arrived at the little town of Corwen, memorable for its intrenchments, which were thrown up in 1164, when the native princes of Wales and Powis leagued to oppoſe the immenſe preparations of Henry II. and who, by their prudence and Fabian policy, defeated all his deſigns.

The vale of Ydeirneon, on the verge of which Corwen ſtands, is of an oval figure, and ſeveral miles in circumference, poſſeſſing ſome peculiarly romantic features.

Croſſing the Dee, by a handſome ſtone bridge, they ſoon began to aſcend the high mountain of Cefn Crwyny, crowned with a large intrenchment, and from whoſe brow is a charming view of the Lake of Bala, with the diſtant mountains of Cader Idris.

Bala is about four miles long and one broad, of a cryſtaline clearneſs, and bounded by a pebbly ſhore. The environs are beautifully varied, rather than majeſtic. From this place, the Dee makes a very rapid and conſtant deſcent, through a winding channel, for a hundred miles before it reaches Cheſter.

Beyond the upper end of the lake appear the two Rarans, on either ſide of the Dee, with their irregular ſummits, eminently raiſed above the encircling mountains. Bala abounds in trout

and perch; but the gwyniadd, a fiſh peculiar to it, is ſaid to be growing ſcarce, though our touriſt had the good fortune to procure two ſpecimens.

The town of Bala conſiſts of one wide ſtreet, and conſidering its ſequeſtered ſituation, poſſeſſes very good accommodations for travellers.

They now traverſed the bleak Berwyn Mountains, and as the morning was bright and cloudleſs, the whole horizon was viſible, and diſplayed a moſt ſavage aſpect for ſeveral miles. No towns or habitations of men were to be ſeen; and the mountains roſe and receded from the eye in conſtant ſucceſſion.

At length they entered a valley, the apparent receptacle of all the waters from this part of Berwyn, and proceeded onwards to Llangannoch.

In another journey from Chirk Caſtle, over a different part of the Berwyn Mountains, which were every where of a melancholy and ſolitary complexion, they reached the vale of Llanrhaidr, and rode along the banks of the river for nearly five miles, to viſit the noble cataract of Piſtil Rhaidr.

On their approach, neither the magnitude of the river, nor the firſt view of the fall, at a diſtance of two miles, gave them any idea equal to their expectations; but as they advanced, an immenſe theatre of naked, perpendicular rocks, in a ſemicircle, opened to their ſight, over the centre of which devolved the Rhaidar in a large ſheet, from the amazing height of two hundred and forty feet.

"This cataract," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "may be divided into three parts; the firſt fall deſcends about a hundred and ſixty feet upon a ridge of the

the precipice; the water then breaks through a large, natural arch of the rock, which is eaſily paſſable, and foams into a ſmall baſon, about twenty feet lower; and afterwards raging through a deep grove, enters the level of the river."

Several groups of pentagonal pillars, like thoſe of the Giant's Cauſeway and Staffa, overhung the upper ſides of the rock, while the lower parts are ſeparated from them, at unequal heights, by which means their form is diſtinctly perceivable from below.

There are various other attractions near this romantic ſpot, and by the liberality of a clergyman, a ſmall building has been erected here, for the convenience of travellers in this precarious climate.

They next reached Llanvyllyn, a neat town, ſituated in one of the moſt delightful valleys of Montgomeryſhire. From hence, croſſing the deep and ſilent river of Vurnwy, they arrived at Welch Pool, a large and populous town, near the Severn, from the quay of which place it is navigable for at leaſt two hundred miles, to its efflux in the Britiſh Channel.

Powis Caſtle ſtands on an eminence, about a mile diſtant from Welch Pool, and is ſtill inhabited. The gardens are laid out in parallel terraces, bordered with yews, and other evergreens, in the antiquated taſte.

The proſpects from this caſtle are extenſive and fine, commanding a beautiful, ſpacious vale, and ſome finely varied hills.

Montgomery enjoys a very picturesque ſituation, with its ruined caſtle above, on a high rock, but contains nothing remarkable. Some intrenchments are to be ſeen in the vicinity.

Their road from thence lay over a hill to the beautiful vales of Newton. The town of the ſame name is neat and agreeable.

Aſcending a mountain, the path over which is intricate and boggy, they afterwards dipped into the Radnorſhire dales, and ſoon arrived at Llandrindod. This route preſented nothing to compenſate for execrable roads over a melancholy waſte.

The mineral wells of Llandrindod lie in a wild, extenſive heath, ſprinkled with a few trees, and bounded by dreary mountains. There is a lodging houſe, for the reception of company, which, in a fine ſeaſon, is tolerably full.

Builth, where they croſſed the Wye, is a ſmall town, in a broad and pleaſant plain. Of the caſtle, there are no veſtiges, except the keep. It was in this vicinity that Llewelyn, the laſt reigning prince of Wales, loſt his life, after his troops were entirely defeated.

As it was market-day when they paſſed through Builth, they had an opportunity of ſeeing how well it was attended; and were aſtoniſhed to find ſuch a number of people collected together. The chief pride and glory, indeed, of the Welch towns, is the fulneſs of their markets and the number of their fairs. In a country, thinly inhabited, and where riches and luxury are as thinly diſſeminated, all the elegancies and conveniencies of life are confined to the towns; and the villagers are obliged to reſort to them, on market-days, to ſupply their wants.

From Builth, they followed a good but unpleaſant road to Brecknock, a large, populous, and handſome town, ſtanding on a beautiful eminence, the bottom of which is waſhed by the Uſke,

Uſke, and bounded on the ſouth by the high mountain of Penervaen, which is a miniature reſemblance of Cader Idris, as ſeen from Dolgelly.

A few remains of Ely tower, on the keep of Brecknock Caſtle, and ſome walls, are ſtill extant. The tower derives its name from the Biſhop of Ely, who was confined here by Richard III. and who was inſtrumental in planning the famous union of the two houſes of York and Lancaſter, by means of which Henry VII. aſcended the throne.

The priory church ſtands on the higheſt point of the town, and is a large and noble edifice, in the form of a Greek croſs. The walks behind this ſacred pile are laid out with taſte, and are exceedingly pleaſant. Some remnants of the old college of Brecknock are ſtill to be ſeen near the Uſke, and ſeveral large intrenchments are to be traced on the hills in the neighbourhood. The moſt remarkable is Y Gaer, which, our touriſt ſays, is indiſputably Roman.

The turnpike-road now follows the current of the Uſke, which runs through a delicious vale. On their left were ſeen the ruins of Tretower Caſtle, and thoſe of Crickhowel on their right. The keep of the laſt-mentioned caſtle alone remains; for, in this track, materials for building are ſo ſcarce, that few remains of antiquity are ſuffered to remain.

Our author, on another occaſion, took a different route from Llanrhaidr, proceeding by Oſweſtry, Shrewſbury, and Biſhop's Caſtle, in Shropſhire, to Knighton, in Radnorſhire.

"New Radnor," ſays Mr. Wyndham, "is ſuch a wretched place, that it cannot maintain a barber." It is ſituated at the entrance of a narrow

paſs,

paſs, formerly commanded by a caſtle, and was once incloſed by a ſquare wall, of which ſome fragments remain.

From Radnor they proceeded to the Hay, near the extreme angle of Brecknockſhire, on the banks of the Wye. The old Norman caſtle here is wholly delapidated.

In their way to Abergavenny, they viſited the magnificent and romantic ruins of Llantony Abbey, in the deep vale of Ewyas. The abbey church was built in the form of a Roman croſs, and the ruins ſtill exhibit a noble appearance. It is ſaid to have been founded in 1137. The length is two hundred and twelve feet, and that of the croſs aiſle one hundred. Two ſides of the high tower are ſtill perfect; and the whole ruin, from whatever point it is viewed, offers one of the moſt pictureſque and romantic ſcenes in Wales.

A few miles below Llantony, is a remarkable mountain, the ſides of which have tumbled down, and ſtrew the plain below in immenſe fragments. Several ſtupendous fiſſures and chaſms alſo appear in the mountain of Skirid Vawr, in the vicinity of Abergavenny.

This town has ſome good houſes, but the ſtreets are narrow, and, in general, ill built. A few ivied walls, and part of the tower on the keep are the only exiſting remains of the once-famous caſtle of Abergavenny.

Mr. Wyndham was induced, out of curioſity, to viſit the methodiſtical college of Talgarth, in this neighbourhood. The ſtudents may be taken from the cottage or the field, without diſtinction of rank or age; "but their abilities," obſerves our author, "or their *call*, muſt be indiſputable, before

before they can be admitted within the ſacred walls." On this occaſion, Mr. Wyndham mentions his having once found a preacher in a celebrated methodiſt chapel, at Bath, who had formerly been coachman in a family of his acquaintance, but who, having taken his degrees in the ſeminary of Talgarth, had undertaken the guiding of ſouls inſtead of horſes. Such a metamorphoſis, however, is not infrequent.

The environs of Abergavenny are rich and beautiful, and the ſame agreeable face of nature continues to Monmouth. Ragland Caſtle, which lay nearly in their road, preſents a magnificent ruin, and it is laudably preſerved from farther deſtruction, by the taſte and care of the Duke of Beaufort, to whom it now belongs. It is of no very high antiquity, the foundation having been laid in the reign of Henry VII.; but many of the parts are very elegant. This caſtle was the laſt that ſurrendered to the parliament forces in the civil wars.

Monmouth is a very large and handſome town. Its ſtreets are ſpacious, and adorned with many capital houſes, inhabited by families of fortune. It ſtands at the junction of the Wye and the Munnow, over both which rivers it has a ſtone bridge. The caſtle, as well as the town, is of great antiquity. The former gave birth to Henry V. but ſuch is the fate of all ſublunary grandeur, even its very ruins are loſt.

From Monmouth they reviſited Chepſtow and Tintern Abbey, and taking boat at Beachly, were wafted over the Severn to Auſt, and thus finiſhed their tour of the principality.

JOURNEY

JOURNEY

FROM

CHESTER TO LONDON,

BY

THOMAS PENNANT, Esq.

Performed in 1780.

OF the multifarious literary labours of Mr. Pennant, it is impoſſible to ſpeak in adequate terms. We have already attended him with pleaſure and improvement through Scotland; and we now take a ſhorter tour with him, indeed, but one not deſtitute of entertainment. Whatever ſubject Mr. Pennant has touched, it has been his good fortune to illuſtrate and adorn it. His preſent route, in the hands of a common traveller, would have preſented little to intereſt or engage; but he has rendered it not only pleaſant but inſtructive.

In March, 1780, our author began his annual journey to London, and leaving Cheſter, paſſed through Boughton to Chriſtleton, a pretty village, ſeated, like moſt of thoſe in Cheſhire, on a limeſtone rock.

From thence he croſſed Brownheath, and ſoon reached the little town of Tarvin, on the borders of the Foreſt of Delamere. Againſt the church-

wall

wall is a monument, to the memory of Mr. John Thomaſine, thirty-ſix years maſter of the grammar-ſchool at that place, and who, as his epitaph ſays, was celebrated for his exquiſite penmanſhip. Among other performances in the graphic art, it is recorded, that he tranſcribed for Queen Anne the Icon Baſilike of her royal grandfather, and finiſhed invaluable copies of ſeveral of the Greek claſſics.

From Tarvin they took the great road, leaving Stapleford on the right, and two miles farther Utkinton Hall, both ſeats of families of ſome conſequence.

Reach Torperley, a ſmall town, once a borough. In the church, which is dedicated to St. Helen, are ſome ancient monuments of the Dones and the Crews. "I muſt not leave this place," ſays Mr. Pennant, "without letting fall a few tears, as a tribute to the memory of its honeſt rector, John Allen, whoſe antiquarian knowledge and hoſpitality I have often experienced in my way to the capital." From the ancient rectoral houſe, is an awful view of the great rock of Beeſton, backed by the Peckfreton Hills. This inſulated rock is compoſed of ſand ſtone, very lofty and precipitous at one end, and ſloping at the other. Its perpendicular height is three hundred and ſixty-ſix feet from the level of Beeſton Bridge. The ſummit commands moſt extenſive views in various directions, and is crowned with the ruins of a ſtrong fortreſs, founded in 1220 by Randle Blondeville, earl of Cheſter. It appears to have been a place of very conſiderable ſtrength. Some of the outworks, of the walls, ſix or ſeven rounders, and a ſquare tower, part of the gate-

way,

way, ſtill remain, beſides other ſmaller appendages.

Hiſtory records few particulars of this caſtle, during ſome centuries after its erection. During the contentions between Charles I. and his parliament, its poſſeſſion became an object of ſome conſequence, and at that momentous criſis it more than once changed maſters; but, at laſt, after being defended by Colonel Ballard, for the king, to the laſt extremity, the garriſon was obliged to ſurrender to Sir William Brereton, the parliamentary general; and the fortreſs ſoon underwent the fate of other ſeats of loyalty.

Two miles beyond Beeſton, came to the village of Bunbury, which gives name to an ancient family. The church is a handſome building, with a pinnacled tower, the architecture about the time of Henry VII. In it is the magnificent tomb of Sir Hugh de Calvely, with his effigies in white marble, recumbent. He is armed in the faſhion of the times, and his figure is repreſented as ſeven feet and a half long. He was the hero of Cheſhire, and the glory of the county. Trained to arms, he early ſignalized himſelf, and for ſome time fought under the auſpices of Edward the Black Prince. He was engaged in various ſervices during a long life, and died in the reign of Henry IV.

At a ſmall diſtance from Bunbury, they fell into the great road, and ſoon reached Calvely, from which village the Calvelys derived their name. After paſſing the low, unpleaſant lane, that leads towards Nantwich, reach Acton, a village ſtanding on a gentle riſing ground, commanding a great extent of champaign. Before

the conqueſt, this place was poſſeſſed by Morkar, brother to Edwin, laſt earl of Mercia.

About twenty years ago, the roof and ſteeple of the church were deſtroyed, but the whole has been reſtored in a very handſome manner. Notwithſtanding this church was a temporary priſon, after the battle of Nantwich, in the civil wars, there is an ancient monument of Sir William Manwaring, ſtill in good preſervation. Sir William died in 1399. A Gothic arch, with a large embattled ſuperſtructure, covers his tomb, on which the figure lies, in full armour, with ſuppliant hands. Within the arch above, is a row of half-lengths, with a book oppoſite to each. Theſe, in the opinion of our author, are intended to repreſent the chaunters of his requiem.

The tomb of Sir Thomas Wilbraham, bart. and his lady, is alſo very handſome. He was one of the maſters of requeſt to James I. and died in 1660. "This tomb," ſays Mr. Pennant, "is a ſpecimen of the firſt deviation from the old form, when a greater eaſe of attitude began to prevail."

From Acton they went down a gentle deſcent to Nantwich, about a mile diſtant. It is a large place, but the houſes are chiefly old. The Weever divides it into two unequal parts. The chief trade is in ſhoes, which are ſent to London. There is alſo a ſmall manufacture of gloves.

The ſalt-works in the vicinity of Nantwich have long been famous, and once conſtituted an important part of its wealth; but other towns, producing the ſame article, lying more conveniently for commerce, this place has gradually declined. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth here were two hundred and ſixteen ſalt-works, of fix-

leads-

leads-walling each: in 1774, only two works, of five large pans of wrought iron.

The art of making ſalt was known in early times to the Gauls and Germans; but their proceſs was ſimple and filthy. They only threw the brine on burning wood, and ſeparated the ſalt from the aſhes, or charcoal. This mode, it appears probable, was practiſed by the Britons, as numbers of pieces of half-burnt wood have been dug up in this vicinity. The Romans made ſalt here, much after the modern method.

"The advantages of ſalt-ſprings," obſerves Mr. Pennant, "are but ſparingly ſcattered over Great Britain: Scotland and Ireland are totally deſtitute of them. In England there are ſeveral, but few that contain ſalt ſufficient to be worked. Theſe in Cheſhire, at Droitwich in Worceſterſhire, and a ſmall work at Weſton in Staffordſhire, are the only places where any buſineſs is done. Droitwich, and thoſe in Cheſhire, were worked by the Romans, and had the common name of Salinæ."

From that period to the preſent, they have been conſtantly in uſe. In Saxon times the brine ſprings were divided between the king, the great men, and freemen. The Welch uſed to ſupply themſelves from the pits at Nantwich, before they loſt their independency: and it appears, that Henry III. in order to diſtreſs them during a war, put a ſtop to theſe works, that they might be deprived of ſalt.

The Germans had an idea of a peculiar ſanctity attendant on ſalt-ſprings, a ſuperſtition which they probably communicated to their Saxon progeny; for it is certain, that on Aſcenſion Day, the old inhabitants of Nantwich piouſly ſang a

hymn of thankſgiving for the bleſſing of the brine. A very ancient pit was alſo held in great veneration, and, till within theſe few years, was annually, on that feſtival, bedecked with boughs, flowers, and garlands, while a jovial band of youths and maids ſang and danced round it. In fact, ſalt, from the earlieſt ages, has been held in the higheſt eſteem, and admitted into religious ceremonies: it was alſo conſidered as a pledge of league and friendſhip. The Jewiſh legiſlator enjoins its uſe in offerings; and Homer gives it the epithet of divine. Both Greeks and Romans uſed ſalt in their conſecrated cakes.

But to return from this digreſſion. The church at Nantwich is a very handſome pile. It is built in the form of a croſs, with an octagonal tower in the centre. Some of the windows are adorned with very elegant tracery. The ſtalls are ſaid to have been brought from the Abbey of Vale Royal. The only remarkable tombs are a mutilated one of Sir David Cradoc, and another to the memory of John Maiſterſon and his wife, dated 1586, with a quaint epitaph.

This town continued firm to the parliament from the beginning to the end of the civil wars. It underwent a ſevere ſiege, in 1643, by Lord Biron; but his forces were defeated in a battle fought here with Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Colonel George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was taken priſoner on the occaſion, and afterwards committed to the Tower, where he was confined for four years.

Continuing their route on the London road, at the fourth mile-ſtone made a diverſion to Wibbunbury, a ſmall village, ſuppoſed to have taken its name from Wibba, ſecond king of the Mercians,

cians, who died here in 615. The manor was anciently in the family of the Praers.

The church is a very handſome fabric, embattled and pinnacled; the tower is lofty, and on the inſide of the timber roof are carved the arms of various benefactors. Part of this pile was taken down in 1591, when many of the monuments were deſtroyed. Of thoſe remaining are ſeveral in memory of the family of Delves, of Doddington, particularly of Sir John Delves, a favourite of Henry VI. and who loſt his life in defence of his maſter in the fatal battle of Tewkeſbury, on May 4, 1471. His ſon, with numbers of perſons of rank, after the defeat, took refuge in the abbey. The furious Edward purſued them into the church, but was oppoſed by a reſolute prieſt, who elevating the hoſt, checked his admittance, till he obtained a promiſe of pardon. Depending on the royal word, they neglected making their eſcape, and, on the ſecond day after, were drawn out and beheaded, according to the barbarous cuſtom of the times, without any proceſs. The bodies of the Delves, father and ſon, were firſt interred at Tewkeſbury, but afterwards tranſlated to this place.

On regaining the great road, paſſed on the left the ſeat of the ancient family of Lee, the reſidence of the anceſtors of the Lees, earls of Litchfield.

A little farther ſtood Doddington, originally belonging to a family of the ſame name, but which, in the reign of Edward II. paſſed to the Praers, and in proceſs of time was alienated to the Delves, of Delves Hall, in Staffordſhire. It is now the property of the Broughtons. This

track was formerly rich in the ſeats of families of eminence.

A few miles farther, on the top of a hill, lies Audley. "A reverential curioſity," ſays Mr. Pennant, "led me once to viſit the relics of the Audleys. Thoſe of Lord Audley, who, with his four ſquires, all Cheſhire men, was ſo diſtinguiſhed in the battle of Poictiers, lie beneath a plain altar tomb, with his figure formerly on the ſlab. His ſquire is perpetuated in a more oſtentatious manner, in alabaſter, at full length, with his coat of arms on his breaſt. One of the reſidences of the Audleys was at this village, and from it they took their name.

"There is a peculiarity in the ſituation of the houſe of Hardingwood, adjacent to this pariſh," ſays our touriſt, "which I cannot forbear mentioning. Whenever the family go to church, which is that of Lawton, they go out of the province of Canterbury into that of York, paſs through two counties, three conſtableries, two hundreds, and two dioceſes."

Proceeding about three miles from Doddington, through a country ſtill little diverſified, a portion of Shropſhire preſents a hilly front, and interſects the road. On the top of the aſcent ſtands the hamlet of Wore, where they made a digreſſion from the highway, to Muccleſton, a ſmall village, ſeated on a riſing ground. From the tower of this church, Margaret of Anjou, the faithful and ſpirited conſort of Henry VI. ſaw the fierce battle of Bloreheath, which proved fatal to the cauſe of her meek huſband. The field was long diſputed, and in it Audley fell with two thouſand four hundred of his troops, chiefly the

the flower of the Cheſhire gentry, whoſe courage tempted them to engage in the front of the battle. A great ſtone marks the ſpot of their leader's death.

Returned into the great road by Winnington Forge and Willowbridge Wells. The laſt are ſtrongly impregnated with ſulphur, and were once in high eſteem for their ſanative qualities; but they are now deſerted, either through experience of their inutility, or by the caprice of faſhion.

In the pariſh of Maer, in this vicinity, is a large piece of water, the head of the river Tern, which falls into the Severn, three miles below Shrewſbury. This ſpot is remarkable for Saxon antiquities. On a hill is an ancient fortreſs, or ſtrong hold, belonging to the Britons, or earlier Saxons, called Bruff, corruptly from Burgh; and near the ſame place, Ofred, king of the Northumbrians, a deſpiſer of monks and corrupter of nuns, was ſlain, in 716, by Kinred, king of Mercia, who probably occupied the fortreſs. Several tumuli of different figures are ſcattered over the neighbouring hills and heath.

This tract is gravelly, full of commons and low hills, clothed in heath, which ſtill ſhelter a few black and red game.

Croſs Hatton and Swinerton Heath. The church and ſeat of Mr. Fitzherbert at Swinerton command a vaſt view into Worceſterſhire and Shropſhire. In the firſt is a tomb of a croſs-legged knight, and a plain, altar tomb, inſcribed,

Dominus de Swinerton et Ellen uxor ejus.

In the ſchool-houſe here is placed a coloſſal ſtatue

tue of our Saviour ſitting, and ſhewing the wound in his ſide to his incredulous diſciple. It was dug up near where it ſtands, and had probably been buried during the time of the Reformation.

Deſcending a hill, reached Darlaſton, a village on the Trent. This river riſes near Biddulph, out of Newpool and two ſprings near Molecop*. At Burton, it becomes navigable, and, flowing through ſeveral counties, loſes its name in the Humber, the great receptacle of the northern rivers.

Croſſing this river, which is here inconſiderable, ſoon enter on a vaſt open track, called Stonefield. Here, in 1745, the Duke of Cumberland drew up his army to give battle to the rebels, who were ſuppoſed to be marching this way; but he was deceived in his intelligence, and they poſſeſſed themſelves of Derby.

Parallel to the road runs that magnificent enterprize, the canal, which opens a communication between the Eaſtern and Weſtern Oceans. This great work was begun in 1766, and its entire length is ninety-three miles. It is carried over the Dove, the Trent, and the Dane, beſides ſeveral ſmaller ſtreams; and, excluſive of its various aqueducts, has ſeveral tunnels of great length and difficulty.

The architect and engineer was the juſtly celebrated James Brindley, born in the pariſh of Wormhill, in Derbyſhire, in the year 1716. Deſtitute of education, but poſſeſſed of a mechanical genius, he bound himſelf at the age of ſeventeen to a mill-wright, near Macclesfield,

* From its three ſources it is ſaid to derive its name.

which

which buſineſs gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his talents. His improvements in water engines were various and beneficial; but, for the happineſs of both, it was his good fortune to fall under the patronage of the Duke of Bridgewater, who had the penetration to diſcover his merit, and the generoſity to reward it. Brindley overcame difficulties, to attempt which at firſt expoſed him to ridicule, and at laſt gained him univerſal admiration. Whenever he had a more than ordinary obſtacle to encounter, he is ſaid to have retired to his bed, to have excluded the light, and to have lain in contemplation, till, in idea, he had arranged his plan. "A poet," obſerves Mr. Pennant, "would have ſaid he was viſited by his muſe in thoſe hours of ſecluſion: Brindley certainly was illuminated, amidſt the darkneſs, by his attendant genius."

When he found his health and faculties declining, he nobly communicated his plans and deſigns to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh Henſhall, whom he had inſpired with a kindred genius, and, by this gentleman, what remained of the undertaking has been ſucceſsfully executed.

Reached Stone, a little town, remarkable for its religious antiquity. Legend ſays, that Wulferus put to death here one of his ſons, on a ſuſpicion of his favouring Chriſtianity. After the perpetration of this unnatural deed, it is ſaid he was ſtruck with the utmoſt remorſe; and, becoming a convert to the religion he had perſecuted, among other works of piety, founded at Stone a college of canons regular, about the year 670. His queen Ermenilda is likewiſe ſaid to have eſtabliſhed a nunnery here. Certain it

is,

is, that the religious were found here after the conqueſt; and Euſyan of Walton, a Norman, either rebuilt or re-eſtabliſhed the houſe, and made it a cell to Kenelworth. Dugdale gives the contents of a tablet in old Engliſh metre, hung up in the priory, which contains the whole hiſtory of the houſe. Scarcely any remnants of this foundation are now to be traced.

Beyond Stone, on the right, is Aſton, a large houſe belonging to Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Caſtle, in Dorſetſhire. The road from this place, for ſeveral miles, paſſes along a ſweet vale, watered by the Trent, and bounded by two hills.

Farther on, ſtands Sandon Church, on the top of a hill. The manor, in lapſe of time, fell by marriage into the hands of the Duke of Hamilton, and a lawſuit, reſpecting this place, was the cauſe of the fatal duel in which his grace and Lord Mohun were both killed. It is now the property of Lord Harrowby.

In the church are ſome curious monuments: the moſt remarkable is in memory of Sampſon Erdeſwick, the learned antiquary of the county, who died in 1603, and whoſe works will perpetuate his name, when his tomb, which he erected in his own lifetime, is crumbled into duſt. He is repreſented, recumbent, in a jacket with ſhort ſkirts, and ſpurs on his legs. Above, in niches, are his two wives kneeling.

From Sandon, they directed their courſe to Chartley, a venerable pile, great part of it curiouſly formed of wood, embattled atop, and the ſides carved. In many places are the arms of the Devereux, with the motto,

LOIAL SUIS JE.

In

In the middle of the court ſtands a fountain, and the whole building is ſurrounded with a moat. Several of the windows are ornamented with painted glaſs; and a bed is ſtill preſerved here, the work of Mary Stuart, while ſhe was a priſoner in the houſe*.

At a ſmall diſtance, on a knoll, are the poor remains of the caſtle, built by the Earl of Cheſter in 1220. Leland ſpeaks of it as a ruin even in his day. The manor is now veſted in the Earl of Ferrers.

"In hopes," ſays Mr. Pennant, "of finding, in the neighbouring pariſh church of Stow, the monumental honours uſually attendant on great families, I viſited it; but was diſappointed, as I found only one of this great line depoſited in the place." This was Walter, firſt Viſcount Hereford, grandſon of the firſt Lord Ferrers, and founder of the houſe of Chartley. He ſerved with honour in the French wars, and died in 1558. He is repreſented here in robes, with the collar of the garter round his neck, and his head repoſed on a plume of feathers wreathed round a helmet. His two wives ſtand on either ſide; and, as mourners, ſix male and ſix female figures.

The family of Ferrers met death in different places, as is often the caſe with heroic ſpirits.

Paſſed through Weſton on-Trent, noted for its brine pits, the property of Earl Ferrers Beyond this lies Heywood, and adjoining, a bridge over the Trent, from the middle of which is a view of uncommon beauty, over a delicious vale, watered by the Trent and Sow, and bounded on

* This ancient edifice was burnt down in 1781.

one

one ſide by a cultivated ſlope, on the other by the lofty front of Channock Wood.

"It is difficult," ſays Mr. Pennant, "to enumerate the works of art diſperſed over this elyſium: they epitomize thoſe of ſo many places. The old church of Colwich; the manſion of the ancient Engliſh baron at Wolſeley Hall; the houſe of Ingeſtre in the Elizabethan taſte; the modern ſeat in Oak-edge; and the lively-improved front of Shugborough, the ſeat of the Anſons."

Of the late Thomas Anſon, eſq. our author ſpeaks in terms of the higheſt panegyric, nor does he neglect to do juſtice to his nephew and ſucceſſor, by whom the unfiniſhed improvements of Shugborough were carried on with effect.

Among the numerous ſtatues that eſtabliſh the place, an Adonis and Thalia are ſaid to be moſt capital. There is alſo a fine figure of Trajan, in the attitude of haranguing his army. The monument at the extremity of the garden, by Schemecher, is eminently beautiful. The ſcene is laid in Arcadia. Two lovers, in paſtoral dreſs, appear attentive to an ancient ſhepherd, who reads to them an inſcription on a tomb,

Et in Arcadia ego!

The moral ſeems to be, that from all that charms the ſenſes, or pleaſes the eye, death is ſure to ſnatch us, even if old age does not previouſly blunt our enjoyment. The Chineſe houſe, a little farther on, is a true pattern of the architecture of that nation, copied by the ſkilful pencil of Sir Percy Brett.

Oppoſite to the back front of the manſion, on the banks of the Sow, ſtand the ſmall remains

of the ancient ſeat, which have been rendered more pictureſque by ſome elegant additions.

" Shugborough," ſays Mr. Pennant, " was frequently the houſe which I had the happineſs to make my head quarters, and from whence I made many an excurſion to the neighbouring places.

Croſſing the Sow, begin with Tixal, diſtinguiſhed by its magnificent gateway, a heterogeneous mixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture. This was built by Sir Walter Aſton, knight, who died in 1589. Behind this gateway ſtood the ancient houſe, a venerable fabric, in the room of which a brick building is ſubſtituted.

Beyond Tixal Heath lies Ingeſtre, a reſpectable old manſion, on the eaſy ſlope of a hill, and backed by a large wood. The walks are partly bounded by enormous rows of foreſt trees, and partly lead into the ancient wood of deep and ſolemn ſhade.

Ingeſtre is built in the ſtyle of the age of Elizabeth, with great windows in the centre, and a bow on each ſide. In the great hall is a fine picture of Walter Chetwynd, eſq. diſtinguiſhed as an antiquarian, and more ſo as a man of virtue and piety. In the church, to which he was a great benefactor, is a mural monument to his memory.

Hopton Heath lies on one ſide of Ingeſtre park. Here the brave Earl of Northampton fell in the moment of victory over the parliament forces; and, as Lord Clarendon expreſſes it, " a great victory had been an unequal recompence for the loſs ſuſtained in the general."

Three miles from Ingeſtre lies Stafford, a large town, ſeated on a plain, bounded by riſing grounds. The ſtreets are well built, and the market-place large and handſome. The town-hall is an elegant building.

The population of Stafford is computed at five thouſand. There is only one pariſh, but two churches. That of St. Mary is a large pile, with an octagon tower, formerly ſurmounted with a ſpire. The front is a ſingular piece of antiquity, rudely carved on the ſides and baſe with Gothic figures. The tomb of Sir Edward Aſton and his lady repreſents them in alabaſter, under a large canopy.

The religious houſes here were one of Grey Friars, another of Friars Auſtins, and a third of Black Canons.

The town was originally defended by the river Sow, which bounds one half of it, and by a wall and ditch, which encompaſſed the reſt. Of the four gates, two are ſtill ſtanding. It never was a place of ſtrength, and was taken by Sir William Brereton, the parliament general, in 1643, with the loſs only of a ſingle man. The ſite of the moſt ancient caſtle is not preciſely known; but the poor remains of the fortreſs that was garriſoned in the civil wars, ſtand on a little, inſulated hill, a mile ſouth of the town.

At Billington, two miles diſtant, near the extremity of a high hill, ſteeply ſloping on three ſides, and commanding a moſt beautiful landſcape, is a large area, ſurrounded with deep foſſes. This was unqueſtionably a Britiſh poſt, and was probably occupied in after times by the Saxons.

The

The town of Stafford is governed by a mayor, recorder, ten aldermen, and twenty common councilmen. The members are elected by inhabitants, paying ſcot and lot.

This place ſtill retains the ancient privilege of Borough Engliſh, or the deſcent of lands, within its liberty, to the youngeſt ſon of thoſe who die inteſtate.

The barony, as early as the conqueſt, was one of the greateſt in England, and was afterwards, like other great ſeigniories, ſtyled the Honour of Stafford. None were ſuch originally, except what were royal.

Leaving Stafford, croſſed the Wolverhampton navigation, at Radford bridge. A little farther is Weeping Croſs, ſo called from its vicinity to the ancient place of execution; and, beyond this opens the charming vale of Shugborough, which has already been deſcribed.

On the confines of Cank Wood ſtands Heywood Park, a ſmall but beautiful reſidence, preſenting ſome romantic features, which reminded our touriſt of his native Wales.

Paſs through the two Heywoods, and ſoon reach the church and village of Colwich. "I muſt imagine," ſays Mr. Pennant, "the traveller, as well as myſelf, blinded, if he rode this ſpace inſenſible of the moſt elegant view of the vale. It unfolds here, at once, every charm that can captivate the eye, all that I before mentioned in detail.

The parſonage and church of Colwich are both very ancient. In the church is a tomb to the memory of Sir William Wolſeley, who was unfortunately drowned in his chariot, on the 8th of July, 1728, by the accidental burſting of a

mill-dam, in the village of Longdon, during a thunder-ſtorm. The horſes likewiſe periſhed, but the coachman was carried by the torrent into an orchard, where he ſtuck till the waters abated. Here is alſo the burial place of the Anſons, in form of a catacomb.

Croſs the Trent, at Wolſeley Bridge, near the fine pendent woods of Wolſeley Park, an incloſure of much natural beauty. The ancient manſion of the family of the ſame name lies in a low ſituation, near the river.

Making a diverſion from the Litchfield road to the left, repaſſed the Trent at Colton. The country now alters for the worſe, and the ſoil becomes wet and miry. About two miles farther ſtands Blithefield, the ancient ſeat of the Bagots. The houſe is built round a court, and, externally, has an appearance of priſtine ſimplicity. The beſt apartments are the hall, library, and the new drawing room. The firſt is a noble apartment, with a repreſentation over the chimney, in bold ſculpture, of king John granting to his ſubjects the great charter of liberty.

Among the portraits are Lord Treaſurer Burleigh. Henry, earl of Huntingdon; his contemporary, Sir Walter Aſton, of Tixal, ambaſſador to Spain, in the reign of James I.; and a half length of Walter, earl of Eſſex, father to the unfortunate Robert.

Of the family portraits, we ſhall only mention that of Colonel Bagot, governor of Litchfield, who fell in the cauſe of loyalty, in the fatal battle of Naſeby.

Other pictures deſerving notice are, Mary, counteſs of Aylesford; Mary, counteſs of Dorſet;

ſet; a brown beauty of the gay court of Charles II.; William Lagge, firſt earl of Dartmouth; the eccentric Henry, earl of Bolingbroke; and a head of that great actor, and dramatic poet, Moliere.

The park is at ſome diſtance from the houſe; and ſome of its oaks are immenſely large and valuable. The church ſtands very near the manſion, and contains ſeveral ſculptured tombs, ſome with imaged figures, others engraven, moſtly memorial of the Bagots.

"I found myſelf," ſays Mr. Pennant, "not very far diſtant from Whichenoure Hall, and could not reſiſt the deſire of viſiting the ſeat of the celebrated Flitch, the deſperate reward of conjugal affection."

In their road, paſſed the ſeat of Mr. Liſter, of Hermitage, and the canal, near the Trent. On the oppoſite ſide of the river is Maveſton Ridware, the ancient reſidence of the Maveſton family. Sir Robert Maveſton, of this place, took arms to aſſert the cauſe of Bolingbroke; his neighbour, Sir William Handſacre, ſided with the depoſed Richard. They aſſembled their vaſſals, and began their march to join the armies near Shrewſbury. By accident they met with their reſpective followers, not far from their ſeats. Sir William was ſlain on the ſpot, and Sir Robert, proceeding to the field, met with his fate from the gallant Percy. In the ſequel, love was determined to obliterate revenge. One of the co-heireſſes of Sir Robert gave her hand to Sir William, ſon of the knight ſlain by her father; and, with her perſon and fortune, compenſated the injury done by her houſe to that of Handſacre.

Paſſing from thence through King's Bromley and Orgrave, reached Whichenoure, or Wichnor, again croſſing the Trent, near the junction of the Tame. Near this marſhy ſpot the Roman road paſſes, and was formed on piles of wood. Many Roman coins have been dug up in the vicinity.

Wichnor houſe ſtands at a ſmall diſtance from the church, and enjoys a moſt delightful view. It is a modern building, chiefly remarkable for the painted, wooden flitch of bacon, hung up over the hall chimney, in memory of the ſingular tenure by which Sir Philip de Somerville, in the time of Edward III. held this and ſome other manors of the Earl of Lancaſter, then lord of the honour of Tutbury.

After ſome previous ceremonies, the happy claimant of the flitch of bacon was to ſwear in the following terms:

"Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenour, mayntayner and giver of this baconne, that I, A. ſyth, I wedded B. my wife, and ſyth I had her in my kepyng and at wylle, by a yere and a daye after our marryage, I would not have changed for none other, ſarer ne fowler, richer ne powrer, ne for none other deſcended of gretter lynage, ſlepyng ne waking, at noo tyme; and if the ſeid B. were ſole, and I ſole, I wolde take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condytions ſoever they be, good or evyle, as helpe me God, and his ſeyntes, and this fleſh, and all fleſhes*."

* Blunt's Tenures.

His

His neighbours then were to make oath, that they verily believed he ſpake truly, and then the prize was to be delivered to him. "For the honour of matrimony, I wiſh," ſays Mr. Pennant, "that it were in my power to increaſe the liſt preſerved in the Spectator, No 608; but, from the ſtricteſt enquiry, the flitch has remained untouched, from the firſt century of its inſtitution to the preſent; and, we are credibly informed, that the late and preſent worthy owners of the manor were deterred from entering into the holy ſtate, through the dread of not obtaining a ſingle raſher of their own bacon." Mr. Levet is now the poſſeſſor of this place; and though oaths are certainly held more cheap in the preſent day than at any former period, it ſeems not very probable that the manor will ever be forfeited, or any penalties incurred for want of a flitch, when legally claimed.

Repaſſing the Trent at Colten bridge, reached Rudgley, a ſmall town celebrated for its great annual fairs for coach horſes. The church ſtands a little to the north of the town, and oppoſite to it is a very ancient timber houſe, once the property of the Chetwynds, now of the Anſons.

Longdon ſucceeds; the church of which lies a little out of the road to the left. This village conſiſts of a number of ſcattered houſes, extending for a vaſt way in each ſide of the lane, and there ſeems to be ſome propriety in the diſtich,

> The ſtouteſt beggar that goes by the way,
> Cannot beg through Long' in a ſummer's day.

Anciently this village was full of gentlemen's ſeats; and the manor is of great extent.

Winding

Winding up the ſteep of a high hill, an advanced part of the foreſt of Cank, made a digreſſion to Beaudeſert, the magnificent ſeat of Lord Paget*, placed on the ſide of a lofty, ſloping eminence, ſheltered above and on each ſide by beautiful riſing grounds, and ſhaded with trees; but commanding in front ſuch an extenſive and delightful landſcape, as fully vindicates the propriety of its name.

Beaudeſert is a handſome ſtone edifice, built by Thomas, Lord Paget, in the reign of Elizabeth, and of late has been much improved and embelliſhed. The hall is eighty feet by twenty-one; the dining room, forty-two by twenty-ſeven; and there is a magnificent gallery, ninety-ſeven by ſeventeen. In the drawing room is a portrait, by Hans Holbein, of the firſt Lord Paget, the founder of the family.

From the houſe they aſcended the hill, on the verge of Cank Heath, to an ancient Britiſh poſt, called the Caſtle Hill. It is encompaſſed with a vaſt rampart and two ditches, and commands a moſt extenſive view. Dr. Plott aſcribes this work to king Canute; but our author thinks it of earlier origin.

Cank, or Cannock Foreſt, which ſome derive from Canuti Sylva, was once a vaſt track covered with oaks, but is now deſpoiled of its ſylvan honours.

Again rejoining the great road, paſſed by Fairwell church, once conventual, belonging to a priory of Benedictine nuns; and, after a ſhort ride, reached the ſummit of a long but gentle deſcent, commanding a fine perſpective of Litch-

* Now Earl of Uxbridge.

field

field lying at its foot. The ſituation, in a fertile and dry ſoil, enlivened by gentle riſings, is moſt beautiful. The cathedral, with its three ſpires, is a very ſtriking object in the diſtant landſcape.

Litchfield is of Saxon origin, and owes its riſe to Ceadda, or Chad, the great ſaint of Mercia. This pious man, at firſt, led an eremitical life, on the ſpot where now ſtands the church of his name. In this place he was diſcovered by Rufine, the ſon of Wolphere, whom he inſtructed in Chriſtianity; but the father putting him to death for his new religion, was afterwards ſtung with remorſe, and preferred the apoſtle. On the approach of Chad's death, angels ſang hymns over his cell; and the miracles performed at his tomb confirmed the ſanctity of his life. A lunatic, who by accident eſcaped from his keepers, lay a night on it, and next morning was found in his proper ſenſes. The very earth in which the ſaint was interred, was an infallible remedy for man or beaſt. It is no wonder then that he was canonized, and that numbers of devotees reſorted to the place.

"The hiſtory of our cathedrals," ſays Mr. Pennant, "is, in its beginning, but the hiſtory of ſuperſtition, humiliating proofs of the weakneſs of the human mind; yet all the fine arts of paſt times, all the magnificent works we now ſo juſtly admire, are owing to a ſpecies of piety, which every lover of the elegance of architecture muſt rejoice to have exiſted"

We are told, that in the days of Jaruman, about the year 666, this cathedral was firſt founded. Its benefactors and its revolutions have been numerous, nor can we enter into a detail

detail of them. The building retained its priſtine beauty till the unhappy civil wars of the laſt century, when it ſuffered greatly by three ſieges; for the ſituation of Litchfield unhappily rendered it a proper place for a garriſon.

John Hacket, who was preſented to this ſee in 1661, has the honour of reſtoring the cathedral from its ruined ſtate, at the expence of 20,000l.; and he has juſtly a handſome tomb erected in the choir to his memory, with his effigies recumbent in his epiſcopal dreſs.

The weſt front is of great elegance, adorned with the richeſt ſculpture; and the windows and doors are exquiſitely finiſhed; but independent of the devaſtations of fanaticiſm, many of the ornaments being of a friable ſpecies of ſtone, what the former has ſpared the weather has impaired.

Here were depoſited the remains of many a diſtinguiſhed name; but the greateſt part of the ancient monuments are loſt; and of the modern ones it is impoſſible to give a diſtinct account in this place. Over the chapter houſe is a library, inſtituted by Dean Heywood, containing ſome valuable books and manuſcripts.

The cloſe, or ſurrounding ſpace, is built on three ſides. The palace is a very handſome fabric, and the prebendal houſes are commodious. The whole cloſe is of exempt juriſdiction, and quite independent of the city.

The other churches are thoſe of St. Mary, St. Michael, and St. Chad; the two laſt are curacies dependent on the former.

The Grey Friars had a houſe here, founded about 1229, by Biſhop Alexander, of which eſtabliſh-

ment

ment ſome parts are ſtill ſtanding, and are converted into a comfortable dwelling.

A little beyond ſtands the hoſpital of St. John, conſiſting of a maſter and twelve poor brethren; the founder uncertain; but Smith, biſhop of Litchfield, in the reign of Henry VII. was a benefactor, and the ſame prelate likewiſe founded the grammar ſchool in this city.

Among other objects worthy of attention in Litchfield, is the cabinet of Mr. Greene, ſurgeon, conſiſting of curioſities, ancient and modern, natural and artificial. "A viſit to my worthy friend," obſerves Mr. Pennant, "is the more agreeable, as he takes great pleaſure in gratifying all who favour him with their company."

Between the city and the cloſe, is a large piece of water, and a little to the eaſt is Stowpool. The city is neat and well built, containing about three thouſand ſouls; and has a conſiderable manufacture of ſail-cloth, and ſome other articles.

Litchfield is governed by a recorder, high ſteward, ſheriff, two bailiffs, a town clerk, and coroner. One of the bailiffs is elected by the biſhop; the other from and by the corporation, which has power of life and death within its juriſdiction.

About a mile and a half from Litchfield lies Wall, the ancient Etocetum on the Watling-ſtreet way. Some remains of the building are ſtill diſcernable, and the coins and tiles dug up here leave no doubt of its being a Roman ſtation. Near this place are ſome tumuli, deſcribed in the Archæolgia, which Mr. Pennant viſited; paſſing through Fiſherwick Park, the ſeat of Lord

Donegal; Elford, in which is a ſeat of Lord Suffolk, Croxal, and Thorp Conſtantine.

At Sekindon, about a mile diſtant from Thorp, is a lofty, artificial mount, the ſite of a Saxon caſtle, with the remains of a great rampart and a deep ditch. Here was fought the celebrated battle between Ethelbald, king of Mercia, and Cuthred, king of the Weſt Saxons, in 755, where the former was ſlain by one of his own officers.

Four miles farther lies Tamworth, between the conflux of the Tame and the Anker. On account of its pleaſant ſituation, it was long a favourite reſidence of the Mercian princes, and various public inſtruments are dated from this place. There are ſome veſtiges of their reſidence ſtill viſible.

Tamworth was totally ruined by the Danes, but reſtored by Ethelfleda, who in 913 erected a tower on the artificial mount where the caſtle now ſtands. The firſt lord after the conqueſt was Robert Marmion, on whom the caſtle and manor were conferred. After the various changes of poſſeſſors, it came to the De Ferrers, and the arms of that noble family and its alliances are painted in great numbers round the dining room, which, with the drawing room, is the only apartment either magnificent or convenient.

From the caſtle, the ſituation of Tamworth appears to great advantage. It is a large and well built, borough town, partly lying in Staffordſhire, and partly in Warwickſhire, and is governed by two bailiffs, a recorder, and twenty-four capital burgeſſes.

The church is a ſpacious pile, but of various architecture, being built at different times. Here

Here are numbers of monuments, ſome of them ancient, of the lords of the manor, particularly of the Frevilles and Ferrers.

From Tamworth our touriſt returned to Litchfield, and reſumed his journey on the London road, leaving the beautiful ſeat of Swinfen on the left, and ſoon after entered Warwickſhire, paſſing over Sutton Coldfield Common, which is finely bounded on one ſide by a long-continued range of woods.

Leaving a few villages and ſeats behind, reached Coleſhill, a town placed on the ſteep aſcent of a lofty brow, crowned with a handſome church and elegant ſpire. Here are ſeveral fine tombs of the Digbys, the lords of the manor; and beneath two arches are two ancient figures of croſs-legged knights, armed in mail. From the fleurs de lis on their ſhields, they appear to have been Clintons; and Dugdale ſays, one of them was John de Clinton, lord of this place, who died 1291, the period of the cruſades.

The ſeat of the Digbys lies at ſome diſtance from the town, in a fine park. The houſe is low and uncouth, and ſeems deſtined to deſertion.

From Coleſhill, our author proceeded to Blithe Hall, the ſeat of the great antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, a man, from whoſe indefatigable labours, his ſucceſſors in the ſcience draw ſuch endleſs helps. The place is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Gueſt, to whom it deſcended from the immortal Dugdale by the female line. This gentleman very obligingly gratified our touriſt, by ſhewing him an excellent half-length of his great anceſtor, painted at the age of ſixty, by Peter Boſcler. Other portraits in this houſe, deſerving

notice, are thoſe of Lord-keeper Lyttelton, of Elias Aſhmole, whom Anthony Wood ſtyles "the greateſt virtuoſo and curioſo ever known or read of in England;"—of Lord Clarendon, and ſome others.

From hence viſited Maxtoke Caſtle, which is ſtill very entire. It ſtands on a plain, in a moſt ſequeſtered ſpot, ſurrounded with trees, and guarded with a moat. The building is ſquare, with a hexagonal tower at each corner, and at the entrance a fine gateway, ſurrounded with a tower. The gates are in their original ſtate, covered with plates of iron, and over them are the arms of Humphry Stafford, duke of Buckingham, impailing thoſe of his lady, Anne Nevil.

The habitable part forms the reſidence of Mr. Dilkes, in whoſe family this caſtle has been veſted for ſeveral generations. The noble old hall, and a great dining room, containing ſome curious carvings, are ſtill in uſe.

Again digreſſing from the road, viſited Packington, the ſeat of the Earl of Aylesford. The grounds are prettily ſloped by nature, well wooded, and the houſe is commodious, if not elegant. Among other paintings with which the apartments are decorated, are a beautiful picture of Queen Henrietta Maria, and a portrait of Charles, duke of Somerſet, father to the Counteſs Dowager of Aylesfod, in his robes.

The country here begins to change from a gravelly to a clayey ſoil. At the village of Mireden it is uncommonly deep, but by the improvement of good turnpike roads, this place may again loſe its appellation, and reſume its ancient one of Alſpath, by which it was known ſo late as the reign of Henry VI. The houſes here are neat and prettily ſituated, and the inn

is not only remarkable for its excellent malt liquor, but for a variety of taſteful embelliſhments, the works of a former landlord.

The church of Mireden ſtands on an eminence, and contains a handſome alabaſter tomb of John Wyard, in armour and mail, who, according to the inſcription, had been 'ſquire to Thomas de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and knight of the ſhire, in the reign of Richard II.

Continued their route to Coventry, through Alleſly, in which pariſh ſtood a caſtle doubly moated, probably the reſidence of the Haſtings, lords of the manor, in the time of Edward I.

Coventry is a large and ancient city, though the time of its foundation is unknown. It is ſaid, by John Rous, that there was a convent here in very early times, which being deſtroyed by fire in 1016, on its ruins, Leofric, fifth earl of Mercia, and his counteſs, Godiva, founded a monaſtery.

The hiſtory of this lady, and her zeal to ſerve this place, are univerſally known. It ſeems the Coventrians were oppreſſed with intolerable taxes, which ſhe long, in vain, importuned her huſband to eaſe, or remove. At laſt he propoſed, as a condition, from which he imagined her modeſty would revolt, that ſhe ſhould ride naked through the ſtreets. She accepted the terms, and being happy in fine flowing locks, ſpread them in ſuch a manner, as to veil her down to the very feet. Legend ſays, the inhabitants were all ordered, on pain of death, to ſhut themſelves up during the ride; but that the curioſity of a taylor, overcoming fear, induced him to take a ſingle peep; an incident commemorated to the preſent day, by a figure looking out of a wall in the High-ſtreet.

A picture, in which the earl and countess are portrayed, preserves the memory of this female exploit. The former holds a charter of freedom in his hand, and thus addresses the lady,

I Luricke (Leofric) for love of thee,
Do make Coventre toll free.

To the present times Godiva's affection for this city is commemorated, by an annual procession, in which a young woman, dressed in flesh-coloured silk, closely fitted to her person, rides through the street.

From the time of the conquest, Coventry was particularly distinguished, and two parliaments have been held here; one in the reign of Henry IV. styled, *parliamentum indoctorum*; "not," says Mr. Pennant, "that it consisted of a greater number of blockheads than parliaments usually do, but from its inveteracy against the clergy:" the other in the reign of Henry VI. styled, *parliamentum diabolicum*, by reason of the numerous attainders passed against Richard, duke of York, and his adherents.

In very early times, cloth and bonnets, or caps, were the staple manufactures of this place; in the sixteenth century, vast quantities of blue thread were made here, and so famous was it for its dye, that "as true as Coventry blue," became proverbial.

About the beginning of the present century, the manufacture of ribands was introduced here, and this has continued with increasing spirit and extent ever since. It is supposed, that ten thousand people are employed in this light, but elegant, fabric. Some other manufactures have also been established here.

The

The military tranſactions of Coventry are few, as it was an open city, with only a caſtle for many centuries; but, in the fourteenth century, it was walled and fortified, and remained in that ſtate till 1661, when the fortifications were demoliſhed, with marks of diſgrace, becauſe the magiſtrates had refuſed admiſſion to Charles I. in 1642.

Coventry is ſeated on ground gently ſloping in moſt directions. In length it is about three-quarters of a mile, excluſive of the ſuburbs. The ſtreets in general are narrow, and the buildings ancient and projecting, ſo as nearly to meet atop. The population may be eſtimated at twenty-five thouſand ſouls. The city is watered by two brooks, the Radford and the Sherborn.

The remains of ancient buildings in Coventry are pretty numerous, though modern improvements, or the negligence of ſome monuments of arts, have leſſened their beauty, or limited their extent. Sponne Hoſpital, for lepers, founded by an earl of Cheſter, out of affection to a knight of his houſehold, afflicted with the leproſy *, is now reduced to the chapel and the gateway. The priory, though it was once ſo famous, is only known by its ſite. At the time of its diſſolution, it was very rich, and poſſeſſed, among other curioſities, an arm of St. Auguſtine; but even this arm could not ward off the irreſiſtible blow of Henry VIII. who not only expelled the inhabitants, and ſeized their revenues, but directed this noble pile to be levelled with the ground. The cathedral, ſaid to have been built on the model of

* This loathſome diſorder is ſuppoſed to have been introduced from the Eaſt, by means of the cruſades.

that at Litchfield, was impiouſly deſtroyed at the ſame time, notwithſtanding the entreaties of Rowland Lee, the biſhop.

The croſs too, by the lawleſs corporation, has been pulled down of late years, though it was juſtly reckoned one of the fineſt fabrics of the kind, and a conſiderable ornament to the city. Of the Grey Friars houſe, and that of the Carmelites, only enough remains to ſhew what they muſt once have been. But leaving antiquities, we ſhall briefly notice ſome of the exiſting public and religious buildings.

Immediately within the walls, on the left, ſtands the church of St. John, a very handſome building, with a neat tower riſing from the centre. The inſide is cruciform, and the windows are high, and form a long range, with narrow diviſions.

Behind this is Bablake Hoſpital, an old building, with a court in the middle, one part of which is occupied by Bond's alms-men, the other is allotted for the blue-boys, a foundation owing to a ſingular incident. Mr. Thomas Wheatley, mayor of Coventry, in 1556, an ironmonger and card-maker by trade, ſent his ſervant to Spain, to purchaſe ſome barrels of ſteel gads. When the caſks were brought home and examined, they were found to contain cochineal and ingots of ſilver. The honeſt mayor kept them for ſome time, in hopes of rectifying the miſtake, but no claimant appearing, he applied the produce, as well as his own eſtate, to the ſupport of poor children.

St. Michael's church is a ſpecimen of the moſt beautiful ſteeple in Europe, three hundred and three feet high, and every part ſo finely proportioned;

tioned, that the beſt judges declare it the maſterpiece of architecture. This, with Trinity and St. John's, forms the pariſhes of the city; for it muſt be remarked, that the Diſſenters are very numerous here.

"Trinity church, and its ſpire," ſays Mr. Pennant, "would be ſpoken of as a beautiful building, was it not eclipſed by its unfortunate vicinity to St. Michael's. Within lies Philemon Holland, ſchool-maſter and phyſician, of this city, and ſtyled tranſlator general of his age. On one of his labours a wag made the following diſtich:

Philemon with tranſlations does ſo fill us,
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

As an inſtance of his trifling taſte, Holland tells us, that he wrote a great folio with one pen, and that he did not wear it out.

With one ſole pen I writ this book,
Made of a grey gooſe quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
A pen I leave it ſtill.

St. Mary's Hall is at preſent uſed for corporation aſſemblies. It was built in the reign of Henry VI. and is a venerable pile, with an embelliſhed gateway. Within is a fine old room, adorned with a noble ſemicircular window, divided into nine compartments, elegantly painted with figures of ſeveral of our monarchs, coats of arms, and other devices, but much injured by time and neglect. Along the walls are ranged a number of Latin verſes, with a kind of Sternhold tranſlation oppoſite. In this building are apartments for the balls and aſſemblies of the place.

The

The front of the Drapers Hall is very elegant, ornamented with Tuſcan pilaſters, and is an ornament to the city. This is a modern edifice, raiſed on the ſite of the ancient hall of the ſame name.

Bidding adieu to Coventry*, viſited Coombe Abbey, the ſeat of Lord Craven, paſſing the beautiful and highly-ornamented church of Binley. Though converted to another purpoſe, this place ſtill retains in part the form of its conventual ſtate. The cloiſters are preſerved on three ſides of the ancient court, glazed in their original ſtyle, and their walls enriched with the ſpoils of the chace.

The accompliſhed Lord Harrington was the refounder of this houſe, and his taſte is evident in the preſervation of the ancient cloiſters. For the fine collection of paintings, which decorates the apartments, it is, in all probability, indebted to the heroic William Craven, the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonage of this family. Among other portraits of eminent perſons, are the following: a fine full-length of Guſtavus Adolphus, under whoſe banners young Craven fought; a full-length of James Stewart, duke of Richmond, one of the moſt amiable characters in the reign of Charles I.; Frederick V. Elector Palatine, the ſhort-lived King of Bohemia; and near him his queen, daughter of James I. to whom, it is ſtrong-

* Our author, before he left the place, viſited the chamber noted for the miſerable end of Mary Clues, in 1772. This woman, it ſeems, was very intemperate. By ſome accident ſhe took fire by the candle, and in about two hours was fairly burnt out to her thighs and one leg, conſumed by her own phlogiſton, without materially injuring the bed or furniture. A horrible warning to dram-drinkers of either ſex!

ly

ly ſuſpected, Craven was afterwards joined in the cloſeſt ties, though it is likely the difference of rank prevented the publication of their union; the founder of the family, Sir William Craven, lord mayor of London; two full-lengths of Earl Craven, in armour; Chriſtian, duke of Brunſwick; and an elegant figure of Henry, prince of Wales, drawn while that amiable prince was in his boyhood. The hiſtorical and fancy pictures are not very numerous, though ſome of them are extremely fine.

Returning through Coventry, paſſed the ſite of the Chartreux, now inhabited by Mr. Inge. Of the ancient building little remains. A little farther, croſſed the Sherbourn, leaving Whitley on the right; and about a mile and a half from hence paſſed the Avon, at Finford Bridge.

Aſcend an extenſive brow, on the ſummit of which is a tumulus, called Knightlow, or mount, which gives name to the hundred. Near this ſpot runs the Roman road. Reach Dunchurch, or the church on the hill; and deſcending, about three miles farther, paſs near Willoughby, through which the canal runs, and gives the whole vale a commercial appearance.

Soon after, entered Northamptonſhire, at Braunſton*, which, our touriſt ſays, he did not ſtop to obſerve. Three miles farther appears Daventry, ſeated on the ſide and top of a hill. It is a very populous, incorporated town, and carries on a conſiderable manufacture of whips.

* This is likely to become a place of ſome importance, from its being the ſpot where the Grand Junction unites with the Oxford Canal.

The

The place is of conſiderable antiquity, being of ſome note even at the conqueſt.

Here are ſome remains of a priory, now converted into poor-houſes. The pariſh church had been conventual, but of late years was handſomely rebuilt.

From Daventry, they proceeded to examine the noted camps on Brough Hill, in this vicinity. The area is of an oblong, or oval form, about a mile in length, and nearly two in circumference. The whole is ſurrounded with foſſes and ramparts, which are multiplied according to the weakneſs of the ground. Near this caſtrametation are ſeveral tumuli of the ſepulchral kind.

"This poſt," ſays Mr. Pennant, "was probably made uſe of when the victorious Oſtorius was traverſing this iſland, to quell the commotions he found on his arrival in Britain." Numbers of Roman coins, found near the ſpot, ſtrengthen the conjecture, that this was a Roman ſtation. It likewiſe appears to have been occupied by the ancient Britons, the Saxons, and even ſo late as the reign of Charles I. that unfortunate monarch took poſſeſſion, and fortified it before the fatal battle of Naſeby. As the intrenchments, therefore, have been thrown up at different times, and by different nations, it is no wonder that antiquaries are divided about the original deſtination, and to what people it is to be aſcribed.

Reſuming their journey, made another digreſſion to Dodford church, in which are ſome ancient monuments, particularly one of a cruſader.

A few miles from Northampton, on the right, lies the village of Wedon in the Street, ſuppoſed by many to have been the ancient Bennevenna, though

though our tourift gives reaſons why he thinks that name ſhould be transferred to Brough Hill. Wedon, however, was indiſputably the reſidence of the Mercian monarch, Wulfere, and afterwards a nunnery was eſtabliſhed here.

From thence Mr. Pennant proceeded to Caſtle Dikes, remarkable for ſome ancient works attributed to the Saxons. They appear to occupy about twelve acres of ground, but are ſo overgrown with wood, that it is not eaſy to examine them. It ſeems, a town once ſtood here, and ſome remains of buildings are ſtill viſible.

Next viſited the church of Stow-nine-churches, to ſee the moſt elegant, and almoſt unequalled, tomb of Elizabeth, daughter of John, lord Latimer, and ſucceſſively wife to Sir John Danvers and Sir Edmund Cary. Her figure is of white marble, recumbent on a black ſlab; the attitude, that of one aſleep, with the drapery flowing in eaſy folds to the feet. At the feet is a griffin, ſupporting a ſhield with the family arms. The whole reſts on a white marble altar-tomb, adorned with arms and inſcriptions, from which it appears that ſhe died in 1630, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

This noble monument is the chef-d'œuvre of Nicholas Stone, maſter maſon to King James and Charles I. and was erected in the life-time of the lady.

Oppoſite to this is a handſome cenotaph, in memory of the charitable and benevolent Dr. Turner, preſident of Corpus Chriſti College, in Oxford, who died in 1714, and with whoſe property this manor was purchaſed, by his executors, for the benefit of the poor widows and children of the clergy.

The

The country towards Towceſter is hilly, and the ſoil clayey. Paſs through Forſter's Booth, a ſcattered ſtreet, through which runs the Watling Roman Road, in a direct line to Towceſter.

This is a pretty conſiderable town, ſeated on a plain, waſhed by the Tove, from which, and its being a Roman ſtation, it derives its name. The great tumulus, on the eaſt ſide of the town, points out the ſite of the ſpeculum, or watch-tower; and many Roman coins dug up round it, prove it to have been an appendage to a ſtation belonging to that people.

Towceſter has undergone many viciſſitudes of fortune. In the time of Edward the Elder, it was ravaged by the Danes, but reſtored in 921, and fortified with a ſtone wall, of which not a trace remains.

The manor now belongs to the Earl of Pomfret, a deſcendant of the ancient houſe of Fermors of Oxfordſhire. The preſent church contains nothing remarkable, except the tomb of William Sponne, rector of this pariſh in the reign of Henry VI. He was a great benefactor to this place.

This town has a manufacture of lace, and a ſmall one of ſilk ſtockings; but it derives its principal wealth from being a great thoroughfare.

About a mile to the eaſt ſtands Eaſton Neſton, the beautiful ſeat of Earl Pomfret, the wings of which were built by Sir Chriſtopher Wren, and the centre by Hawkſmore. It was once deſervedly famous for its collection of invaluable ſtatues, which have been preſented to the Univerſity of Oxford, and will for ever remain a monument of the liberality of the donor.

In the adjacent church are ſeveral memorials of the Fermors. Sir Richard, who purchaſed this manor in 1530, had the misfortune to incur the diſpleaſure of that tyrant, Henry VIII. and, in his old age, was ſtripped of his poſſeſſions, and for ſome years lived with the grateful parſon of Wapenham, whom he had preſented. Edward VI. had the generoſity to reſtore him to his eſtates, which, it ſeems, his father had intended to do, on the ſuggeſtion of Will Somers, firſt jeſter, or fool, to Sir Richard, and afterwards to Henry, but was prevented by death.

Journeying ſouthward, ſoon reached the borders of Whittlebury Foreſt, of which the Duke of Grafton is hereditary ranger, and has here an elegant ſeat, called Wakefield Lodge. "In this foreſt," ſays Mr. Pennant, "that fierce animal, the wild cat, is ſtill found."

Paſs through Potter's Pery, a village which takes its name from a manufacture of coarſe earthen ware. Made a diverſion to Paſſenham, where there is a ſquare intrenchment, ſuppoſed to have been thrown up by Edward the Elder, and regaining the great road, proceeded through Old Stratford, ſuppoſed to be the Lactodurum of the Itinerary, to Stoney Stratford, in Buckinghamſhire. This town lies on the Ouſe, and is built on each ſide of the Watling Street way. It was almoſt entirely conſumed by fire in 1742, but ſoon reſtored. The church is a handſome building, deſigned by Mr. Irons, of Warwick.

Kept along the Street road to the forty-ſeventh mile-ſtone, where our touriſt was induced to digreſs a little to the right, to viſit ſome ancient monuments in Blecheley church. Among them is a fine alabaſter tomb of Richard, lord Grey of

Wilton, who died about the middle of the fifteenth century. His ſon and great grandſon were likewiſe interred here. The monuments of Dr. Sparke, a famous controverſialiſt in the reign of Elizabeth and James, and of Mrs. Faith Taylor, are eminently diſtinguiſhed for emblem, pun, and quibble, the characteriſtics of the taſteleſs days, in which theſe perſons departed this mortal life.

Next viſited Fenny Stratford, ſo called from its ſituation. The chapel, which is an appendant to Blecheley, was rebuilt and endowed by Brown Willis and his friends, and here that eccleſiaſtical antiquary lies interred, under a white marble ſtone, with an inſcription of his own writing.

Paſs Little Brickhill and Hockley in the Hole, and two miles farther reach the foot of Chalk Hill, formerly a tremendous ſteepneſs, but now rendered of eaſy aſcent. "This," ſays Mr. Pennant, "is the firſt ſpecimen the traveller meets with of that great chalky ſtratum, which interſects the kingdom. A line drawn from Dorcheſter in Dorſet, to the county of Norfolk, would include all the chalky beds in the kingdom; for none is found in any quantity to the weſt of that line*."

Deſcending the hill, made a diverſion about half a mile from the road, to viſit Maiden's Bower, a very large, circular camp, ſurrounded with a great rampart and foſſe. Its hiſtory is unknown; but our author attributes it to the Danes.

Dunſtable, in the vicinity, is a long town, built on each ſide of the Watling Street, and in-

* Our author ſeems to forget the Chiltern range, which certainly would not fall within his limits.

terſected

terſected in the middle by the Icknield. It is reputed to be the Magiovinum of the Itinerary. Roman coins have frequently been found here, and on a hill, a little to the weſt, are the traces of a Roman camp.

This town was certainly occupied by the Saxons, if we attend to its name, which imports the "Mart near the Hill." The monkiſh legend of Dun, the robber, having a ſtable here, is only worthy of ridicule. Henry I. built a palace here, and incorporated the town. He alſo founded a priory here for black canons, of which nothing now remains, except the church, and an arch in the wall adjoining. This pile is of ſingular architecture, both with regard to its front and the poſition of its ſteeple; but its original form ſeems to have been much altered. Over the altar is a large and handſome painting of the Laſt Supper. There are ſome tombs, dated between 1400 and 1500, but none of perſons deſerving to be remembered.

Dunſtable derives its chief ſupport from travellers; but an elegant manufacture of ſtraw hats, baſkets, and toys, maintains many of the poor, particularly females.

Leaving Dunſtable, proceed through Market Street, a village built on each ſide of the Watling Street, and Redburn, ſituated in a ſimilar manner. A cell, conſiſting of a prior and a few Benedictines, from St. Alban's, was placed here before 1195.

The ſoil in this vicinity is almoſt covered with flints: the ſtratum beneath is chalk, which is ſucceſsfully uſed as a manure.

About a mile and a half from St. Alban's, made a digreſſion to the right, to viſit Gorham-

bury, once the venerable ſeat of the luminous Sir Francis Bacon, viſcount Verulam The building conſiſts of two parts, diſſimilar in their manner, yet neither deſtitute of claſſical elegance. On the outſide of the part which forms the approach, is the piazza, with a range of Tuſcan pillars in front, and within ſide is another piazza: the firſt calculated for a promenade in winter, the laſt for ſummer.

Over the entrance from the court into the hall are ſome verſes, recording the founder, Sir Nicholas Bacon, with

MEDIOCRIA FIRMA.

The hall is lofty and large, and contains portraits of ſeveral perſonages, the moſt diſtinguiſhed in their times for rank, learning, and beauty. Among others, thoſe of Sir Francis Bacon, and his brother Sir Nathaniel; the Counteſs of Suffolk; Thomas, duke of Norfolk; Wentworth, earl of Cleveland; and a remarkable one of Sir Thomas Meantys, the faithful ſervant and ſecretary of Lord Verulam.

All the principal apartments are decorated with paintings, principally portraits, and many of the perſons repreſented are not leſs eminent than thoſe juſt mentioned. It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that there are ſeveral of the Grimſtone family, the preſent poſſeſſors of this manſion. On the picture of Sir Harbottle Grimſtone, the chief founder of the name, is this motto, which it ought to be the ſtudy of every perſon to be able to apply to himſelf:

Nec pudet vivere, nec piget mori.

Leaving this famous ſeat, proceeded to the celebrated

lebrated Verulamium, entering it at a ſpot diſtinguiſhed by a great fragment of the ancient wall, called Gorhambury Block. This was the capital of the country, and the reſidence of the Britiſh princes, before the arrival of the Romans. When the latter had achieved their conqueſt, they added walls to the ordinary Britiſh defence of ramparts and ditches. Many vaſt fragments of the Roman maſonry remain, and the area of the ſtation, according to Stukely's meaſurement, is five thouſand two hundred feet in length, and three thouſand in breadth. At preſent it is incloſed in two fields, but veſtiges of the buildings are ſtill to be traced.

This place had the honour to produce Albanus, the proto-martyr of Britain, of whom legend records ſo much. After various revolutions, it fell to decay, and from its ruins roſe the preſent St. Alban's, ſo called in honour of the ſaint, whoſe relics were miraculouſly diſcovered by Offa, king of the Mercians. This prince, in 793, erected a magnificent monaſtery on the ſpot, for Benedictine, or black monks; and at laſt it became mitred, or parliamentary. Of this magnificent abbey, however, not a veſtige is left, except the gateway, a large, ſquare building, with a fine, ſpacious, pointed arch beneath. The church, however, was made parochial, and is one of the moſt venerable piles in the kingdom. It is cruciform; ſix hundred feet long at the interſection, and the tranſepts are one hundred and eighty. The height of the tower is one hundred and forty-four feet, that of the body ſixty-five; and the breadth of the nave is two hundred and ſeventeen.

Of a pile ſo vaſt, and which unites ſo many diſſimilar parts, it is impoſſible, in this place, to

give an architectural account. In the inside some of the genuine Saxon style is preserved; but the greatest part has been rebuilt in the style of the times, when repairs became necessary. The choir and high altar are of the most elegant Gothic architecture. The latter is finely sculptured, and was once adorned with gold and silver images. Near it is the chapel of St. Alban, in which stood the rich shrine, containing his relics, and which, for ages, was the object of religious veneration.

On the north side of the high altar is the magnificent chapel of Abbot Ramridge, who was elected in 1496. The fronts are of most delicate, open, Gothic work, with niches above, for statues; and in many parts are carved two rams, with the word RIDGE on their collars, allusive to the founder's name*.

The noble monument of Humphry, duke of Gloucester, attracts universal admiration, both for its intrinsic beauty and the virtuous celebrity of the man to whose memory it was erected. In 1703, the vault was discovered, in which the body was preserved in pickle, guarded by a leaden coffin, cased with a wooden one. Against the wall is painted a crucifixion, with four chalices receiving the blood, while a hand points towards it, with a label inscribed,

"Lord have mercy on me."

Abbot Whethamsted's tomb, and many other sepulchral memorials, deserve notice; but in a general description, it is impossible to do justice

* This abbot does not appear to have entertained the same sentiments with Shenstone's virtuoso, who thanked God that his name was liable to no pun.

to their various merits, or even to enumerate the names of thoſe whoſe duſt they indicate.

Almoſt every chapel has its peculiar beauties, and has been choſen as the place of ſepulture of ſome perſon, once diſtinguiſhed. A long inſcription againſt a column mentions, that the body of Sir John Mandeville is buried below. That he was born here, is true; but it appears, that he found a grave at Liege, in 1371. He travelled for thirty-four years in the character of pilgrim, knight-errant, and obſerver, and left an account of his peregrinations, which, though ſhamefully interpolated by the monks, bears the marks of authenticity in the ground-work.

The church of St. Michael, built within the precincts of the ancient Verulam, is ſmall, but rendered illuſtrious, by containing the monument of the great Lord Verulam. His figure is of white marble, reclining in a chair, in the eaſy attitude of meditation. He is dreſſed in his furred robes, with a high-crowned hat. "Any emblems of greatneſs," obſerves Mr. Pennant, "would have been unneceſſary attendants on this illuſtrious character. The ſpectator's ideas muſt render every complimental ſculpture ſuperfluous. The epitaph reflects high honour on the grateful ſervant, Sir Thomas Meantys, who erected the monument: his maſter could receive nothing additional."

The town of St. Alban's ſpreads along the ſlopes and top of the hill: it is large, and, in general, the buildings are old. It has undergone many changes, and has been the ſcene of important events for a ſucceſſion of ages. In the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, this town was the ſcene of dreadful carnage, and

here

here the firſt blood was ſhed in that fatal quarrel. Two battles were fought at this place with ſingular animoſity: in the firſt, Henry was made a priſoner: the event of the ſecond releaſed him.

At the bottom of the town is a ſmall, brick houſe, called Holywell, once the reſidence of Sarah, ducheſs of Marlborough, and the place where her treaſurer, Godolphin, died. A portrait of the ducheſs, in white, exquiſitely handſome, is preſerved here, "in which," ſays our author, "there are not the leaſt veſtiges of her diabolical paſſions, the torments of her queen, her huſband, and herſelf."

Leaving St. Alban's, paſſed the ſite of the nunnery of Sopewell, in which houſe Henry VIII. was privately married to Anne Bullen; and afterwards proceeding through London Colney, aſcend Ridgehill, remarkable for a noble and rich view of the country round.

At South Mims, enter the county of Middleſex, and ſoon reach the bloody field of Barnet, marked by a column, to commemorate the deciſive battle fought here between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, which fixed the crown on the head of Edward IV.

"At a ſmall diſtance," ſays Mr. Pennant, "ſtands the pleaſant village of Hadley, on the edge of Enfield Chace, where, in my boyiſh days, I ſpent many happy hours with my uncle, who, during forty years, was miniſter of this pariſh." The living is a donative. The church is built of flints, and over the weſt entrance is the date 1498, and the ſculpture of a roſe and wing.

On the top of the ſteeple remains an iron pitch-pot, deſigned as a beacon, occaſionally to be fired, in caſe of alarm. Before the time of Edward III. ſignals

ſignals were made by firing great ſtacks of wood; but in the eleventh of his reign, this ſpecies of alarm was uſed.

Hadley is only half a mile diſtant from Barnet, a ſmall town on the top of a hill, in ancient times over-run with wood. Near the place is a medicinal well, of the chalybeate kind, formerly in great repute.

From this town is a quick deſcent to Whetſtone, beyond which lies Finchley Common, infamous for its robberies. About a mile farther ſtands Highgate, a large village, on a lofty elevation, commanding a delightful perſpective of London. "Here, in my memory," ſays our author, "ſtood a large gateway, at which, in old times, a toll was paid to the Biſhop of London, for liberty of paſſing through his parks. After reſting for a ſmall ſpace over the buſy proſpect, I deſcended into the plain, reached the metropolis, and diſappeared in the crowd."

In another of his annual journeys to the metropolis, Mr. Pennant quitted the common road, near Daventry, and made an excurſion to Fawſley, the ſeat of the ancient family of the Knightleys, ſtanding in an improved demeſne, above ſome pretty pieces of water, winding along a fine, wooded dell. The preſent houſe is of various architecture. The hall is a magnificent Gothic apartment, of vaſt height and extent. In the windows are numerous arms of the family and their alliances. Many of the portraits here are very curious.

In the church, which is dedicated to St. Peter, are ſeveral ancient tombs of the Knightleys, but much mutilated. The ſeats are ridiculouſly carved with a variety of droll ſubjects, ſuch as a cat fiddling and mice dancing, and other ſimilar devices.

Returning into the London road, croſſed it to Flore, or Flower, a pleaſant village, but which contains nothing very remarkable. Paſſed through the village of Upton, about two miles from Northampton, and ſoon entered that beautiful town, at the weſt gate, near the ſite of the caſtle, of which nothing, except an outer wall and foſſe, remains. Oppoſite to the caſtle is a great mount, once the foundation of ſome more ancient fortreſs; perhaps one of the line of defences which croſſed this and the neighbouring counties.

Northampton is mentioned in very early hiſtory, and has been the ſcene of many memorable tranſactions. It contained a number of religious houſes, of which very few traces remain. The hoſpitals, however, of St. John and St. Thomas ſtill exiſt.

In 1238, ſome ſtudents withdrew from Oxford, and eſtabliſhed a univerſity here: by ſubſequent migrations, it is ſaid, their number once amounted to fifteen thouſand; but taking the part of the barons, Henry III. when he made himſelf maſter of Northampton, determined to hang every one of them His majeſty, however, being appeaſed, ſuffered the ſtudents to return to Oxford, and aboliſhed the Univerſity of Northampton.

This town is delightfully ſituated on an eminence, gently ſloping to the river Nen, which bounds it on two ſides. The ſtreets are in general

neral ſtraight, and very handſomely built. The market place is ſingularly elegant.

The church of All Saints, erected after the fatal fire in 1675, which laid the greateſt part of the town in aſhes, is a magnificent fabric, with a portico of eight Ionic columns.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre was ſuppoſed to have been built by the Knights Templars, on the model of that at Jeruſalem. The imitative part is round, with a nave iſſuing from it.

St. Peter's church is a ſingular building, particularly in the form of its tower. Within are two rows of round arches, carved with zig-zag work, the pillars which ſupport them being alternately ſingle and quadruple.

In former times, Northampton contained three other churches, which are now deſtroyed.

Among the public buildings, the county infirmary, the county hall, and the town, or guild hall, are moſt deſerving of notice.

From Northampton, viſited Caſtle Aſhby, the princely ſeat of the Comptons, earls of Northampton. It lies about ſix miles from the county town, in a rich, rather than a picturesque, country. The houſe is ſquare, incloſing an area, with a beautiful ſkreen, the work of Inigo Jones, bounding one ſide; and, it appears probable, other parts of the edifice were reſtored, or improved, under the auſpices of this great architect.

One front is occupied by a long gallery, at the end of which is the chapel-cloſet, containing a picture of Compton, biſhop of London and of Lye, the Saxon ſcholar.

The

The drawing-room is remarkably grand: it is fifty feet by twenty-four. The chimney-piece is of enormous ſize. Of the needle-work hangings, it is only neceſſary to ſay, they are the laborious toils of two maiden ladies of the family, who have left this teſtimony of their notable diſpoſition.

The apartments are decorated with a number of family and other portraits of eminent perſons. Here Mr. Pennant diſcovered, in a garret, the original picture of that illuſtrious hero, John Talbot, firſt earl of Shrewſbury; and his counteſs, Margaret, eldeſt daughter of Beauchamp, earl of Warwick.

The moſt valuable painting, however, is that of George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, who is repreſented as dead, bearded and whiſkered*.

The pleaſure-grounds have been laid out by Brown, and the church ſtands in them, very near to the manſion. The chace-grounds of Caſtle Aſhby are the moſt ſplendid appendage any nobleman can poſſeſs.

Next viſited Eaſton Mandit, one of the ſeats of the Earls of Suſſex. The houſe is low, with a quadrangle in the middle. The portraits are numerous and diſtinguiſhed.

In the adjoining church are ſome very fine monuments of the Yelverton family.

After ſeeing Little Billings and Clifford's Hill, again reached Northampton, and ſoon paſſed

* This picture is of inеſtimable value. It actually perſonifies death. It is impoſſible to look at it without the mingled emotions of horror and ſurpriſe. Never can the writer of this forget the effect of the firſt view of this aweful canvaſs.

over

over the river, into the parish of Hardingstone. On each side is a fine range of meadows: those on the left are enlivened by the beautiful plantations and improvements of Mr. Bouverie, whose house occupies the site of the Abbey de la Pré. Near this place was fought the bloody battle of Northampton, the 9th of July, 1460, between Henry VI. and his nobility, in which the latter were victorious.

On the road side, at no great distance from Northampton, stands Queen's Cross, one of the monuments of Edward's affection to his beloved Eleanor. It is of an octagonal form, and is kept in excellent repair. Round this spot Roman coins are frequently found; from which it is conjectured, that this might have been the site of the ancient Eltavon.

About five miles from Queen's Cross, made a digression from the road, to see Horton church, remarkable for the fine monument of William, Lord Parr, uncle to Catharine, last queen of Henry VIII. He is represented in alabaster, recumbent, with his lady by his side, in right of whom he became lord of the manor.

From Queen's Cross to this place, the country is uneven, neither irriguous nor pleasant; but its aspect is improving from increasing inclosures. On entering the county of Buckingham, it affords a more agreeable form, and is encircled by the Ouse, which flows through a continuation of meadows, embellished with the spire of Olney church.

About half a mile from the banks of the Ouse stands Gothurst, a seat, begun about the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and which still preserves a venerable and pleasing appear-

ance. The environs are finely dreſſed, and ſwell into extenſive lawns. The woods are vaſt, and cut into fine walks.

Gothurſt was the reſidence of the Digbys for two or three generations. The accompliſhed Sir Kenelm was one of the lords of this manor, which is now transferred to the family of the Wrights, deſcendants of Sir Nathan Wright, lord keeper.

Some portraits of the Digbys ſtill retain their place in this manſion, among the reſt, Sir Everard and Sir Kenelm. The latter married the beautiful Venetia Anaſtaſia Stanley, whoſe picture is alſo preſerved here. Her huſband was ſo enamoured of her beauty, that he was ſaid to have attempted to exalt her charms, and preſerve her health by a variety of whimſical expedients. Probably ſhe fell a victim to theſe arts; for ſhe was found dead in bed, May 1, 1633, in the thirty-third year of her age.

From Gothurſt, croſſed the Ouſe to the reſpectable old manſion of Tyringham, once the ſeat of a family of the ſame name. It is now neglected, but not quite unfurniſhed, and contains ſome family portraits.

"In the kitchen," ſays Mr. Pennant, "I found on the wall the rude portraits of the following fiſh, recorded to have been taken in the adjacent river:

	Feet.	In.
A carp, in 1648,	2	9 long
A pike, in 1658,	3	7
A bream, - -	2	3½
A ſalmon, - -	3	10
A perch, - -	2	0
A ſhad, in 1683,	1	11

"Theſe,

"These," adds our author, "are the records of rural life; important to those who are, perhaps, happily disengaged from the bustle and cares attendant on politics and dissipation."

Soon after leaving Tyringham, reached Newport Pagnell, a small town, situated between the Ouse and the Lovet, near their junction. It flourishes greatly by the lace manufactory, which, however, gives a sickly appearance to the females who are engaged in its fabric.

About eight miles from Newport, enter the county of Bedford, on Woburn Sands, seated on the extremity of the range of hills which traverse Buckinghamshire. Near the road side are the noted pits of fuller's earth; a substance supposed to give British cloth a superiority over that of other nations, and, therefore, its exportation is prohibited. It is a species of marl.

At a small distance from hence lies Woburn. The church was built by the last abbot of Woburn, and belonged to that house. It is still of exempt jurisdiction. The steeple is disjointed from the church: the pulpit is a fine piece of Gothic carving, probably coeval with the abbey.

About half a mile from the town stood the abbey, founded in 1145, by Hugh de Bolebec, a nobleman of great property, in the vicinity. On the dissolution, it was granted to Lord Russel, together with other valuable ecclesiastical possessions, of which the family have ever since been masters; but Woburn was made their principal residence, and the house has been rendered worthy of being the seat of the most opulent British peer.

The present edifice was built by the late duke, and stands in a pleasant, well-wooded park. The apartments contain many capital paintings, and

many portraits of illuſtrious perſonages, too numerous to record. One however will be intereſting to every heart of ſenſibility, we mean that of the ſad relict of the virtuous Lord Ruſſel, and daughter to the good and great Wriotheſly, earl of Southampton. She is drawn in her widow's weeds, her head reclined on her hand, and a book by her, with a countenance marked by deep and ſilent ſorrow. There is likewiſe a head of her huſband, who fell a victim to his virtuous deſign of preſerving our liberties and conſtitution from the attempts of an abandoned faction.

From Woburn croſſed the country to Ampthill, a ſmall market town, noted in ancient times for the magnificent manſion of Lord Fanhope, and afterwards for being the reſidence of Catharine of Arragon, during the period that her divorce was in agitation.

Viſited Ampthill Park, the ſeat of the Earl of Oſſory. The houſe is modern, plain, and neat, with eleven windows in front, beſides wings. The paintings here are ſelect, rather than numerous.

Houghton ſtands in the immediate vicinity. The houſe is beautiful, and commands ſome delightful landſcapes. Its proprietor is the Duke of Bedford.

Maulden Church, about two miles eaſt of Ampthill, is noted for the octagonal mauſoleum of Diana, counteſs of Elgin. Her tomb, of white marble, is placed in the centre. On it is a ſarcophagus, out of which riſes a figure of the counteſs in her ſhroud. In a niche of the building, is a buſt of her huſband, with long hair, a ſhort beard, and turnover.

After a ſhort ride, reached the large houſe of Wreſt, the property of the Earl of Hardwick. It ſtands in a low, wet park, croſſed with formal rows of trees. The pleaſure grounds, however, have felt the plaſtic hand of Brown. Obeliſks, pavilions, and other buildings, the taſte of former times, are diſperſed over different parts.

In the quarters of the wilderneſs are two cenotaphs for the late duke and ducheſs of Kent, the former poſſeſſors of the place. The portraits here are very numerous, and moſt of them recal the memory of names once high in rank, or otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed.

The mauſoleum of the Greys adjoins to the church of Flitton, about a mile and a half from the manſion of Wreſt. It conſiſts of a centre and four wings. In one is the tomb of Henry, fifth earl of Kent, a fiery zealot, who ſat in judgment on Mary Stuart, and with true bigotry, refuſed her the conſolation of her almoner in her laſt hours, and was brutal enough to give a reluctant aſſent to her requeſt, of having a few of her domeſtics to perform their final duties to their dying miſtreſs.

From hence proceeded over a hilly and open country, to Luton, a ſmall town on the Lea. The church is beautifully chequered with flint and freeſtone. Within is a remarkable octagonal fount, open at the ſides, and terminating in elegant tabernacle work. In the top is a large baſon, in which the conſecrated water was kept, and let down into the fount, by means of a tube. On the top of the inſide is a vine, ſignifying the church, guarded by a lamb, from the aſſaults of the dragon; allegorically meaning, that baptiſm is our protection from the aſſaults of the devil.

Adjoining

Adjoining the church is a chapel, founded by Lord Wenlock, in which are ſeveral tombs of that ancient family.

Luton Ho, the ſeat of Lord Bute, lies near the London road, about three miles from the town, a place that does honour to the taſte and magnificence of that nobleman.

From Luton proceeded through St. Alban's to Hatfield, a ſmall town, prettily ſituated on a gentle aſcent. Here was an ancient palace, in the ſite of which Robert Cecil, afterwards earl of Saliſbury, built the preſent magnificent manſion of his deſcendants. The edifice is of brick, in form of a half H, and of great extent. In the centre is a magnificent portico of nine arches, and over the middlemoſt riſes a lofty tower, in the front of which are three ranges of columns, of the Tuſcan, Doric, and Compoſite orders. The apartments are ſplendidly decorated with paintings, and other works of virtú *.

In a chapel adjoining to the church, is a beautiful monument to the firſt Earl of Saliſbury, who is repreſented in his robes, in white marble, lying on a ſlab of black, ſupported by the four cardinal virtues, and their attributes. Beneath is a ſkeleton, in white marble, placed on a ſlab of black.

From hence journied along the great road, paſſing Gobions, and through Barnet, to Enfield. Viſited the New River, in this vicinity, and afterwards the ancient brick-houſe, called Enfield Palace, which was occaſionally honoured with the preſence of Queen Elizabeth. Not

* Since Mr. Pennant's tour, Hatfield has been judiciouſly repaired, and the grounds diſpoſed in the modern taſte.

far

far from hence ſtood Worceſter Houſe, built by the accompliſhed John Tiptop, earl of Worceſter, who was beheaded in 1470. The preſent edifice was rebuilt on higher ground, by Sir Nicholas Raynton, lord mayor of London, in 1640.

Next viſited Waltham Abbey and Croſs; the laſt, one of the affectionate memorials of Edward I. to his queen. It is in excellent preſervatio ı, and is richly adorned with Gothic ſculpture.

The preſent church of Waltham is only the name of the ancient one, which was cruciform, with a central tower. The abbey ſtood near it, but its only exiſting remains are a ſite and poſtern, part of the cloiſter, and an eliptic bridge over the moat. Waltham abbey was founded in 1062, by Earl Harold, afterwards king of England.

Of the once-magnificent palace of Theobalds, near Cheſunt, there is not a veſtige remaining. The greateſt part of it was pulled down in 1651, and the plunder given to the ſoldiers; and in 1765, its total demolition was effected by the preſent proprietor, who leaſed out the ſite to a builder.

Returning by Endfield, purſued the direct road to London, "and in a ſhort ſpace", ſays Mr. Pennant, "joined my friends in the great metropolis."

END OF VOL. III.